FBI in ACTION

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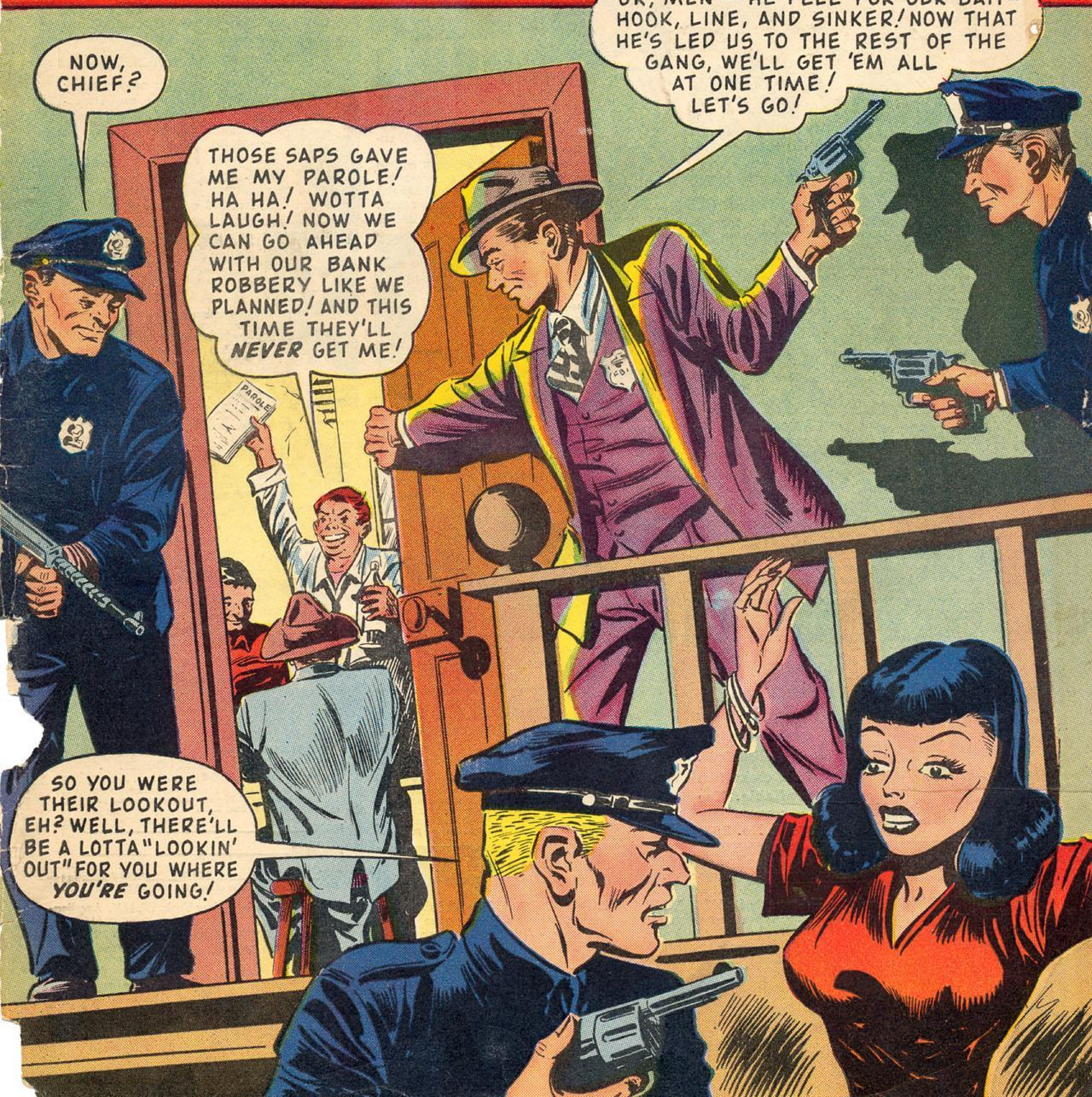
JUNE

JUSTICE

COMICS


NOW, CHIEF?
OK, MEN---HE FELL FOR OUR BAIT—HOOK, LINE, AND SINKER! NOW THAT HE'S LED US TO THE REST OF THE GANG, WE'LL GET 'EM ALL AT ONE TIME! LET'S GO!
THOSE SAPS GAVE ME MY PAROLE! HA HA! WOTTA LAUGH! NOW WE CAN GO AHEAD WITH OUR BANK ROBBERY LIKE WE PLANNED! AND THIS TIME THEY'LL NEVER GET ME!
PAROLE
FBI
SO YOU WERE THEIR LOOKOUT, EH? WELL, THERE'LL BE A LOTTA "LOOKIN' OUT" FOR YOU WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

HAVE FUN! GET LAUGHS.. AMAZE FRIENDS

So-Called ELECTRIC JOY BUZZER

Tickles and seems to shock them. The Joy Buzzer can be concealed in the palm of your hand after slipping a ring over one of your fingers. When you shake hands with anyone they touch off a mechanism that causes it to tickle, which to some seems like a shocking sensation. Only 69c. Order by No. 669.

POCKET ADDING MACHINE

Amazing New Midget ADDING MACHINE FITS VEST POCKET

Adds, Divides, Subtracts, Multiplies--So Simple, So Easy to Use! Does work of higher priced adding machines. Durable handsome leatherette case. Send for MIDGET ADDING MACHINE. On arrival, pay postman only $2.98 plus C.O.D. postage. Test 10 days, and if you don't say it's the greatest bargain ever, return for MONEY BACK. See address below. Order by No. 141

NOW ONLY $2.89

GUARANTEED GENUINE 2½-POWER BINOCULARS

Have a close-up view of far-off events with these sensationally low-priced, all purpose, lite-weight, heavy duty, plastic binoculars. (Neck-strap with each pair.) TEST 10 DAYS AT OUR RISK and be amazed at their power and beauty or refund guaranteed. SEND NO MONEY—pay postman $2.89 plus 20% Federal tax and postage or enclose $2.89 plus tax and we pay postage. DON'T WAIT—SUPPLY IS LIMITED—DEMAND IS GREAT. RUSH YOUR ORDER

COMB-A-TRIM

Something *new*! Trim your hair just like you comb your hair! Also removes hair from legs, arms, etc. Save on hair-cuts. Trim your own hair and family's too! Only 89c. Order by No. 534.

NOW BROADCAST IN YOUR HOME WITH THIS AMAZING

RADIO "MIKE"

Sensational new invention attaches to your radio. Speak into Mike and your own voice comes through the speaker, as if *you* were broadcasting! Astound your friends as *your* voice comes over the 'air'. No one can tell the difference unless you give the joke away! Amazing "MIKE" looks just like a real microphone. Get one today! Just $1.49. Order by number. No. 641.

16MM MOVIE PROJECTOR

Hand Operated

Show your own movies at home. Easy to use. Safe. 100-foot film capacity. Uses regular home type electric light bulb. Wide choice film available. Use order coupon. Only $7.95. No. 808.

LIARS MEDALS BARRELS OF FUN

MEDAL FOR LYING

Man, hang this medal on your friends! Be president of your local Liars Club! When stories get "too tall," you'll convulse everybody with laughter when you pin on the medal. Only 25c. Order by No. 142.

SQUIRT RING

Sure fire joke to play on your friends! Mention your new ring and as they look closely—squirt stream of water in their face! So real, so innocent looking they never suspect. Only 69c. No. 609.

AMAZING NEW "TOGETHER" LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP RING

A beautiful emblem of love, friendship and good wishes. This ring is sterling silver; which becomes more attractive as it is worn. The hands actually clasp and unclasp as illustrated.

Send no money now, just name, address and ring size. Your package sent immediately. You pay postman only $2.49 plus a few cents postage, and tax on arrival. SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK.

LEARN to DANCE

Why be a lonely, unpopular wallflower when you can learn all the smart dances from the most modern to old favorites at home in private without teacher, music or partner. So easy even a child can learn quickly. This book should teach you in five days—or no cost. See order coupon. Only $1.00.

DRIBBLE GLASS

Make your drinking friends drool! Looks just like ordinary glass until tipped, water dribbles through slits in side! No one can detect it! Roaring laughs everytime! No. 582, just 49c.

American Rangers... MACHINE GUN

This amazing new gun looks and makes a noise like a real machine gun. 25 in. long. Completely SAFE. An outstanding buy that will make every real boy happy. Only $3.98. No. 980.

AMAZING Beautiful HORSE-SHOE RING

Men! This handsome ring hand made, hand engraving, inlaid with simulated pearl, is a knockout! Monel metal is guaranteed for twenty years. Supply is limited. Rush your order, send no money. Price only $2.98 plus Excise tax and postage. Order by No. 200.

Now Play this New HARMONICA In 15 Minutes

OR MONEY BACK

HARMONICA Instruction Book

You Can Now Get This Brand New Golden-Tone Harmonica *PLUS* Simplified Course of Instruction that *Quickly* Teaches You to Play Song Hits of Every Kind for only $1.49.

If you can hum a tune you can learn to play. Not a toy, but a real musical instrument. Order No. 624.

Amazing MAGIC PENCIL

Multiplies and Divides INSTANTLY

Get the right answer every time! Mistakes are impossible with this handy new invention! Divides up to 144, multiplies any primary number in a flash. Fits conveniently on pencil. Send no money—on arrival pay postman just 49c plus postage. Check No. 593 on coupon!

MARRIAGE LICENSE FOOLER

Fill in the names and have a lot of fun fooling your friends, and "kidding" them. It's a simulated printed Marriage License, size of the usual genuine license. Price only 15c. Ask for Marriage License Fooler. Order by No. 162.

CRAZY MIRROR

Hilarious new novelty! Distorts face into amazing shapes! Gets more laughs than anything you've ever seen. Makes new friends, amuses old! Get one today. Just 29c. Check No. 564 on coupon below.

HOW TO ORDER

Simply state item desired and price and mail your order to HOLLISTER-WHITE CO., DEPT. 542 215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. If cash comes with order, we pay postage; if C.O.D. postage is extra. Every item is fully guaranteed and may be returned in 10 days for refund if not satisfied. If you only want a *FREE CATALOG*, write name and address on a penny postcard.

USE THIS SPECIAL ORDER BLANK ⇨

HOLLISTER-WHITE CO., DEPT. 542
215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

Send me the items I have checked below:

☐669 JOY BUZZER	.69
☐141 MIDGET ADDING MACHINE	2.98
☐716 BINOCULARS	2.89
☐534 COMB-A-TRIM	.89
☐641 RADIO MIKE	1.49
☐808 HAND OPERATED PROJECTOR	7.95
☐142 LIARS MEDAL	.25
☐609 SQUIRT RING	.69
☐522 FRIENDSHIP RING	2.49
☐117 LEARN TO DANCE	1.00
☐582 DRIBBLE GLASS	.49
☐980 MACHINE GUN	3.98
☐200 HORSESHOE RING	2.98
☐624 HARMONICA	1.49
☐593 MAGIC PENCIL	.49
☐162 MARRIAGE LICENSE FOOLER	.15
☐564 CRAZY MIRROR	.29

Due to labor conditions it is impossible to handle orders that total less than $1.00—so please make certain your order amounts to at least $1.00.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY__________ZONE_____STATE_____

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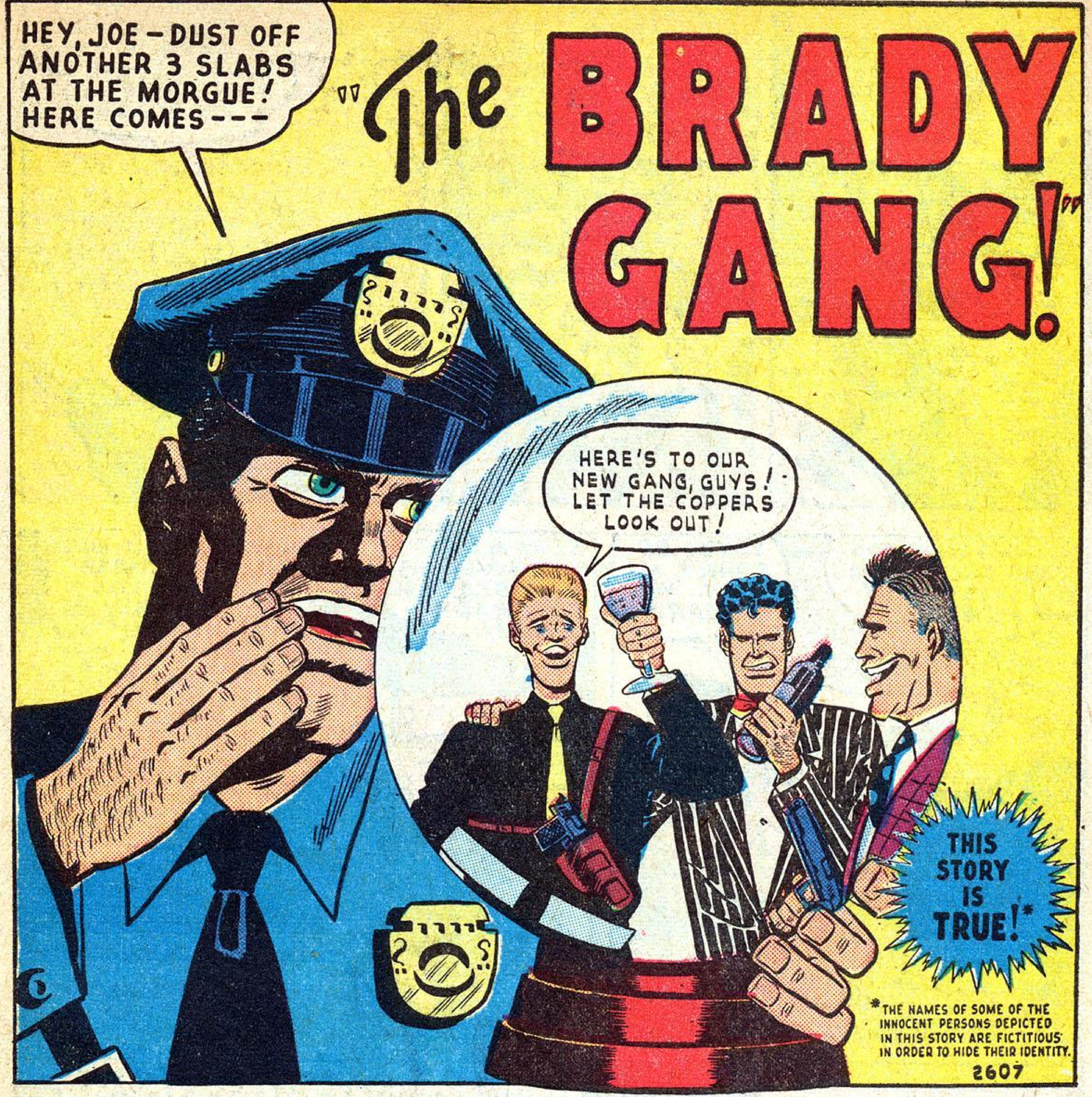
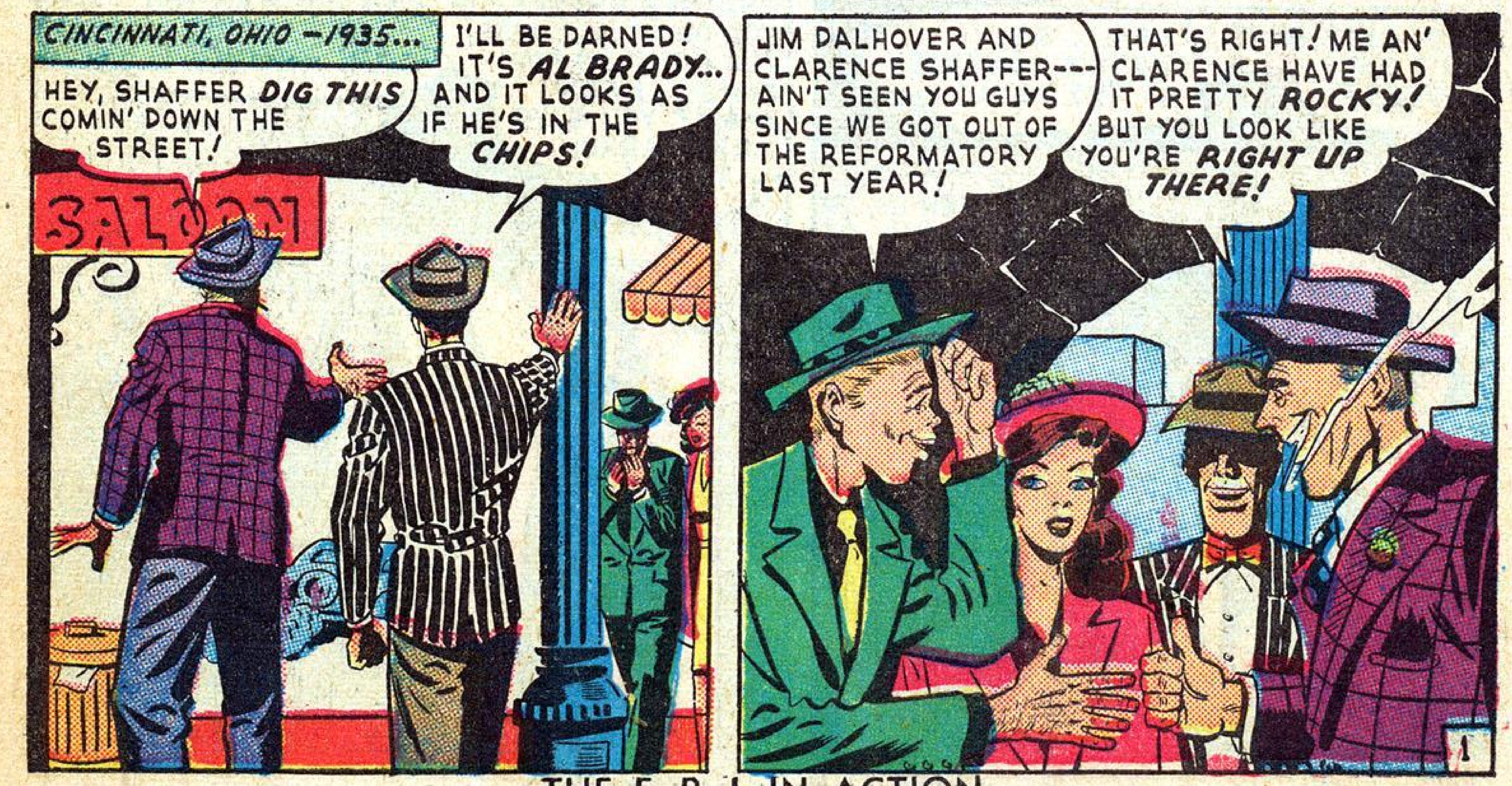
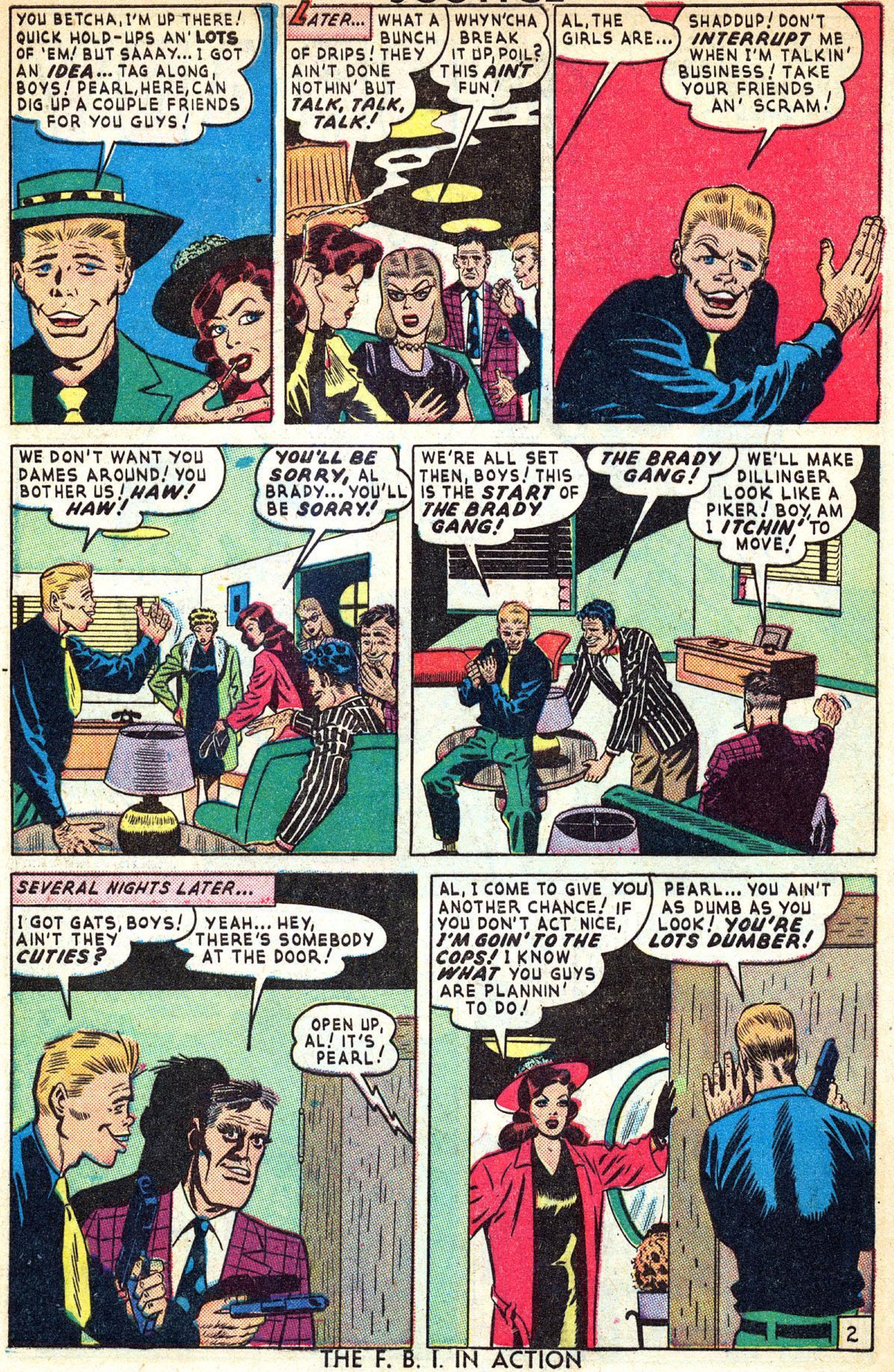
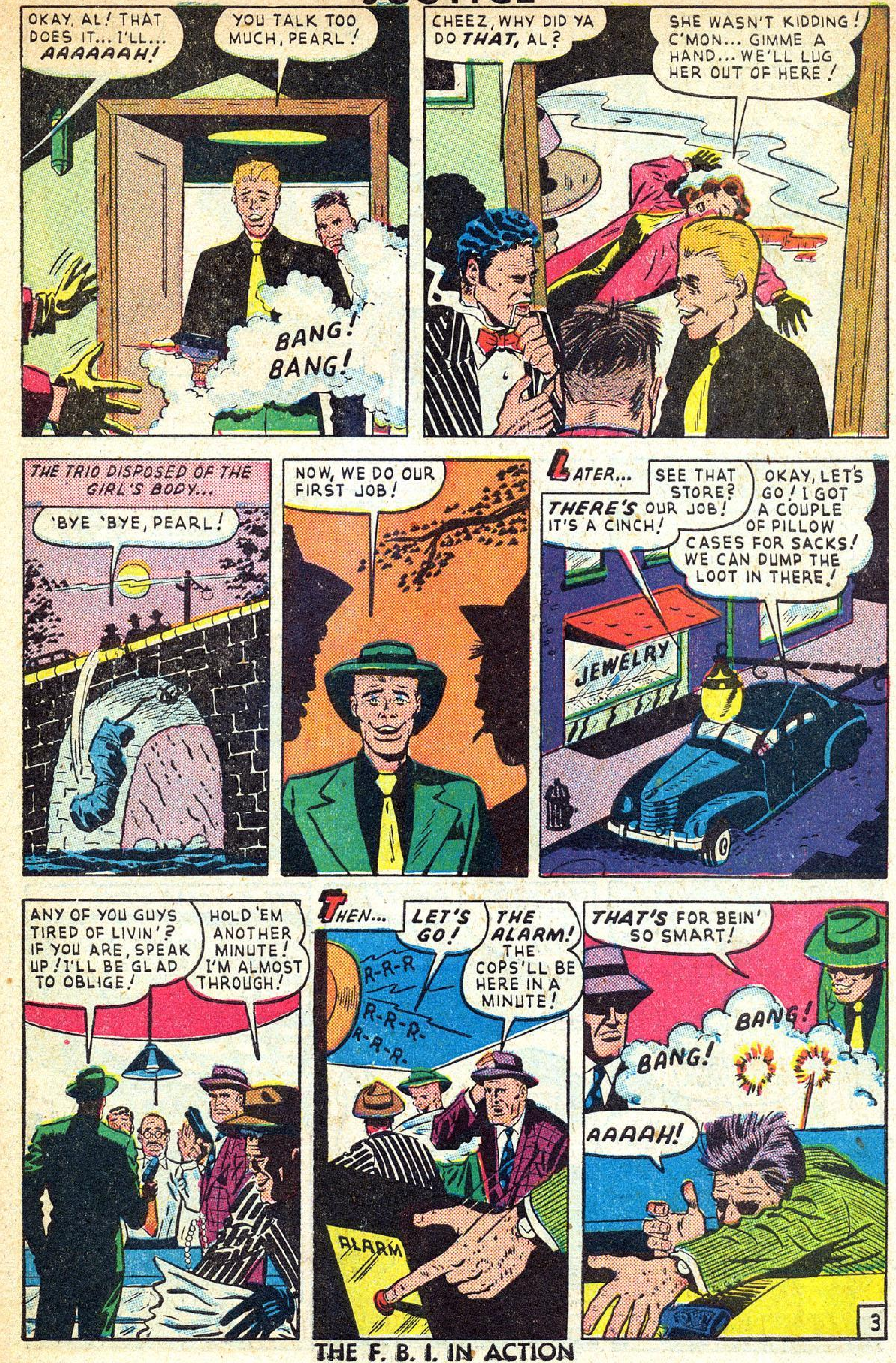
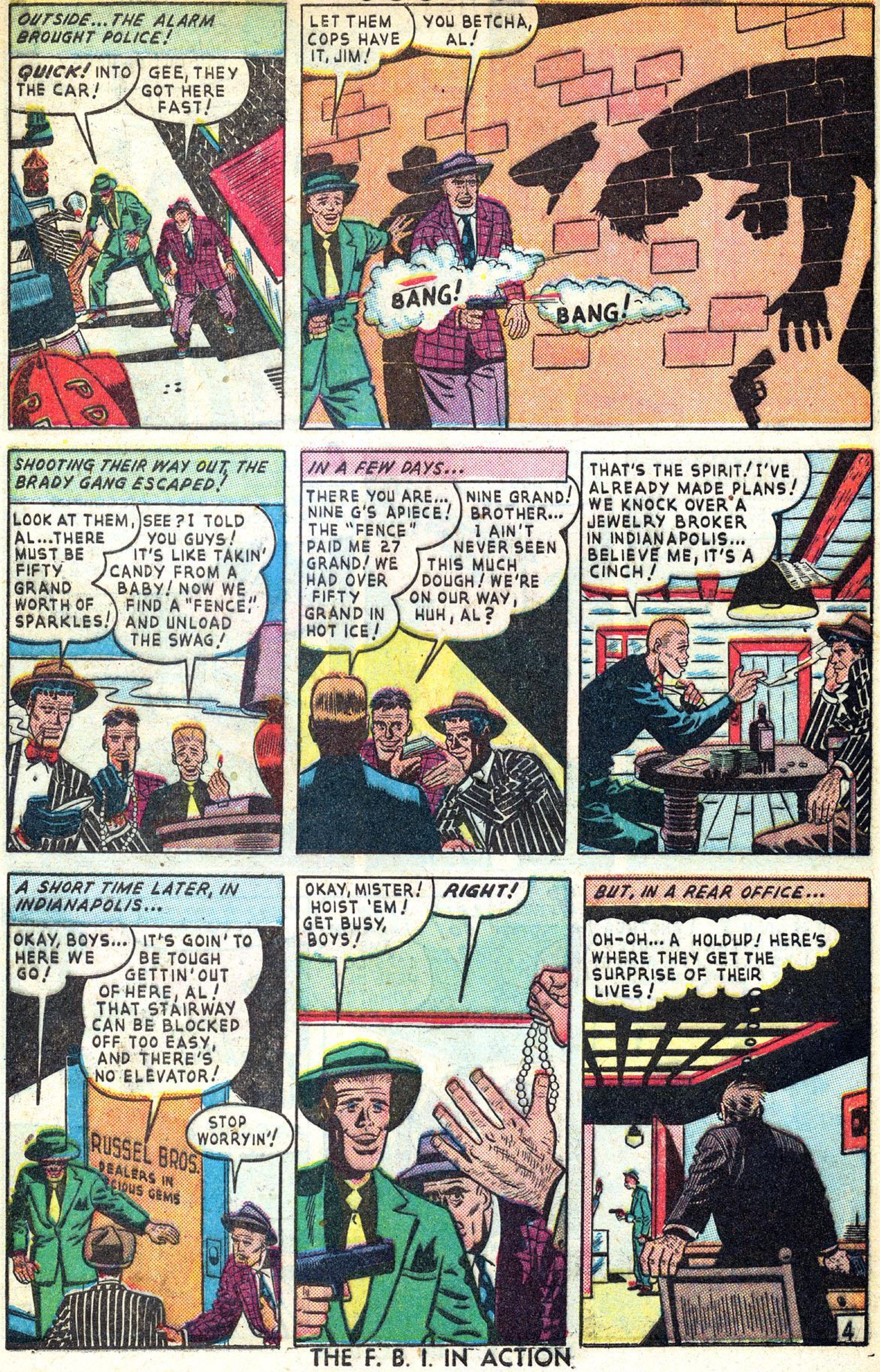
"The BRADY GANG!"

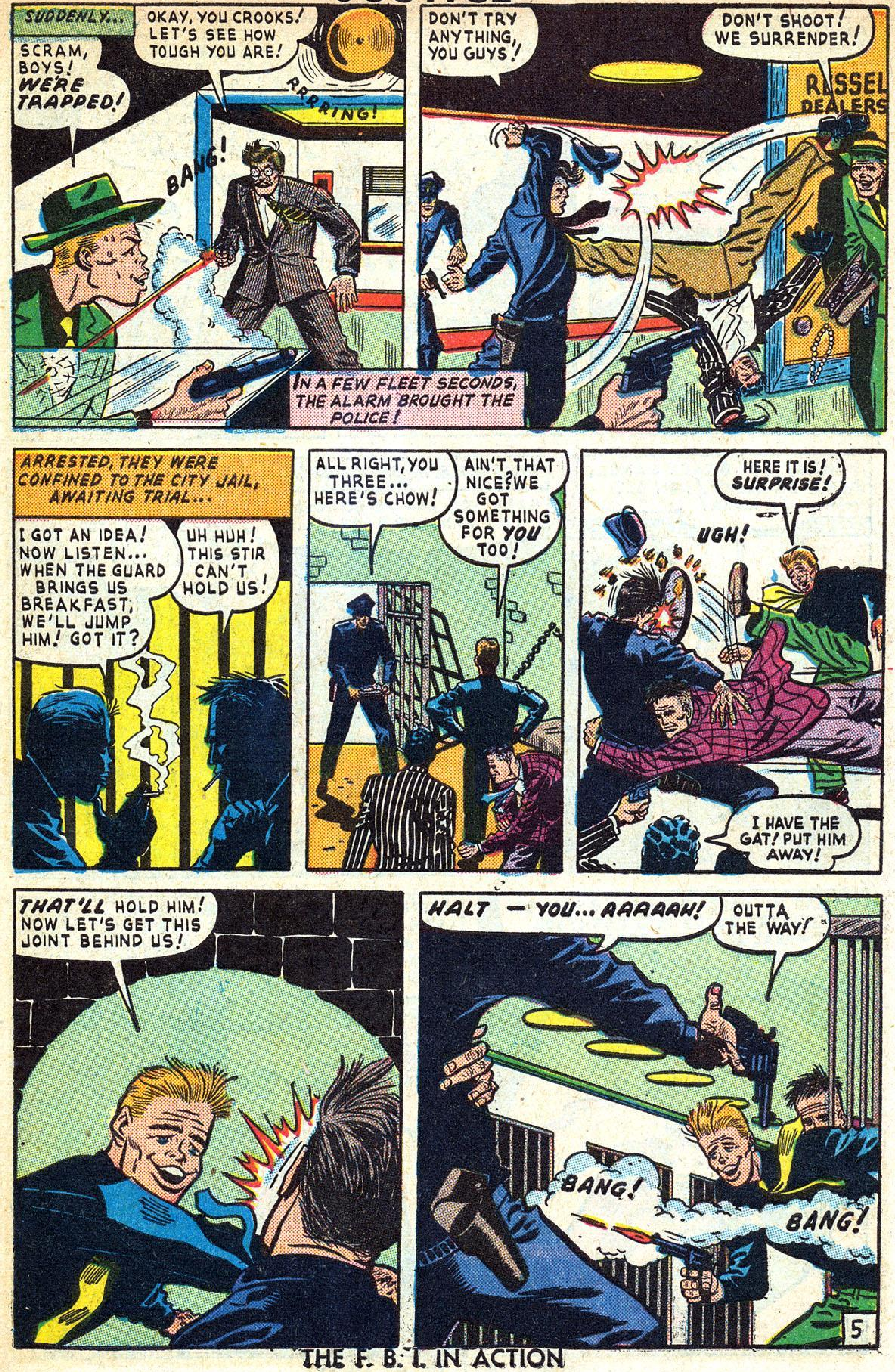

HEY, JOE – DUST OFF ANOTHER 3 SLABS AT THE MORGUE! HERE COMES---
HERE'S TO OUR NEW GANG, GUYS! LET THE COPPERS LOOK OUT!
THIS STORY IS TRUE!*
*THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY.
2607

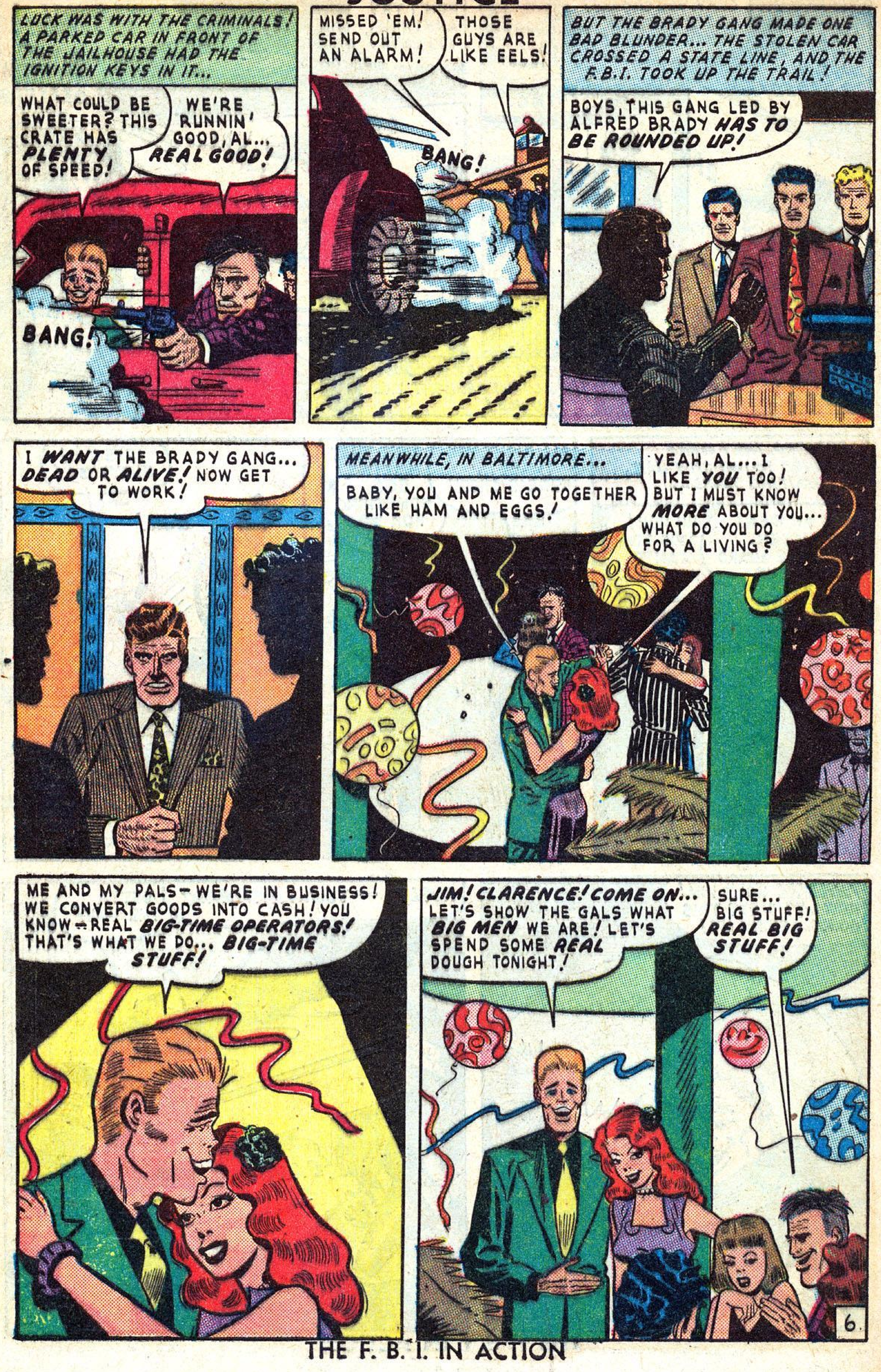

CINCINNATI, OHIO – 1935...
HEY, SHAFFER *DIG THIS* COMIN' DOWN THE STREET!
I'LL BE DARNED! IT'S *AL BRADY*... AND IT LOOKS AS IF HE'S IN THE *CHIPS!*
SALOON
JIM DALHOVER AND CLARENCE SHAFFER--- AIN'T SEEN YOU GUYS SINCE WE GOT OUT OF THE REFORMATORY LAST YEAR!
THAT'S RIGHT! ME AN' CLARENCE HAVE HAD IT PRETTY *ROCKY!* BUT YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE *RIGHT UP THERE!*
1

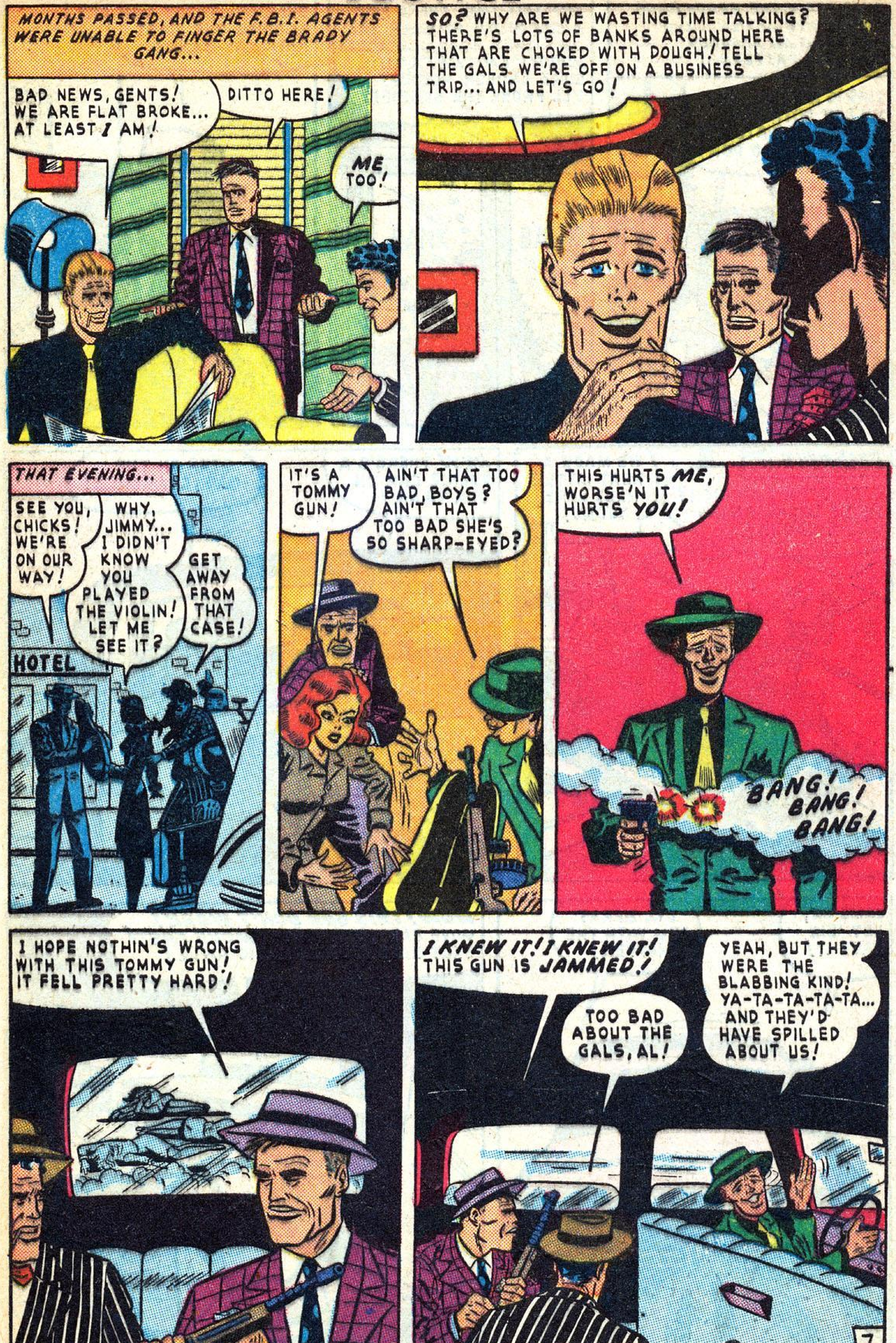

YOU BETCHA, I'M UP THERE! QUICK HOLD-UPS AN' **LOTS** OF 'EM! BUT SAAAY... I GOT AN ***IDEA***... TAG ALONG, BOYS! PEARL, HERE, CAN DIG UP A COUPLE FRIENDS FOR YOU GUYS!
LATER...
WHAT A BUNCH OF DRIPS! THEY AIN'T DONE NOTHIN' BUT ***TALK, TALK, TALK!***
WHYN'CHA BREAK IT UP, POIL? THIS ***AINT*** FUN!
AL, THE GIRLS ARE...
SHADDUP! DON'T ***INTERRUPT*** ME WHEN I'M TALKIN' BUSINESS! TAKE YOUR FRIENDS AN' SCRAM!
WE DON'T WANT YOU DAMES AROUND! YOU BOTHER US! ***HAW! HAW!***
YOU'LL BE SORRY, AL BRADY... YOU'LL BE ***SORRY!***
WE'RE ALL SET THEN, BOYS! THIS IS THE ***START*** OF ***THE BRADY GANG!***
THE BRADY GANG!
WE'LL MAKE DILLINGER LOOK LIKE A PIKER! BOY, AM I ***ITCHIN'*** TO MOVE!
SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER...
I GOT GATS, BOYS! AIN'T THEY ***CUTIES?***
YEAH... HEY, THERE'S SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR!
OPEN UP, AL! IT'S PEARL!
AL, I COME TO GIVE YOU ANOTHER CHANCE! IF YOU DON'T ACT NICE, ***I'M GOIN' TO THE COPS!*** I KNOW ***WHAT*** YOU GUYS ARE PLANNIN' TO DO!
PEARL... YOU AIN'T AS DUMB AS YOU LOOK! ***YOU'RE LOTS DUMBER!***

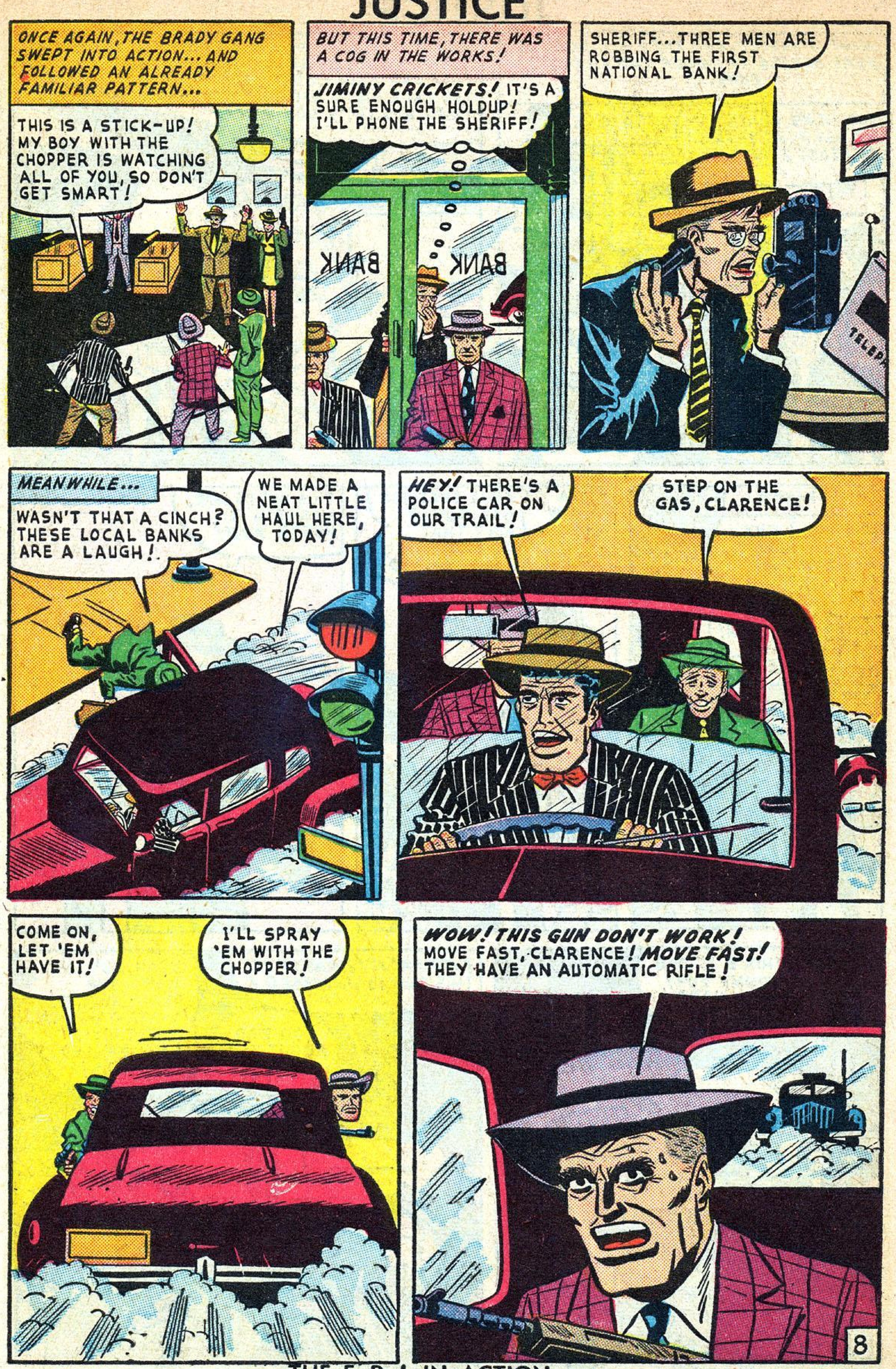

OKAY, AL! THAT DOES IT... I'LL... AAAAAAH!
YOU TALK TOO MUCH, PEARL!
BANG! BANG!
CHEEZ, WHY DID YA DO THAT, AL?
SHE WASN'T KIDDING! C'MON... GIMME A HAND... WE'LL LUG HER OUT OF HERE!
THE TRIO DISPOSED OF THE GIRL'S BODY...
'BYE 'BYE, PEARL!
NOW, WE DO OUR FIRST JOB!
LATER...
SEE THAT STORE? THERE'S OUR JOB! IT'S A CINCH!
OKAY, LET'S GO! I GOT A COUPLE OF PILLOW CASES FOR SACKS! WE CAN DUMP THE LOOT IN THERE!
JEWELRY
ANY OF YOU GUYS TIRED OF LIVIN'? IF YOU ARE, SPEAK UP! I'LL BE GLAD TO OBLIGE!
HOLD 'EM ANOTHER MINUTE! I'M ALMOST THROUGH!
THEN...
R-R-R R-R-R- R-R-R.
LET'S GO!
THE ALARM! THE COPS'LL BE HERE IN A MINUTE!
ALARM
THAT'S FOR BEIN' SO SMART!
BANG! BANG!
AAAAH!

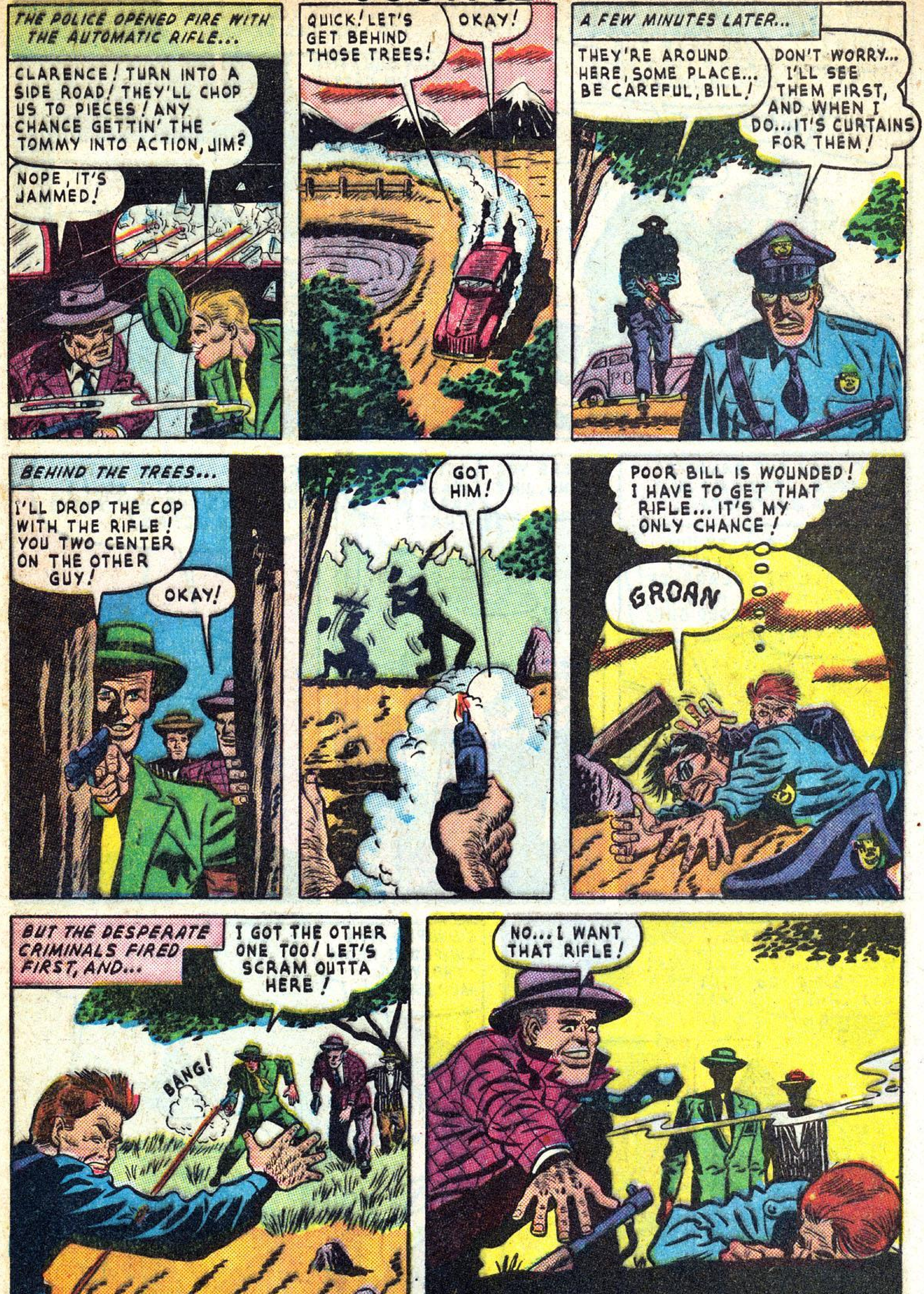

OUTSIDE... THE ALARM BROUGHT POLICE!
QUICK! INTO THE CAR!
GEE, THEY GOT HERE FAST!
LET THEM COPS HAVE IT, JIM!
YOU BETCHA, AL!
BANG!
BANG!
SHOOTING THEIR WAY OUT, THE BRADY GANG ESCAPED!
LOOK AT THEM, AL... THERE MUST BE FIFTY GRAND WORTH OF SPARKLES!
SEE? I TOLD YOU GUYS! IT'S LIKE TAKIN' CANDY FROM A BABY! NOW WE FIND A "FENCE," AND UNLOAD THE SWAG!
IN A FEW DAYS...
THERE YOU ARE... NINE G'S APIECE! THE "FENCE" PAID ME 27 GRAND! WE HAD OVER FIFTY GRAND IN HOT ICE!
NINE GRAND! BROTHER... I AIN'T NEVER SEEN THIS MUCH DOUGH! WE'RE ON OUR WAY, HUH, AL?
THAT'S THE SPIRIT! I'VE ALREADY MADE PLANS! WE KNOCK OVER A JEWELRY BROKER IN INDIANAPOLIS... BELIEVE ME, IT'S A CINCH!
A SHORT TIME LATER, IN INDIANAPOLIS...
OKAY, BOYS... HERE WE GO!
IT'S GOIN' TO BE TOUGH GETTIN' OUT OF HERE, AL! THAT STAIRWAY CAN BE BLOCKED OFF TOO EASY, AND THERE'S NO ELEVATOR!
STOP WORRYIN'!
RUSSEL BROS.
DEALERS IN
CIOUS GEMS
OKAY, MISTER! HOIST 'EM! GET BUSY, BOYS!
RIGHT!
BUT, IN A REAR OFFICE...
OH-OH... A HOLDUP! HERE'S WHERE THEY GET THE SURPRISE OF THEIR LIVES!

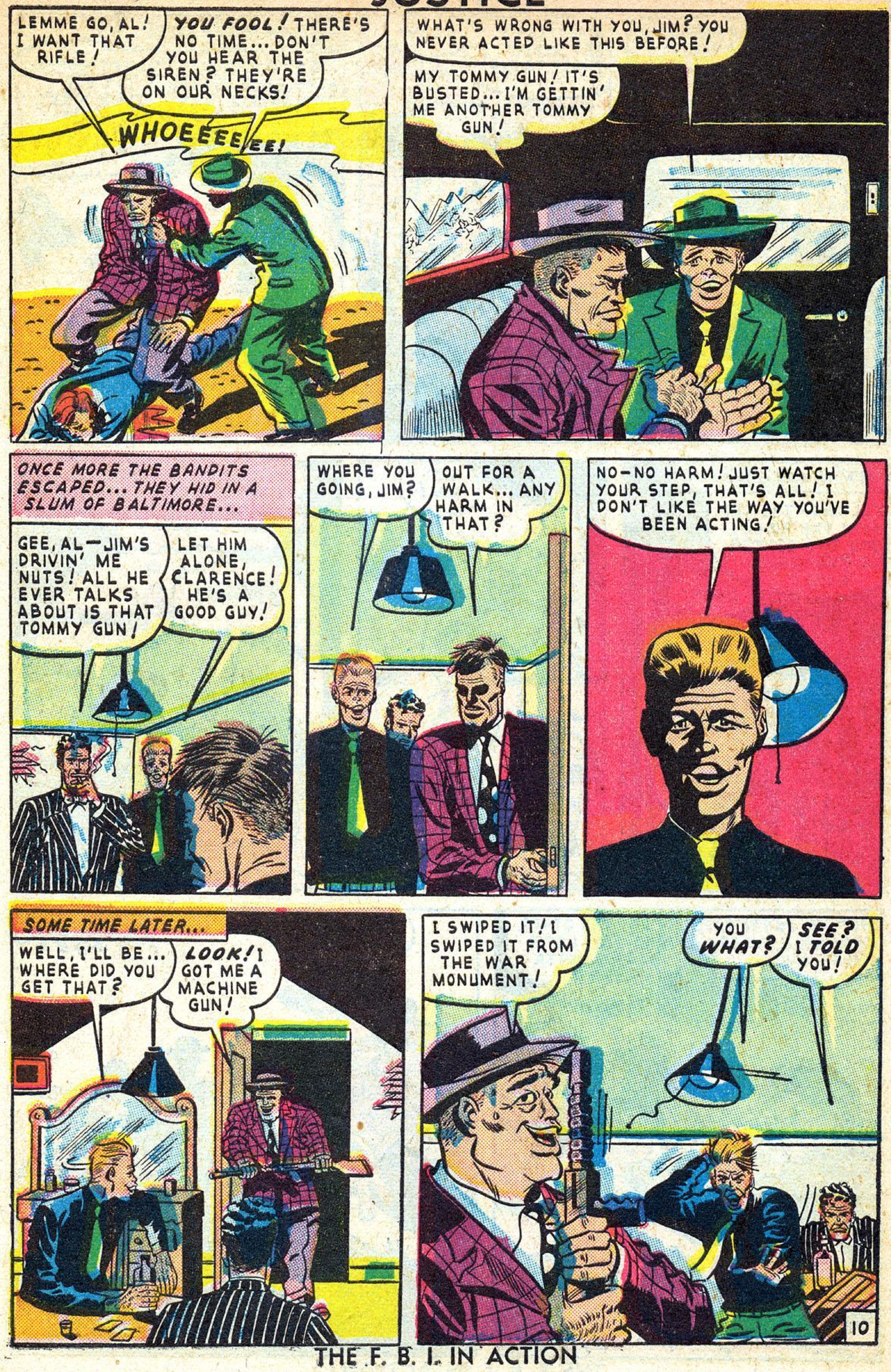

SUDDENLY...
SCRAM, BOYS! WE'RE TRAPPED!
OKAY, YOU CROOKS! LET'S SEE HOW TOUGH YOU ARE!
RRRRING!
BANG!
DON'T TRY ANYTHING, YOU GUYS!
DON'T SHOOT! WE SURRENDER!
RUSSEL DEALERS
IN A FEW FLEET SECONDS, THE ALARM BROUGHT THE POLICE!
ARRESTED, THEY WERE CONFINED TO THE CITY JAIL, AWAITING TRIAL...
I GOT AN IDEA! NOW LISTEN... WHEN THE GUARD BRINGS US BREAKFAST, WE'LL JUMP HIM! GOT IT?
UH HUH! THIS STIR CAN'T HOLD US!
ALL RIGHT, YOU THREE... HERE'S CHOW!
AIN'T THAT NICE? WE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU TOO!
HERE IT IS! SURPRISE!
UGH!
I HAVE THE GAT! PUT HIM AWAY!
THAT'LL HOLD HIM! NOW LET'S GET THIS JOINT BEHIND US!
HALT — YOU... AAAAAH!
OUTTA THE WAY!
BANG!
BANG!

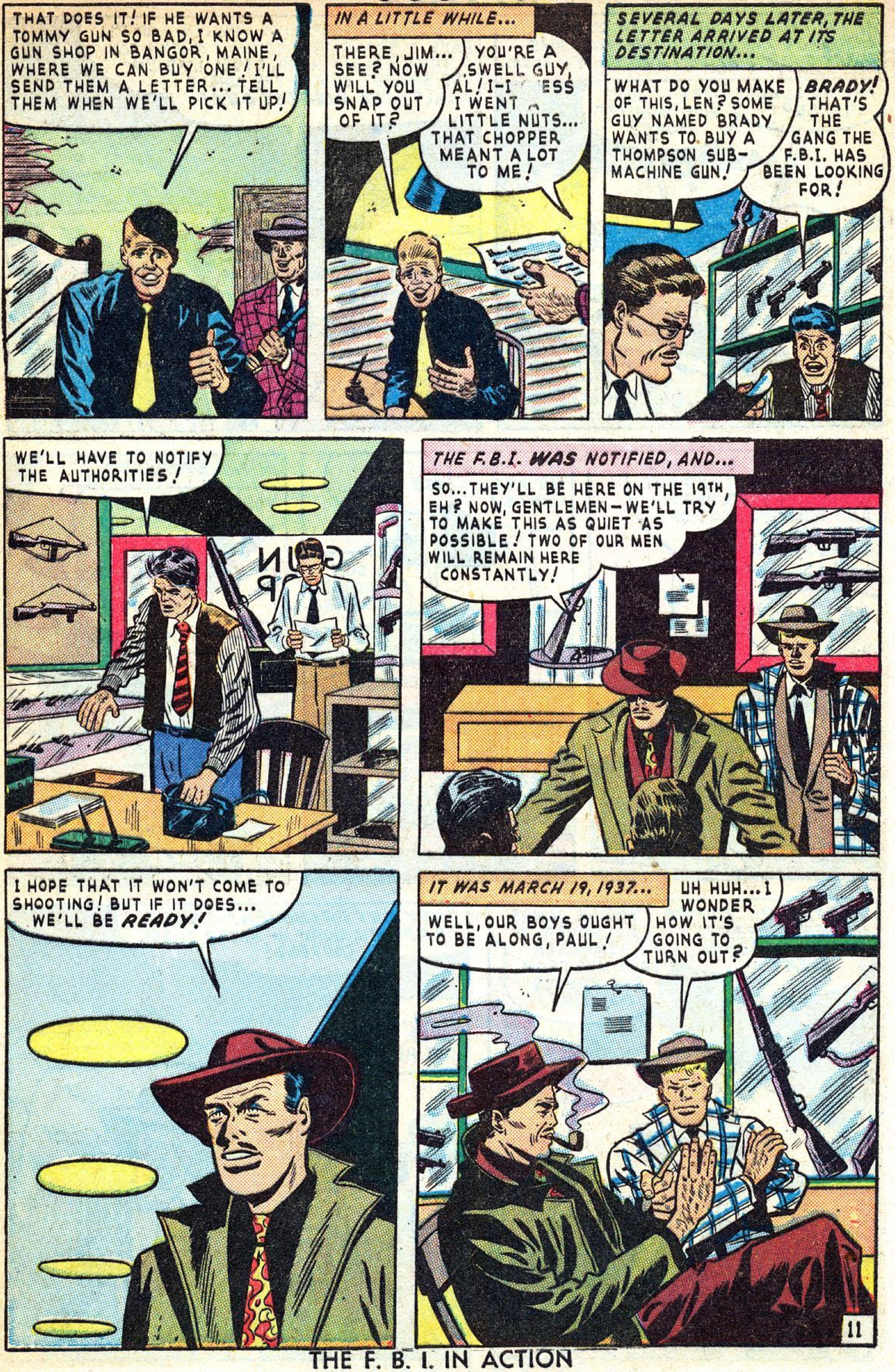

LUCK WAS WITH THE CRIMINALS! A PARKED CAR IN FRONT OF THE JAILHOUSE HAD THE IGNITION KEYS IN IT...
WHAT COULD BE SWEETER? THIS CRATE HAS PLENTY OF SPEED!
WE'RE RUNNIN' GOOD, AL... REAL GOOD!
BANG!
MISSED 'EM! SEND OUT AN ALARM!
THOSE GUYS ARE LIKE EELS!
BANG!
BUT THE BRADY GANG MADE ONE BAD BLUNDER... THE STOLEN CAR CROSSED A STATE LINE, AND THE F.B.I. TOOK UP THE TRAIL!
BOYS, THIS GANG LED BY ALFRED BRADY HAS TO BE ROUNDED UP!
I WANT THE BRADY GANG... DEAD OR ALIVE! NOW GET TO WORK!
MEANWHILE, IN BALTIMORE...
BABY, YOU AND ME GO TOGETHER LIKE HAM AND EGGS!
YEAH, AL... I LIKE YOU TOO! BUT I MUST KNOW MORE ABOUT YOU... WHAT DO YOU DO FOR A LIVING?
ME AND MY PALS—WE'RE IN BUSINESS! WE CONVERT GOODS INTO CASH! YOU KNOW—REAL BIG-TIME OPERATORS! THAT'S WHAT WE DO... BIG-TIME STUFF!
JIM! CLARENCE! COME ON... LET'S SHOW THE GALS WHAT BIG MEN WE ARE! LET'S SPEND SOME REAL DOUGH TONIGHT!
SURE... BIG STUFF! REAL BIG STUFF!

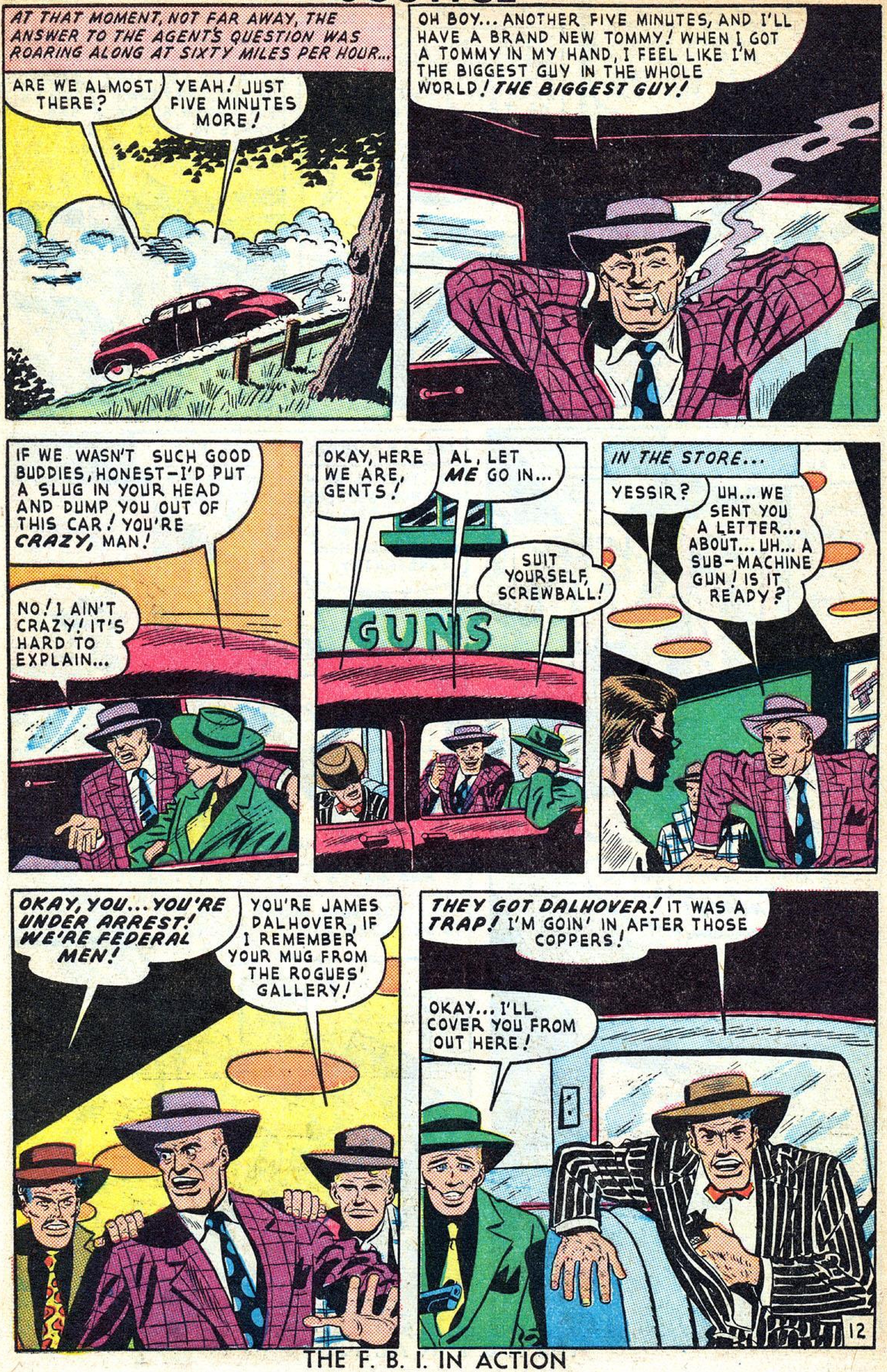

MONTHS PASSED, AND THE F.B.I. AGENTS WERE UNABLE TO FINGER THE BRADY GANG...
BAD NEWS, GENTS! WE ARE FLAT BROKE... AT LEAST I AM!
DITTO HERE!
ME TOO!
SO? WHY ARE WE WASTING TIME TALKING? THERE'S LOTS OF BANKS AROUND HERE THAT ARE CHOKED WITH DOUGH! TELL THE GALS WE'RE OFF ON A BUSINESS TRIP... AND LET'S GO!
THAT EVENING...
SEE YOU, CHICKS! WE'RE ON OUR WAY!
WHY, JIMMY... I DIDN'T KNOW YOU PLAYED THE VIOLIN! LET ME SEE IT?
GET AWAY FROM THAT CASE!
HOTEL
IT'S A TOMMY GUN!
AIN'T THAT TOO BAD, BOYS? AIN'T THAT TOO BAD SHE'S SO SHARP-EYED?
THIS HURTS ME, WORSE'N IT HURTS YOU!
BANG! BANG! BANG!
I HOPE NOTHIN'S WRONG WITH THIS TOMMY GUN! IT FELL PRETTY HARD!
I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT! THIS GUN IS JAMMED!
TOO BAD ABOUT THE GALS, AL!
YEAH, BUT THEY WERE THE BLABBING KIND! YA-TA-TA-TA-TA... AND THEY'D HAVE SPILLED ABOUT US!

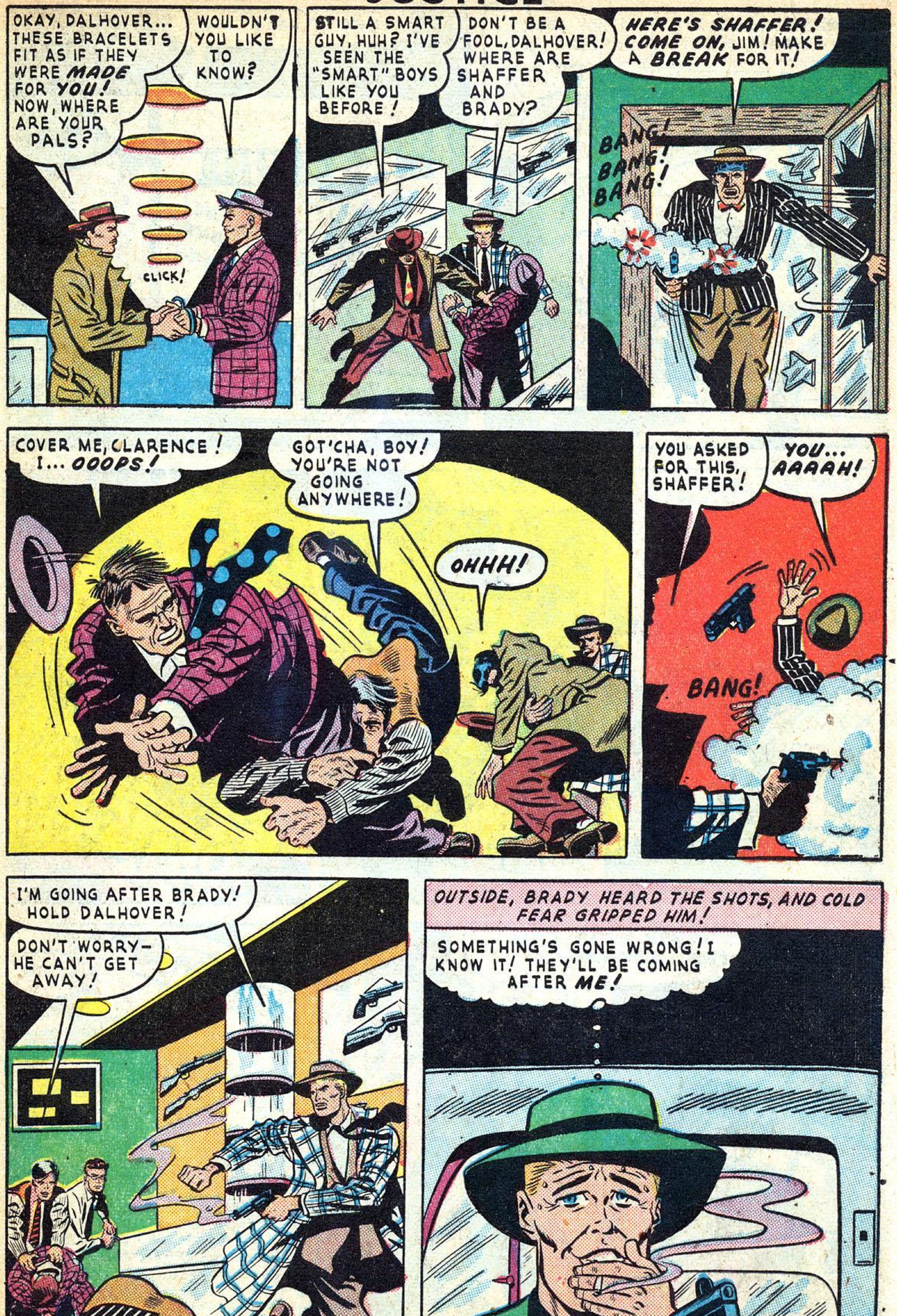

ONCE AGAIN, THE BRADY GANG SWEPT INTO ACTION... AND FOLLOWED AN ALREADY FAMILIAR PATTERN...
THIS IS A STICK-UP! MY BOY WITH THE CHOPPER IS WATCHING ALL OF YOU, SO DON'T GET SMART!
BUT THIS TIME, THERE WAS A COG IN THE WORKS!
JIMINY CRICKETS! IT'S A SURE ENOUGH HOLDUP! I'LL PHONE THE SHERIFF!
BANK
BANK
SHERIFF... THREE MEN ARE ROBBING THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK!
MEANWHILE...
WASN'T THAT A CINCH? THESE LOCAL BANKS ARE A LAUGH!
WE MADE A NEAT LITTLE HAUL HERE, TODAY!
HEY! THERE'S A POLICE CAR ON OUR TRAIL!
STEP ON THE GAS, CLARENCE!
COME ON, LET 'EM HAVE IT!
I'LL SPRAY 'EM WITH THE CHOPPER!
WOW! THIS GUN DON'T WORK! MOVE FAST, CLARENCE! MOVE FAST! THEY HAVE AN AUTOMATIC RIFLE!

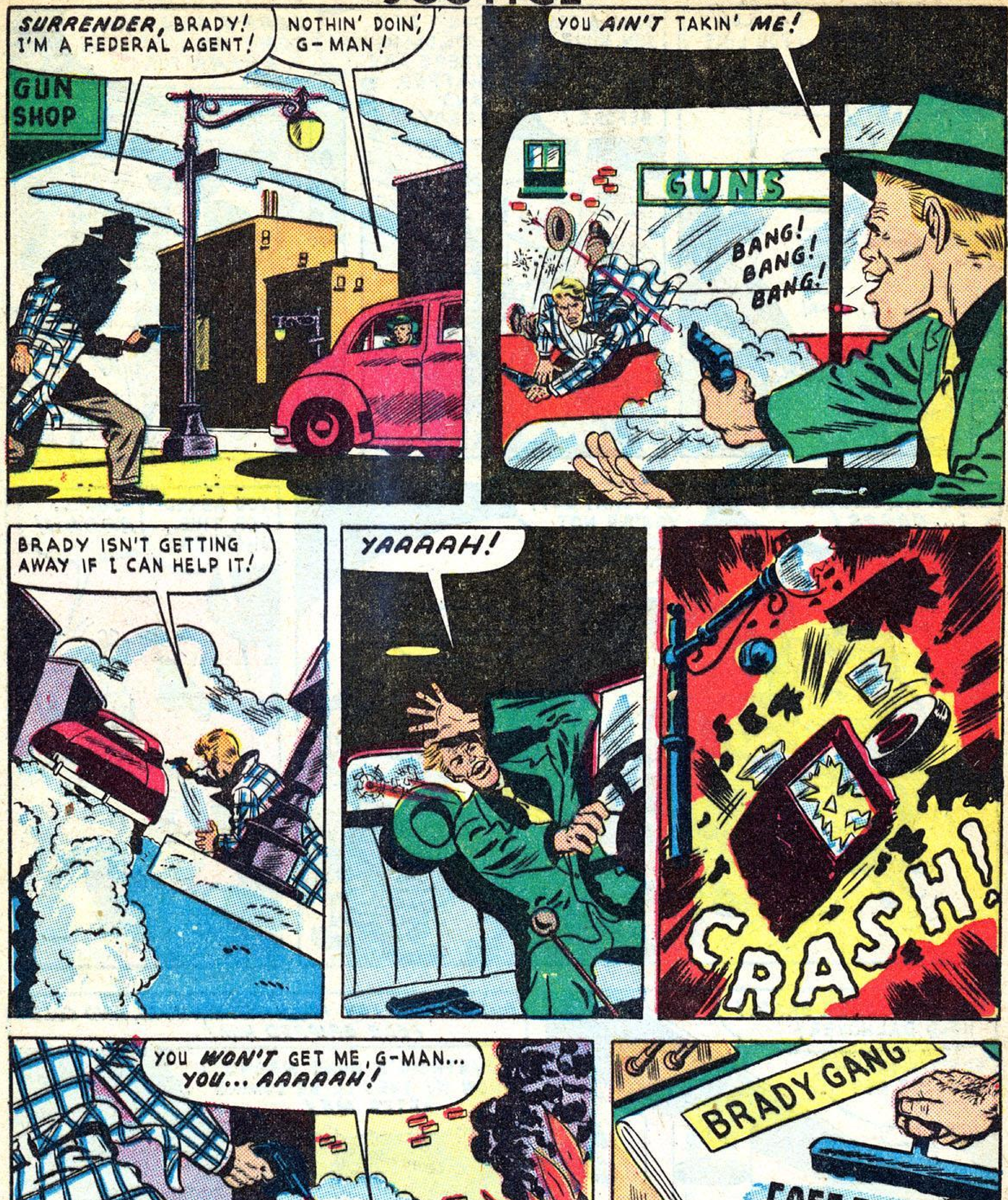

THE POLICE OPENED FIRE WITH THE AUTOMATIC RIFLE...
CLARENCE! TURN INTO A SIDE ROAD! THEY'LL CHOP US TO PIECES! ANY CHANCE GETTIN' THE TOMMY INTO ACTION, JIM?
NOPE, IT'S JAMMED!
QUICK! LET'S GET BEHIND THOSE TREES!
OKAY!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
THEY'RE AROUND HERE, SOME PLACE... BE CAREFUL, BILL!
DON'T WORRY... I'LL SEE THEM FIRST, AND WHEN I DO... IT'S CURTAINS FOR THEM!
BEHIND THE TREES...
I'LL DROP THE COP WITH THE RIFLE! YOU TWO CENTER ON THE OTHER GUY!
OKAY!
GOT HIM!
POOR BILL IS WOUNDED! I HAVE TO GET THAT RIFLE... IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!
GROAN
BUT THE DESPERATE CRIMINALS FIRED FIRST, AND...
I GOT THE OTHER ONE TOO! LET'S SCRAM OUTTA HERE!
BANG!
NO... I WANT THAT RIFLE!

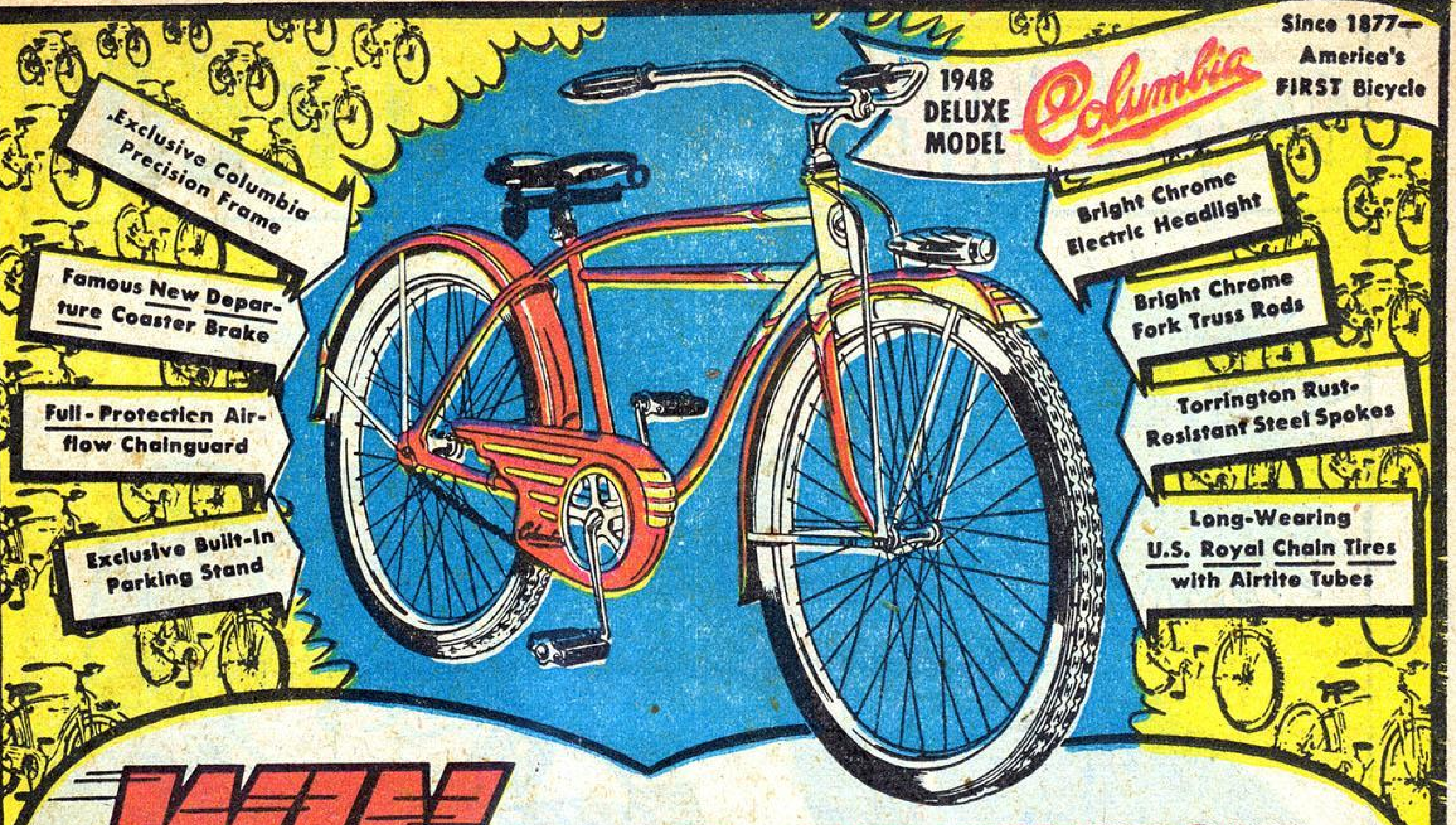

LEMME GO, AL! I WANT THAT RIFLE!
YOU FOOL! THERE'S NO TIME... DON'T YOU HEAR THE SIREN? THEY'RE ON OUR NECKS!
WHOEEEEEEE!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, JIM? YOU NEVER ACTED LIKE THIS BEFORE!
MY TOMMY GUN! IT'S BUSTED... I'M GETTIN' ME ANOTHER TOMMY GUN!
ONCE MORE THE BANDITS ESCAPED... THEY HID IN A SLUM OF BALTIMORE...
GEE, AL—JIM'S DRIVIN' ME NUTS! ALL HE EVER TALKS ABOUT IS THAT TOMMY GUN!
LET HIM ALONE, CLARENCE! HE'S A GOOD GUY!
WHERE YOU GOING, JIM?
OUT FOR A WALK... ANY HARM IN THAT?
NO—NO HARM! JUST WATCH YOUR STEP, THAT'S ALL! I DON'T LIKE THE WAY YOU'VE BEEN ACTING!
SOME TIME LATER...
WELL, I'LL BE... WHERE DID YOU GET THAT?
LOOK! I GOT ME A MACHINE GUN!
I SWIPED IT! I SWIPED IT FROM THE WAR MONUMENT!
YOU *WHAT?*
SEE? I *TOLD* YOU!


THAT DOES IT! IF HE WANTS A TOMMY GUN SO BAD, I KNOW A GUN SHOP IN BANGOR, MAINE, WHERE WE CAN BUY ONE! I'LL SEND THEM A LETTER... TELL THEM WHEN WE'LL PICK IT UP!
IN A LITTLE WHILE...
THERE, JIM... SEE? NOW WILL YOU SNAP OUT OF IT?
YOU'RE A SWELL GUY, AL! I-I GUESS I WENT A LITTLE NUTS... THAT CHOPPER MEANT A LOT TO ME!
SEVERAL DAYS LATER, THE LETTER ARRIVED AT ITS DESTINATION...
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS, LEN? SOME GUY NAMED BRADY WANTS TO BUY A THOMPSON SUB-MACHINE GUN!
BRADY! THAT'S THE GANG THE F.B.I. HAS BEEN LOOKING FOR!
WE'LL HAVE TO NOTIFY THE AUTHORITIES!
GUN SHOP
THE F.B.I. WAS NOTIFIED, AND...
SO... THEY'LL BE HERE ON THE 19TH, EH? NOW, GENTLEMEN—WE'LL TRY TO MAKE THIS AS QUIET AS POSSIBLE! TWO OF OUR MEN WILL REMAIN HERE CONSTANTLY!
I HOPE THAT IT WON'T COME TO SHOOTING! BUT IF IT DOES... WE'LL BE READY!
IT WAS MARCH 19, 1937...
WELL, OUR BOYS OUGHT TO BE ALONG, PAUL!
UH HUH... I WONDER HOW IT'S GOING TO TURN OUT?


AT THAT MOMENT, NOT FAR AWAY, THE ANSWER TO THE AGENT'S QUESTION WAS ROARING ALONG AT SIXTY MILES PER HOUR...
ARE WE ALMOST THERE?
YEAH! JUST FIVE MINUTES MORE!
OH BOY... ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES, AND I'LL HAVE A BRAND NEW TOMMY! WHEN I GOT A TOMMY IN MY HAND, I FEEL LIKE I'M THE BIGGEST GUY IN THE WHOLE WORLD! THE BIGGEST GUY!
IF WE WASN'T SUCH GOOD BUDDIES, HONEST—I'D PUT A SLUG IN YOUR HEAD AND DUMP YOU OUT OF THIS CAR! YOU'RE CRAZY, MAN!
NO! I AIN'T CRAZY! IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN...
OKAY, HERE WE ARE, GENTS!
AL, LET ME GO IN...
SUIT YOURSELF, SCREWBALL!
GUNS
IN THE STORE...
YESSIR?
UH... WE SENT YOU A LETTER... ABOUT... UH... A SUB-MACHINE GUN! IS IT READY?
OKAY, YOU... YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! WE'RE FEDERAL MEN!
YOU'RE JAMES DALHOVER, IF I REMEMBER YOUR MUG FROM THE ROGUES' GALLERY!
THEY GOT DALHOVER! IT WAS A TRAP! I'M GOIN' IN AFTER THOSE COPPERS!
OKAY... I'LL COVER YOU FROM OUT HERE!


OKAY, DALHOVER... THESE BRACELETS FIT AS IF THEY WERE *MADE* FOR *YOU*! NOW, WHERE ARE YOUR PALS?
WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW?
CLICK!
STILL A SMART GUY, HUH? I'VE SEEN THE "SMART" BOYS LIKE YOU BEFORE!
DON'T BE A FOOL, DALHOVER! WHERE ARE SHAFFER AND BRADY?
HERE'S SHAFFER! COME ON, JIM! MAKE A *BREAK* FOR IT!
BANG! BANG! BANG!
COVER ME, CLARENCE! I... *OOOPS!*
GOT'CHA, BOY! YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE!
OHHH!
YOU ASKED FOR THIS, SHAFFER!
YOU... AAAAH!
BANG!
I'M GOING AFTER BRADY! HOLD DALHOVER!
DON'T WORRY— HE CAN'T GET AWAY!
OUTSIDE, BRADY HEARD THE SHOTS, AND COLD FEAR GRIPPED HIM!
SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG! I KNOW IT! THEY'LL BE COMING AFTER *ME*!


SURRENDER, BRADY! I'M A FEDERAL AGENT!
NOTHIN' DOIN', G-MAN!
GUN SHOP
YOU AIN'T TAKIN' ME!
GUNS
BANG! BANG! BANG!
BRADY ISN'T GETTING AWAY IF I CAN HELP IT!
YAAAAH!
CRASH!
YOU WON'T GET ME, G-MAN... YOU... AAAAAH!
BANG! BANG!
BRADY GANG
CASE CLOSED
WITH THE ELECTROCUTION OF JAMES DALHOVER IN LATE 1937, THE BRADY GANG WAS NO MORE! BRADY AND SHAFFER WERE DEAD FROM F.B.I. BULLETS! DALHOVER PAID THE EXTREME PENALTY!
THE END


Since 1877— America's FIRST Bicycle
1948 DELUXE MODEL Columbia
Exclusive Columbia Precision Frame
Famous New Departure Coaster Brake
Full-Protection Airflow Chainguard
Exclusive Built-In Parking Stand
Bright Chrome Electric Headlight
Bright Chrome Fork Truss Rods
Torrington Rust-Resistant Steel Spokes
Long-Wearing U.S. Royal Chain Tires with Airtite Tubes

WIN ONE OF THESE 1,000 Columbia BIKES!

JUST NAME YOUR BIKE!

FOLLOW EASY CONTEST RULES. Pick a name for the bike you hope to win. You might choose the name "Red Racer" or "Road Champ." (Just examples, of course.) It's easy. It's fun. You'll think of many names. First name that pops into your head may win you a genuine Columbia bicycle! 1,000 new 1948 models offered in this sensational prize contest.

1,000 CHANCES TO WIN!

SEND SEVERAL ENTRIES. Eat lots of Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions," with milk and fruit. Include one Wheaties boxtop with each "Name-Your-Bike" entry. All entries must be postmarked by midnight Feb. 29, 1948. Hurry! Jot down some names right now! Mail an entry today! Now!

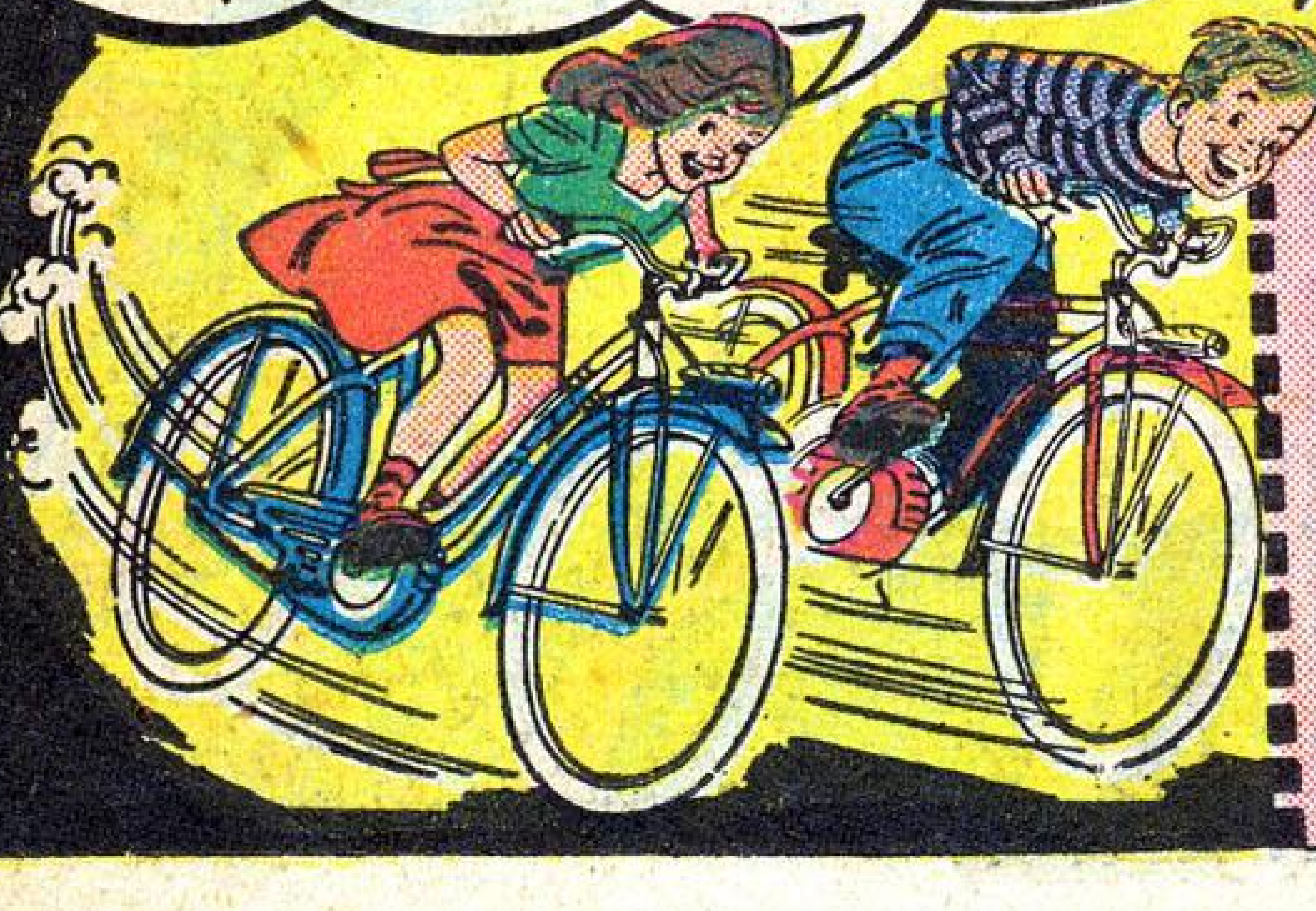
EASY NEW WHEATIES CONTEST RULES:

1. Name the bike you hope to win. Print the name. Add your own name and complete address. Attach a Wheaties boxtop. Mail to Wheaties, Box No. 1300F, Minneapolis, Minn. 2. Enclose a Wheaties boxtop with each entry. 3. All entries must be postmarked by midnight, Feb. 29, received by March 22, 1948. 4. Entries judged on originality, uniqueness and suitability. Decision of three judges—faculty members of U. of Minn.—final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. 5. Entries become property of General Mills. None will be returned. 6. Contest open to all residents of U.S., its territories and possessions, except employees and families of employees of General Mills, Inc., Westfield Mfg. Co., and their advertising agencies.

30 days after closing date, complete list of winners' names will be forwarded upon receipt of stamped self-addressed envelope mailed to General Mills, Dept. 480, at 623 Marquette, Minneapolis 2, Minn.

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

WHEATIES
WHEATIES
Breakfast of Champions



CLIP AND MAIL TODAY!

WHEATIES,
BOX 1300F, MPLS., MINN.

I enclose one Wheaties boxtop. The name I choose for the Columbia bicycle I hope to win is:

PLEASE PRINT

BIKE NAME:

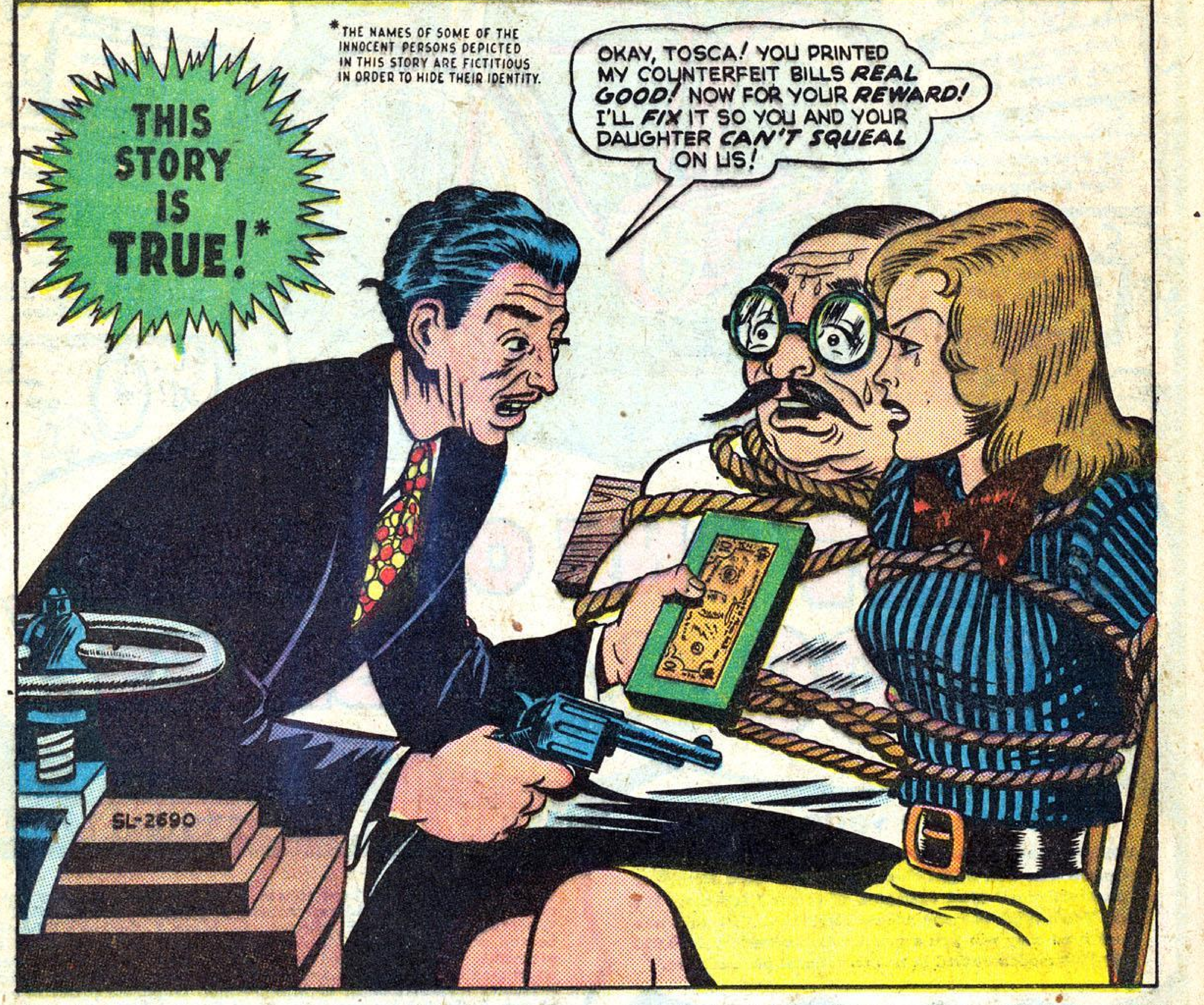
My Name

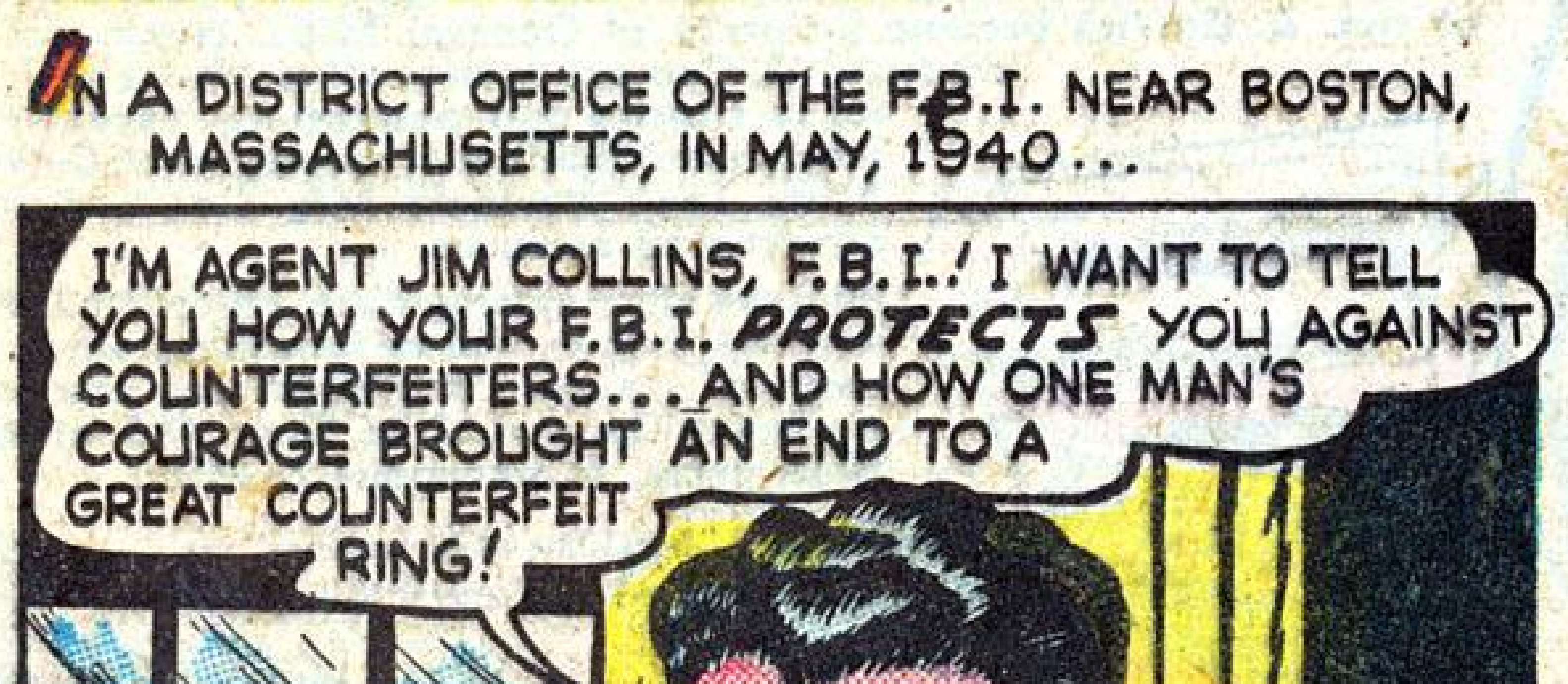
Street Address

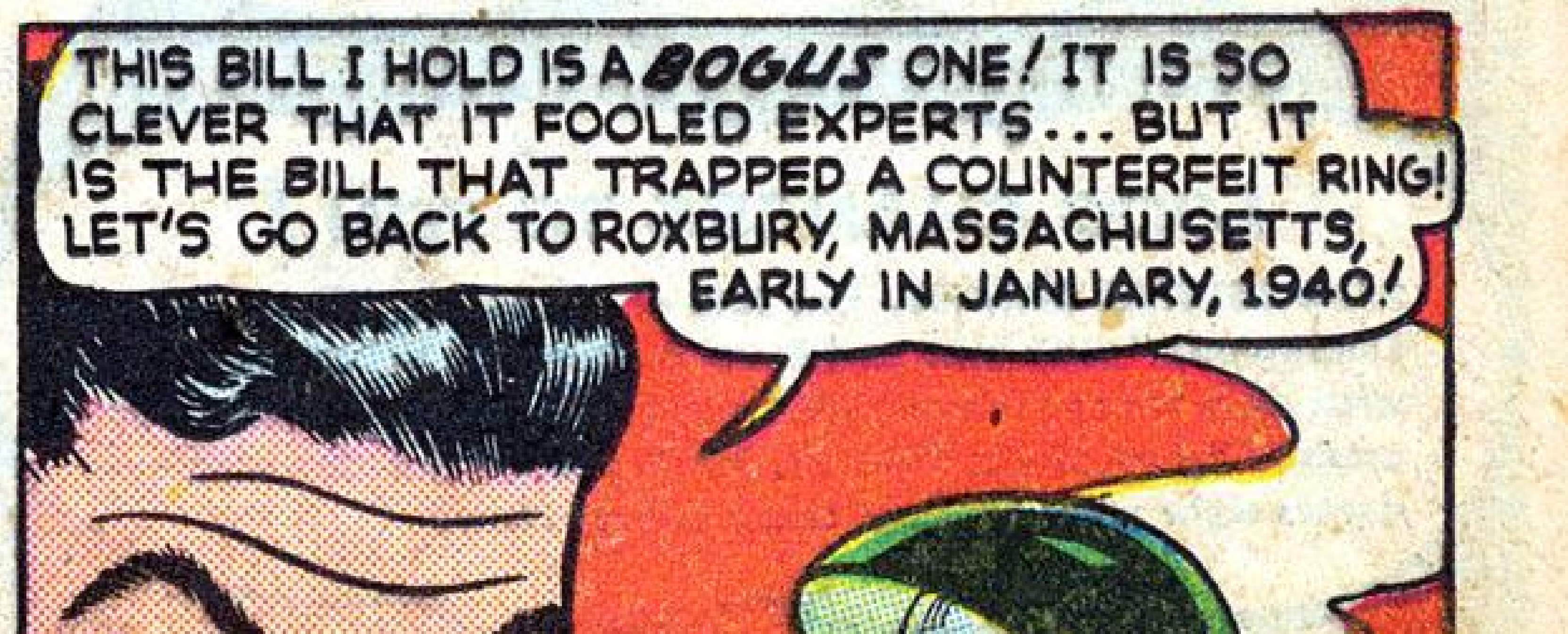
City State

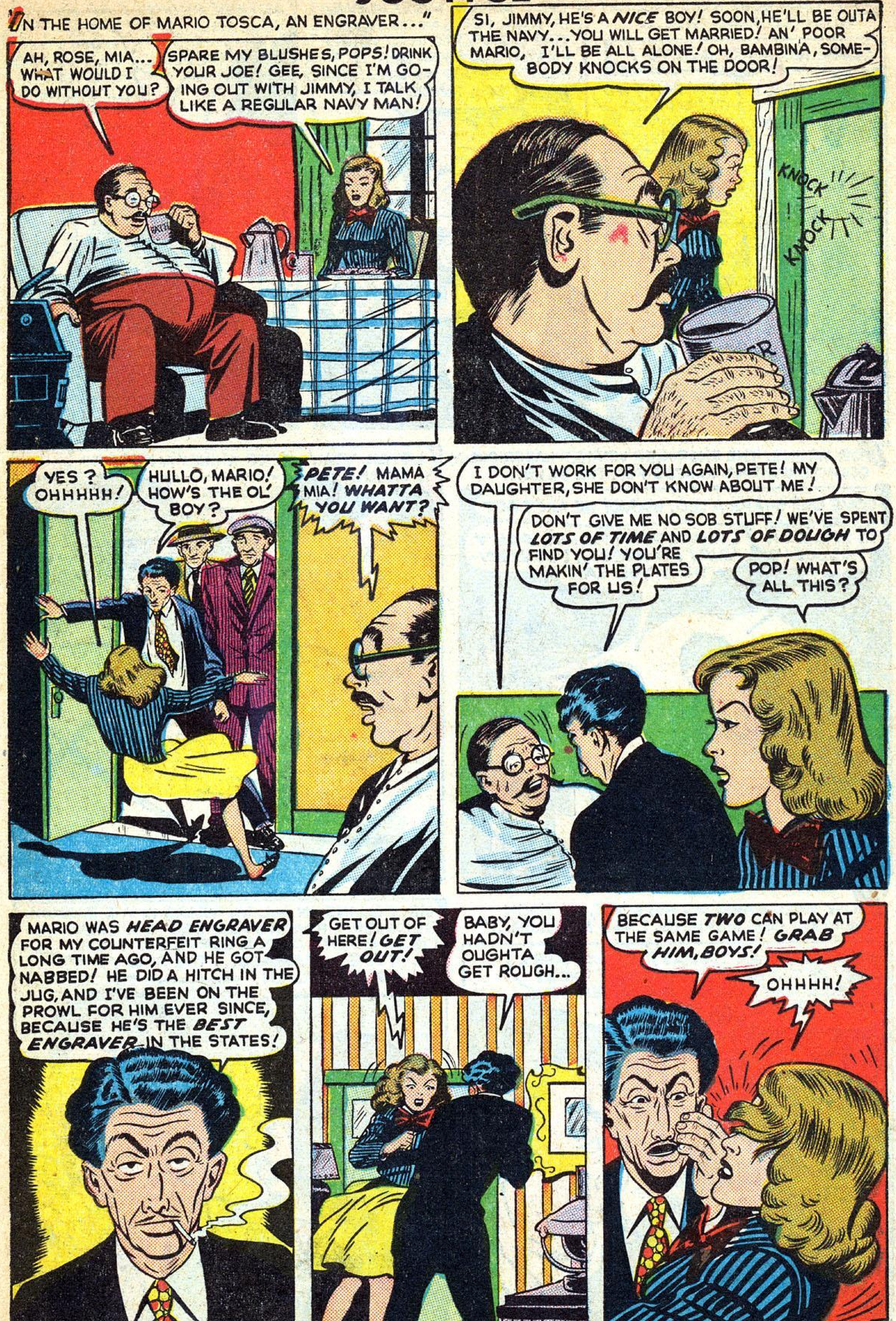
IMPORTANT:
Check model you want: ☐ BOY'S (Bright Red) ☐ GIRL'S (Teal Blue)

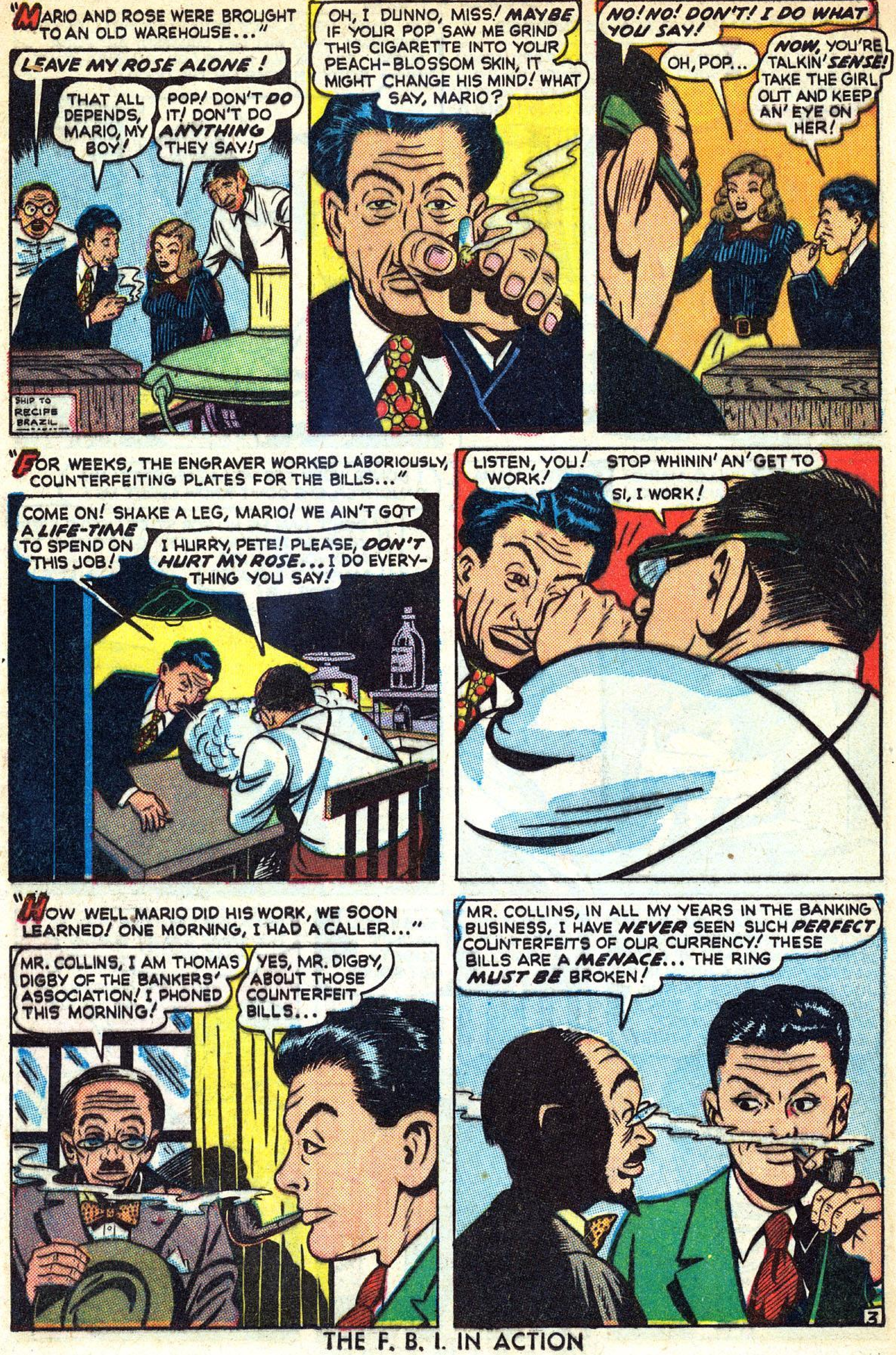
"The MONEY that TALKED!"

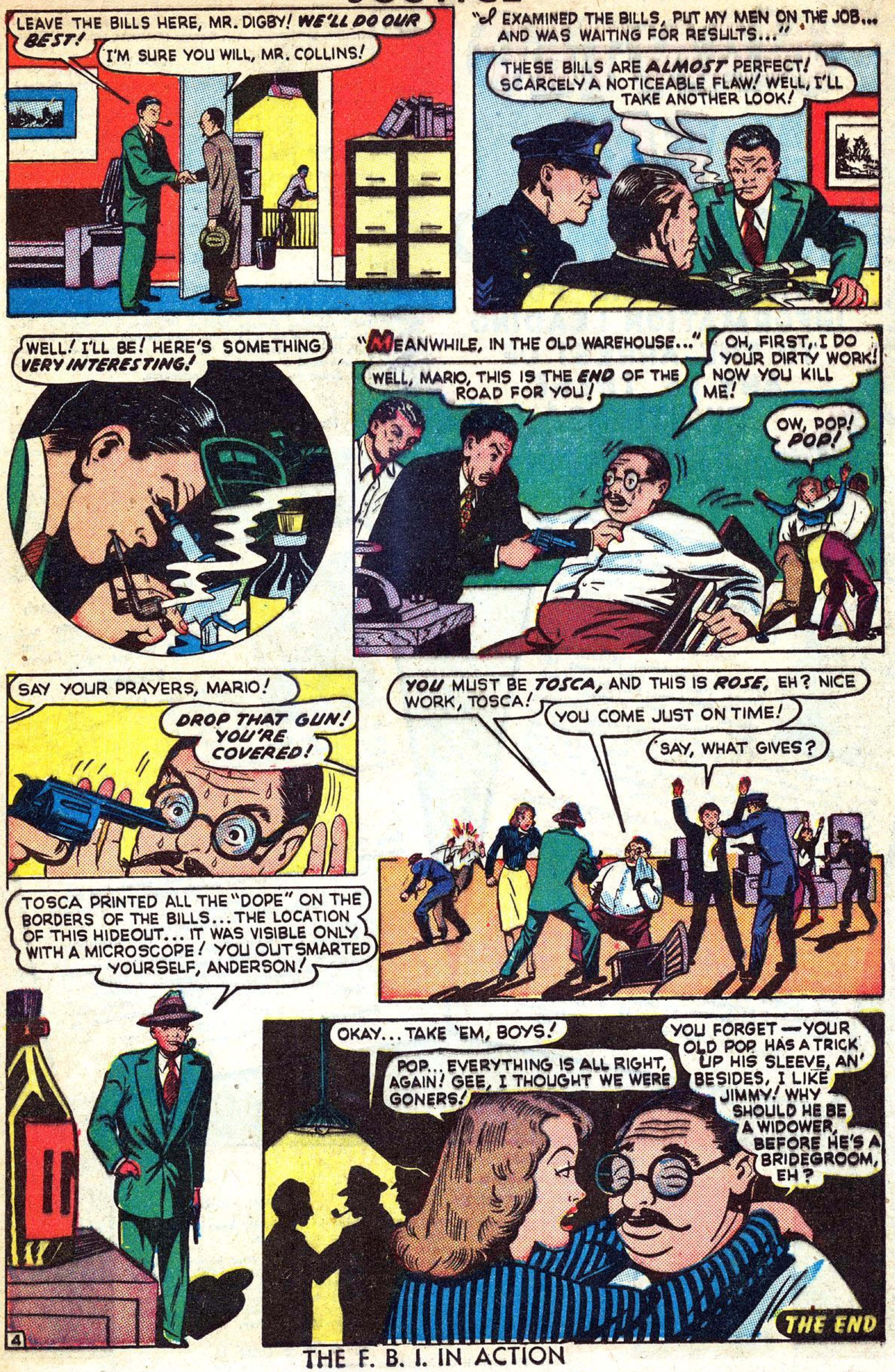

THIS STORY IS TRUE!*
*THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY.
OKAY, TOSCA! YOU PRINTED MY COUNTERFEIT BILLS *REAL GOOD!* NOW FOR YOUR *REWARD!* I'LL *FIX* IT SO YOU AND YOUR DAUGHTER *CAN'T SQUEAL* ON US!
SL-2690


IN A DISTRICT OFFICE OF THE F.B.I. NEAR BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, IN MAY, 1940...
I'M AGENT JIM COLLINS, F.B.I.! I WANT TO TELL YOU HOW YOUR F.B.I. *PROTECTS* YOU AGAINST COUNTERFEITERS... AND HOW ONE MAN'S COURAGE BROUGHT AN END TO A GREAT COUNTERFEIT RING!


THIS BILL I HOLD IS A *BOGUS* ONE! IT IS SO CLEVER THAT IT FOOLED EXPERTS... BUT IT IS THE BILL THAT TRAPPED A COUNTERFEIT RING! LET'S GO BACK TO ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS, EARLY IN JANUARY, 1940!


"IN THE HOME OF MARIO TOSCA, AN ENGRAVER..."
AH, ROSE, MIA... WHAT WOULD I DO WITHOUT YOU?
SPARE MY BLUSHES, POPS! DRINK YOUR JOE! GEE, SINCE I'M GOING OUT WITH JIMMY, I TALK LIKE A REGULAR NAVY MAN!
SI, JIMMY, HE'S A NICE BOY! SOON, HE'LL BE OUTA THE NAVY... YOU WILL GET MARRIED! AN' POOR MARIO, I'LL BE ALL ALONE! OH, BAMBINA, SOMEBODY KNOCKS ON THE DOOR!
KNOCK KNOCK
YES ? OHHHHH!
HULLO, MARIO! HOW'S THE OL' BOY?
PETE! MAMA MIA! WHATTA YOU WANT?
I DON'T WORK FOR YOU AGAIN, PETE! MY DAUGHTER, SHE DON'T KNOW ABOUT ME!
DON'T GIVE ME NO SOB STUFF! WE'VE SPENT LOTS OF TIME AND LOTS OF DOUGH TO FIND YOU! YOU'RE MAKIN' THE PLATES FOR US!
POP! WHAT'S ALL THIS?
MARIO WAS HEAD ENGRAVER FOR MY COUNTERFEIT RING A LONG TIME AGO, AND HE GOT NABBED! HE DID A HITCH IN THE JUG, AND I'VE BEEN ON THE PROWL FOR HIM EVER SINCE, BECAUSE HE'S THE BEST ENGRAVER IN THE STATES!
GET OUT OF HERE! GET OUT!
BABY, YOU HADN'T OUGHTA GET ROUGH...
BECAUSE TWO CAN PLAY AT THE SAME GAME! GRAB HIM, BOYS!
OHHHH!
2

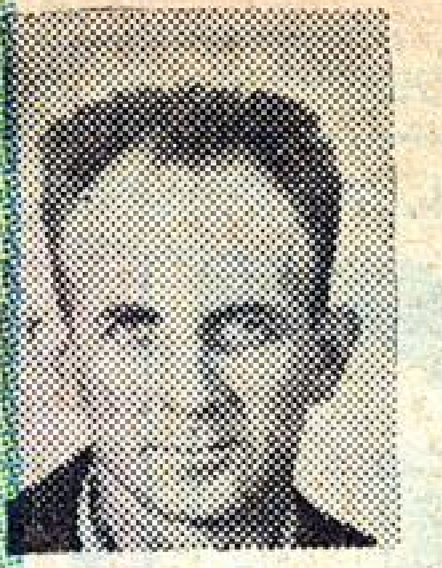

"MARIO AND ROSE WERE BROUGHT TO AN OLD WAREHOUSE..."
LEAVE MY ROSE ALONE!
THAT ALL DEPENDS, MARIO, MY BOY!
POP! DON'T DO IT! DON'T DO ANYTHING THEY SAY!
SHIP TO RECIFE BRAZIL
OH, I DUNNO, MISS! MAYBE IF YOUR POP SAW ME GRIND THIS CIGARETTE INTO YOUR PEACH-BLOSSOM SKIN, IT MIGHT CHANGE HIS MIND! WHAT SAY, MARIO?
NO! NO! DON'T! I DO WHAT YOU SAY!
OH, POP...
NOW, YOU'RE TALKIN' SENSE! TAKE THE GIRL OUT AND KEEP AN' EYE ON HER!
"FOR WEEKS, THE ENGRAVER WORKED LABORIOUSLY, COUNTERFEITING PLATES FOR THE BILLS..."
COME ON! SHAKE A LEG, MARIO! WE AIN'T GOT A LIFE-TIME TO SPEND ON THIS JOB!
I HURRY, PETE! PLEASE, DON'T HURT MY ROSE... I DO EVERYTHING YOU SAY!
LISTEN, YOU! STOP WHININ' AN' GET TO WORK!
SI, I WORK!
"HOW WELL MARIO DID HIS WORK, WE SOON LEARNED! ONE MORNING, I HAD A CALLER..."
MR. COLLINS, I AM THOMAS DIGBY OF THE BANKERS' ASSOCIATION! I PHONED THIS MORNING!
YES, MR. DIGBY, ABOUT THOSE COUNTERFEIT BILLS...
MR. COLLINS, IN ALL MY YEARS IN THE BANKING BUSINESS, I HAVE NEVER SEEN SUCH PERFECT COUNTERFEITS OF OUR CURRENCY! THESE BILLS ARE A MENACE... THE RING MUST BE BROKEN!


LEAVE THE BILLS HERE, MR. DIGBY! WE'LL DO OUR BEST!
I'M SURE YOU WILL, MR. COLLINS!
"I EXAMINED THE BILLS, PUT MY MEN ON THE JOB... AND WAS WAITING FOR RESULTS..."
THESE BILLS ARE ALMOST PERFECT! SCARCELY A NOTICEABLE FLAW! WELL, I'LL TAKE ANOTHER LOOK!
WELL! I'LL BE! HERE'S SOMETHING VERY INTERESTING!
"MEANWHILE, IN THE OLD WAREHOUSE..."
WELL, MARIO, THIS IS THE END OF THE ROAD FOR YOU!
OH, FIRST, I DO YOUR DIRTY WORK! NOW YOU KILL ME!
OW, POP! POP!
SAY YOUR PRAYERS, MARIO!
DROP THAT GUN! YOU'RE COVERED!
YOU MUST BE TOSCA, AND THIS IS ROSE, EH? NICE WORK, TOSCA!
YOU COME JUST ON TIME!
SAY, WHAT GIVES?
TOSCA PRINTED ALL THE "DOPE" ON THE BORDERS OF THE BILLS... THE LOCATION OF THIS HIDEOUT... IT WAS VISIBLE ONLY WITH A MICROSCOPE! YOU OUTSMARTED YOURSELF, ANDERSON!
OKAY... TAKE 'EM, BOYS!
POP... EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT, AGAIN! GEE, I THOUGHT WE WERE GONERS!
YOU FORGET—YOUR OLD POP HAS A TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE, AN' BESIDES, I LIKE JIMMY! WHY SHOULD HE BE A WIDOWER, BEFORE HE'S A BRIDEGROOM, EH?
THE END

WANTED BY THE F.B.I.

$100.00 REWARD

WILL BE PAID FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE ARREST OF ANY OF THESE FUGITIVES!



GEORGE WILLIAM WICKMAN

With aliases: George William Landcaster, George McManus, George Williams

DESCRIPTION

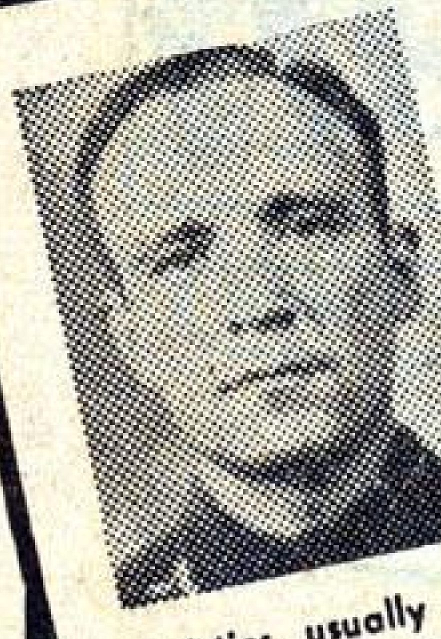
Age, 53, born January 3, 1894, Portland, Oregon; Height, 5 feet 8½ inches; Weight, 160 pounds; Build, medium; Hair, brown; Eyes, blue; Complexion, medium; Race, white; Nationality, American; Education, grade school; Occupations, carpenter, hardware clerk, hotel maintenance engineer, machine operator and pipe fitter; Scars and marks, faint scar over left eye, tattoo of cow-girl on right forearm.

EMBEZZLEMENT ON A GOVERNMENT RESERVATION

CRIMINAL RECORD

Wickman has been arrested on charges of forgery and obtaining money under false pretenses. An indictment was returned by a Federal Grand Jury at Tacoma, Washington, on May 12, 1945, charging George William Wickman with violating Section 468, Title 18, U. S. Code, and Section 2601 (3) Remington's Revised Statutes of the State of Washington, in that he embezzled a sum of money which was the property of the Post Exchange, Fort Lewis, Washington.

Fingerprint Classification: $\frac{\text{5 I 5 Ta 10}}{\text{O 17 T}}$ Ref: $\frac{\text{I}}{\text{17}}$



HENRI AMBROISE DELHAYE

With aliases: Henri Delage, Henry Delahaye, Major Henri Delaye, Henry de L'Haye, Henri Dethage, Sphret Deyhame

DESCRIPTION

Age, 30, born September 25, 1917, Paris, France; Height, 6 feet; Weight 155 pounds; Eyes, brown; Hair, brown; Complexion, dark; Build, medium; Race, white; Nationality, French; Education, high school; occupation, soldier; Characteristics, usually wears a U. S. Army Officer's uniform with air corps insignia and represents himself to be a Major, or a French Army Officer's uniform and represents himself to be a high officer in the French Air Corps, speaks English with a noticeable French accent, also speaks French, Italian.

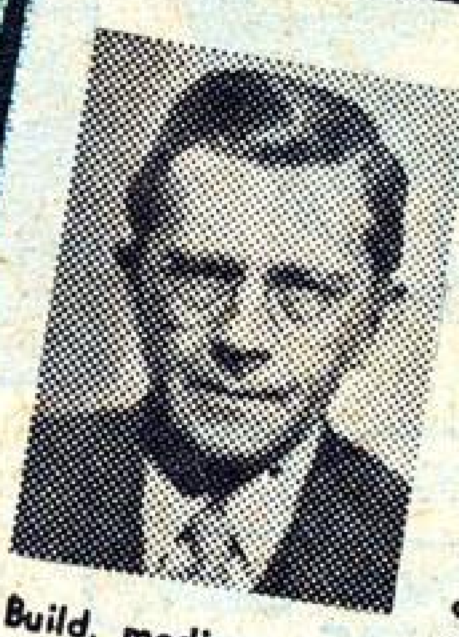
NATIONAL STOLEN PROPERTY ACT AND IMPERSONATION

CAUTION:
DELHAYE IS REPORTED TO HAVE PURCHASED SEVERAL SHOTGUNS AND AT LEAST ONE RIFLE AND IS PROBABLY ARMED.

CRIMINAL RECORD

On August 16, 1946, a complaint was filed before a U. S. Commissioner at Atlanta, Georgia, charging Henri Delhaye with a violation of the National Stolen Property Act. He is also charged with a violation of the Federal Impersonation Statute in a complaint filed before a U. S. Commissioner at Asheville, North Carolina, on October 1, 1946.

Fingerprint Classification: $\frac{\text{13 9 U 110 3}}{\text{I aU 110}}$



HARRY HIGSON LEONARD

With aliases: Harry Higson, Richard Lawrence, Harry L. Leonard, Fred E. Lindsay, Harry Parker, Earl Rogers, J. E. Wallace, "Doc."

DESCRIPTION

Age, 49, born June 21, 1898, Denver, Colorado; Height, 5 feet 8 inches; Weight, 135; Eyes, variously reported as gray, blue, hazel; Hair, brown streaked with gray; Complexion, ruddy; Build, medium; Race, white; Nationality, American; Education, grade school; Occupations, cook, clerk, garage attendant, farm and shipyard laborer, chauffeur; Scars and marks, deep mastoid operation scar behind each ear.

NATIONAL MOTOR VEHICLE THEFT ACT

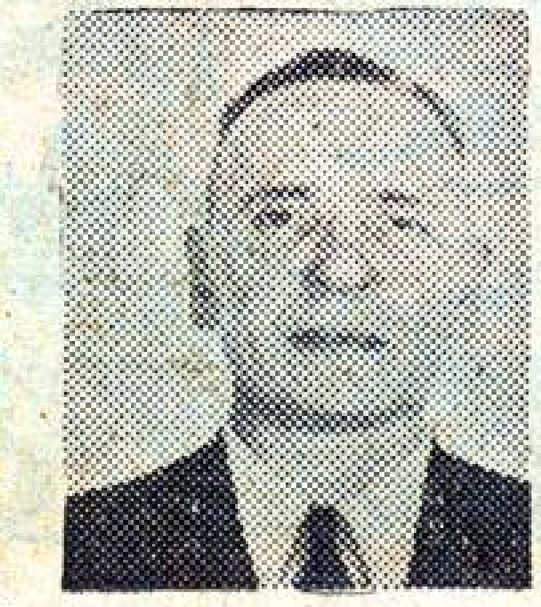
CRIMINAL RECORD

Since 1917, Harry Higson Leonard has been arrested on numerous occasions for charges which include robbery, burglary, and grand larceny.

CAUTION:
LEONARD IS ARMED AND IS CONSIDERED DANGEROUS

An indictment was returned by a Federal Grand Jury at Denver, Colorado, charging Harry Higson Leonard with a violation of Section 408e, Title 18, U. S. Code, in that he transported a stolen automobile in interstate commerce from Denver, Colorado, to Salt Lake City, Utah, knowing the automobile to have been stolen.

Fingerprint Classification: $\frac{\text{4 O I U 12}}{\text{L 17 Ua}}$



LOUIS PELAY

With alias: James Glavas

DESCRIPTION

Age, 45, born February 23, 1901, in Bulgaria (not verified); Height 5'7"; Weight, 185 pounds; Build, stocky; Hair, brown, graying at temples, wears a toupee; Eyes, brown; Complexion, dark; Race, white; Education, high school; Occupation, electrician.

UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO AVOID PROSECUTION FOR ATTEMPTED RAPE

CRIMINAL RECORD

Pelay has previously been arrested on the charge of rape.

A complaint was filed before a U. S. Commissioner at Canton, Ohio, February 15, 1946, charging Louis Pelay with violating Section 408e, Title 18, U. S. Code in that he fled from the State of Ohio to avoid prosecution.

Fingerprint Classification: $\frac{\text{13 O 13 R OOM 11}}{\text{I 19 W 101}}$

Reducing Specialist Says:

"Thanks to the Spot Reducer, I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

LOSE WEIGHT

where it shows most

REDUCE

most any part of the body with

SPOT REDUCER

Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."

Like a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steam baths, drugs or laxatives.

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. The same method used by many stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The "Spot Reducer" can be used in your spare time in your own room. It breaks down fatty tissues, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased, awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat. Two weeks after using the "Spot Reducer," look in the mirror and see a more glamorous, better, firmer, slimmer figure that will delight you. You have nothing to lose but weight for the "Spot Reducer" is sold on a money-back guarantee.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
With a 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once

Marie Hammel, New York, N. Y., says: "I used to wear a size 20 dress, now I wear size 14, thanks to the Spot Reducer. It was fun and I enjoyed it."

FREE

A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Cream will be included FREE with your order for the "Spot Reducer."

MAIL COUPON NOW!

The "Spot Reducer" Co., Dept. MC-3
871 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

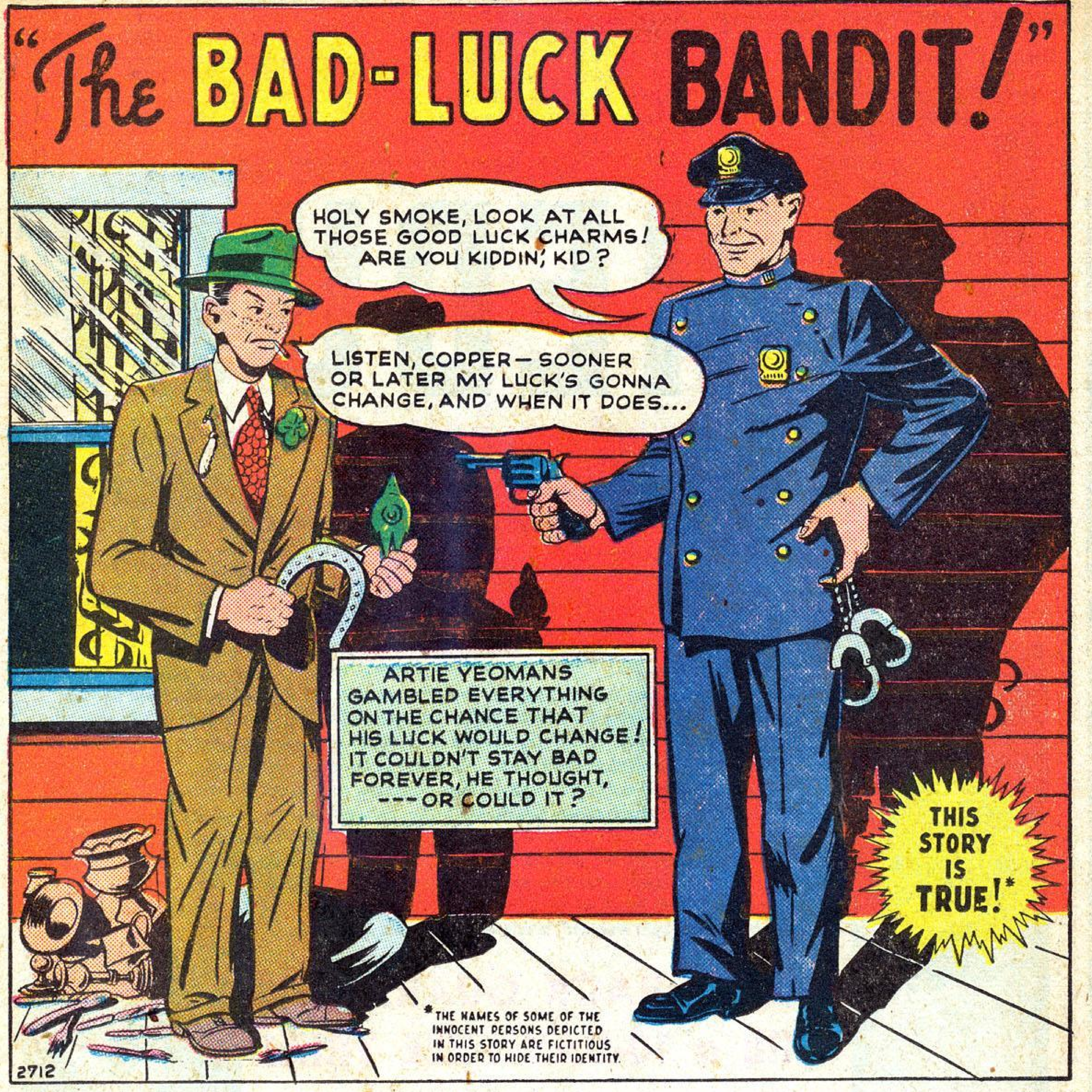
Send me at once, for $2 cash, check or money order, the "Spot Reducer" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be refunded.

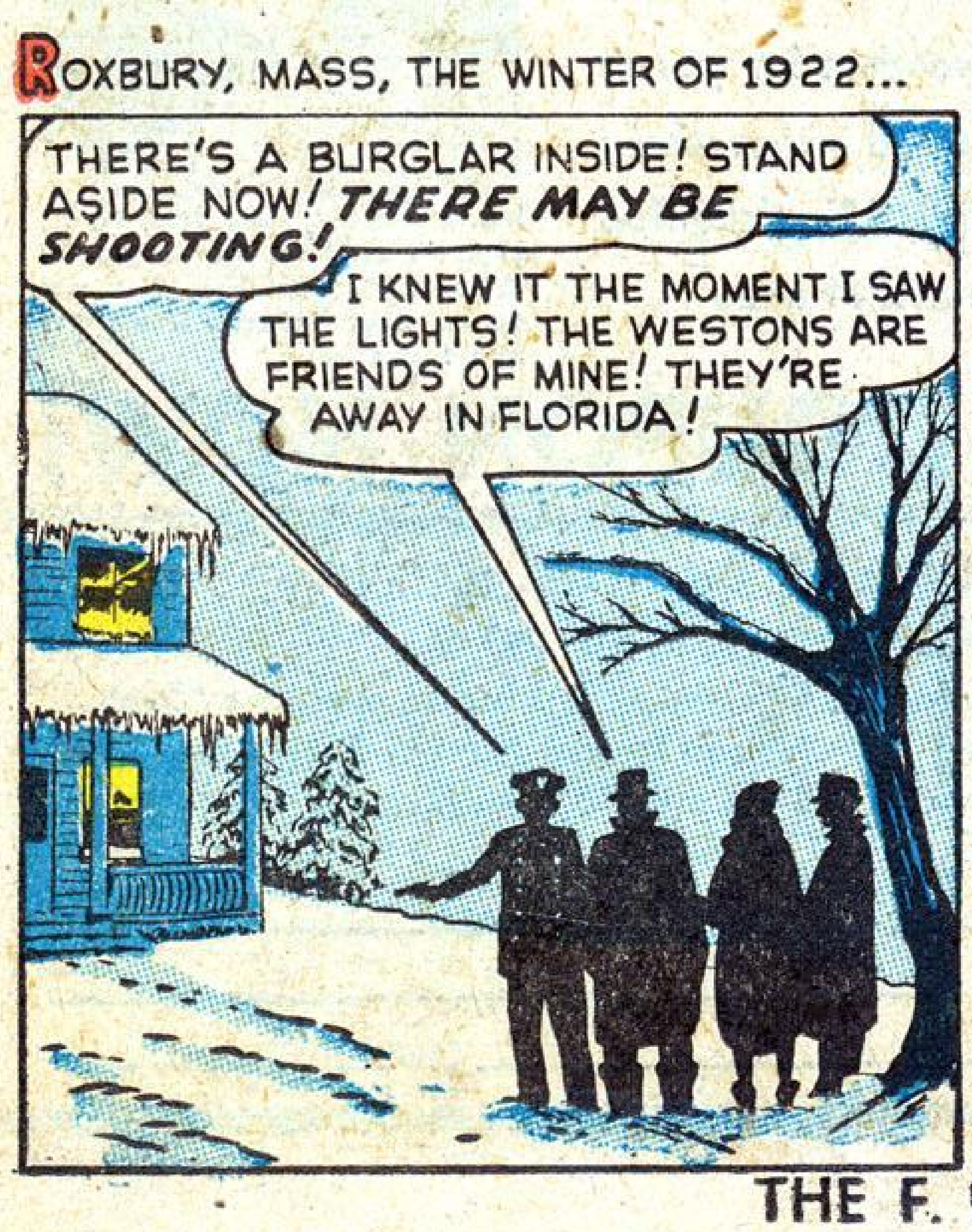
Name ______________________________

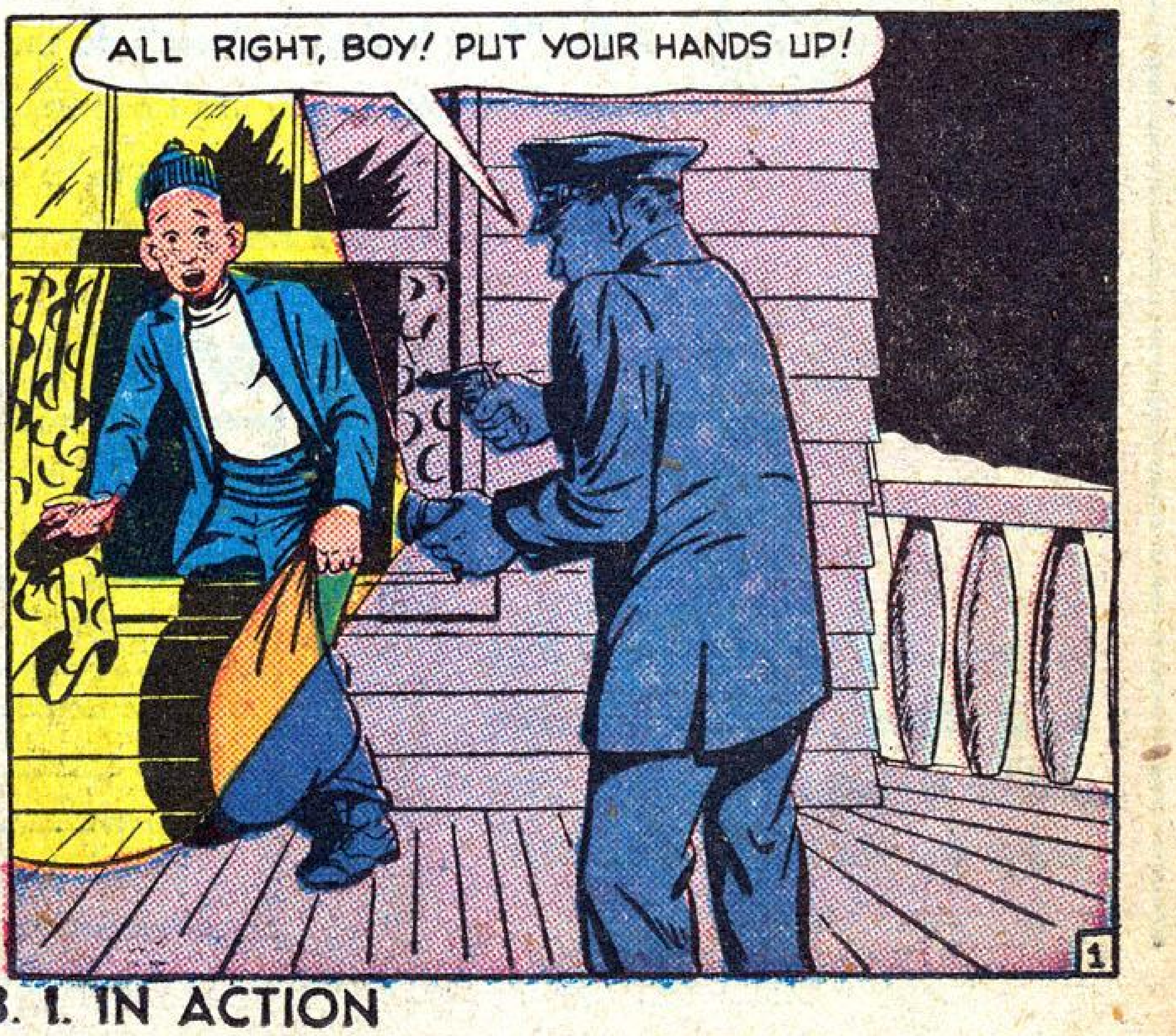
Address ______________________________

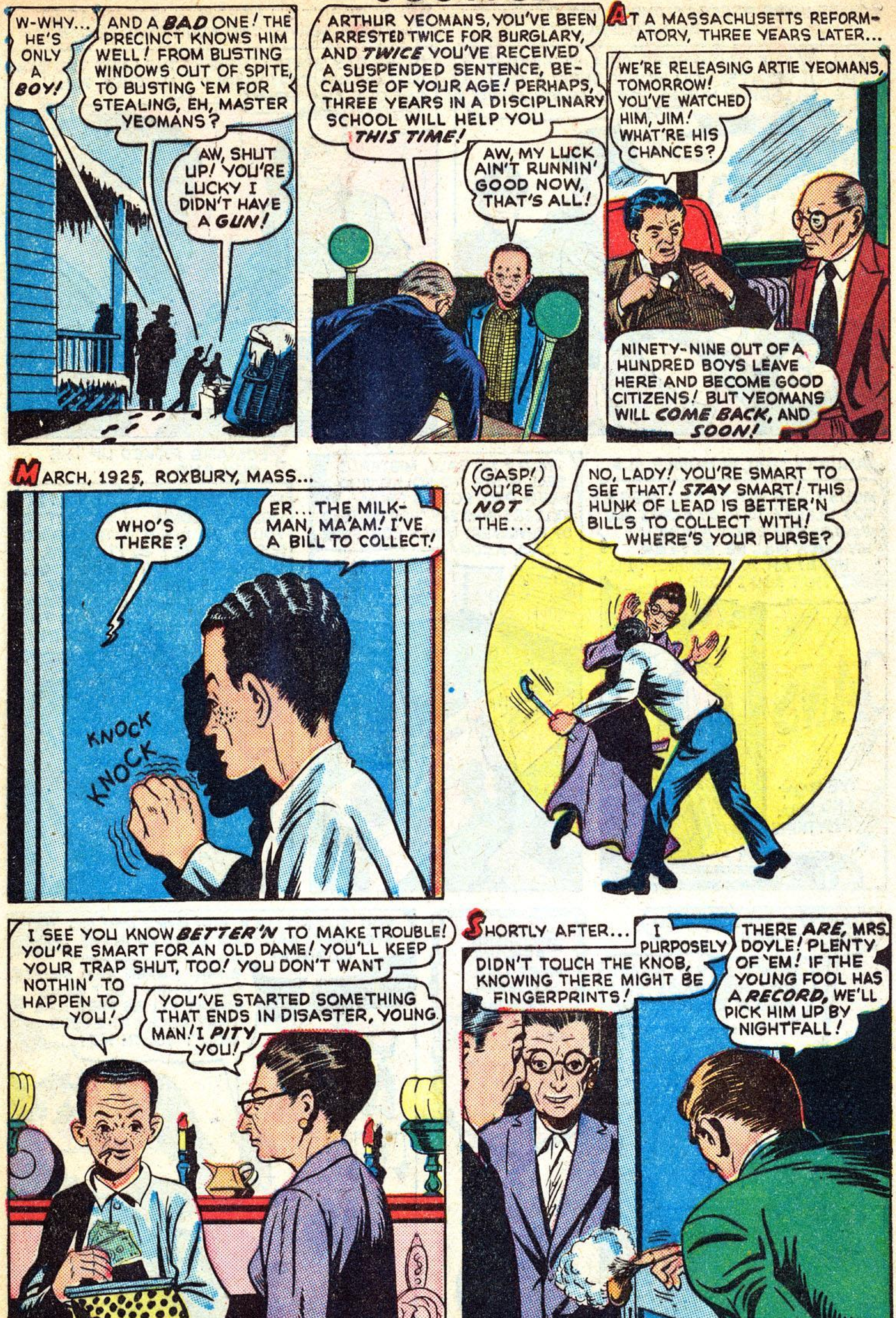
City ______________________ State ________

"The BAD-LUCK BANDIT!"

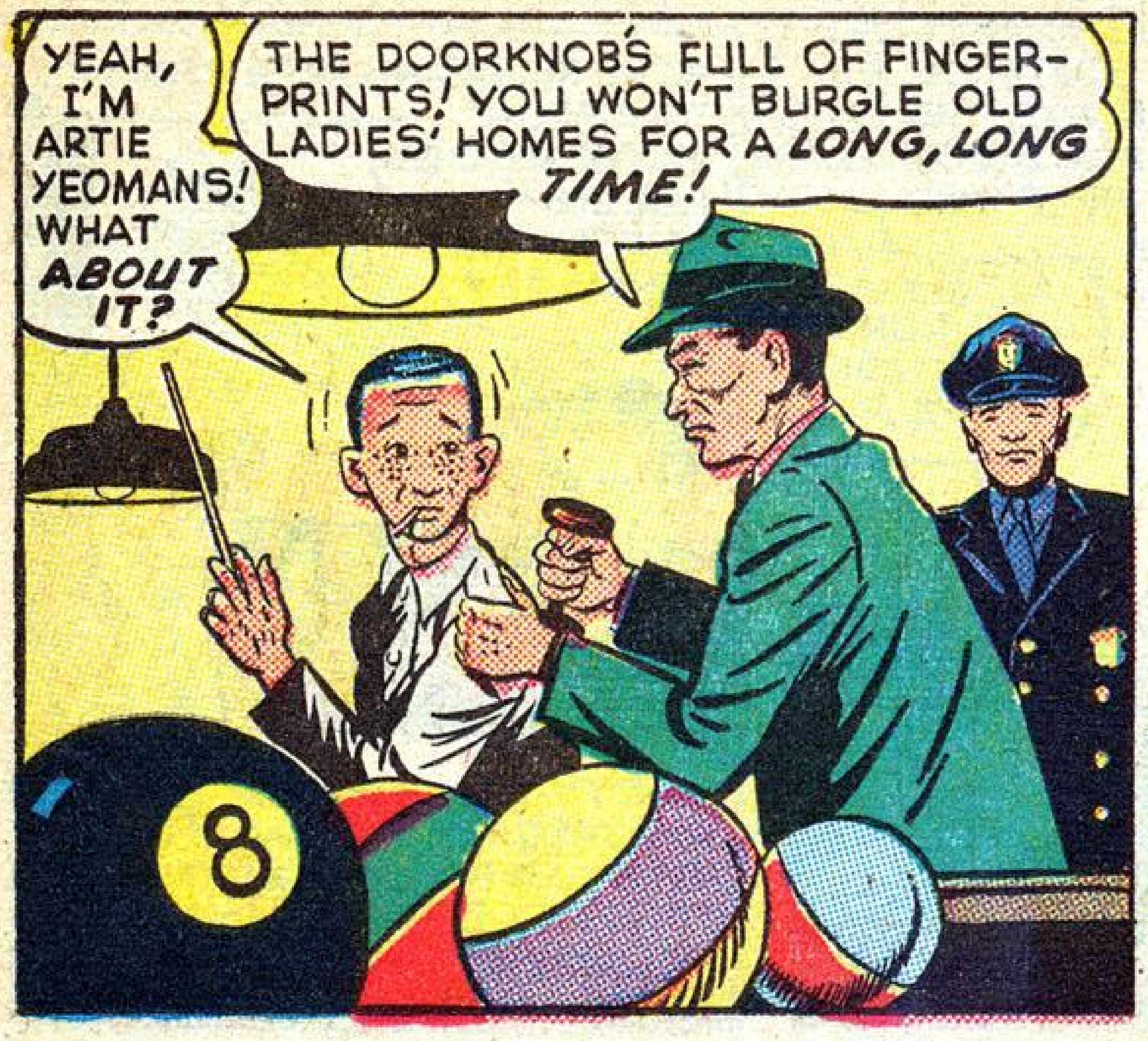

HOLY SMOKE, LOOK AT ALL THOSE GOOD LUCK CHARMS! ARE YOU KIDDIN', KID?
LISTEN, COPPER—SOONER OR LATER MY LUCK'S GONNA CHANGE, AND WHEN IT DOES...
ARTIE YEOMANS GAMBLED EVERYTHING ON THE CHANCE THAT HIS LUCK WOULD CHANGE! IT COULDN'T STAY BAD FOREVER, HE THOUGHT, ---OR COULD IT?
THIS STORY IS TRUE!*
*THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY.
2712


ROXBURY, MASS, THE WINTER OF 1922...
THERE'S A BURGLAR INSIDE! STAND ASIDE NOW! THERE MAY BE SHOOTING!
I KNEW IT THE MOMENT I SAW THE LIGHTS! THE WESTONS ARE FRIENDS OF MINE! THEY'RE AWAY IN FLORIDA!

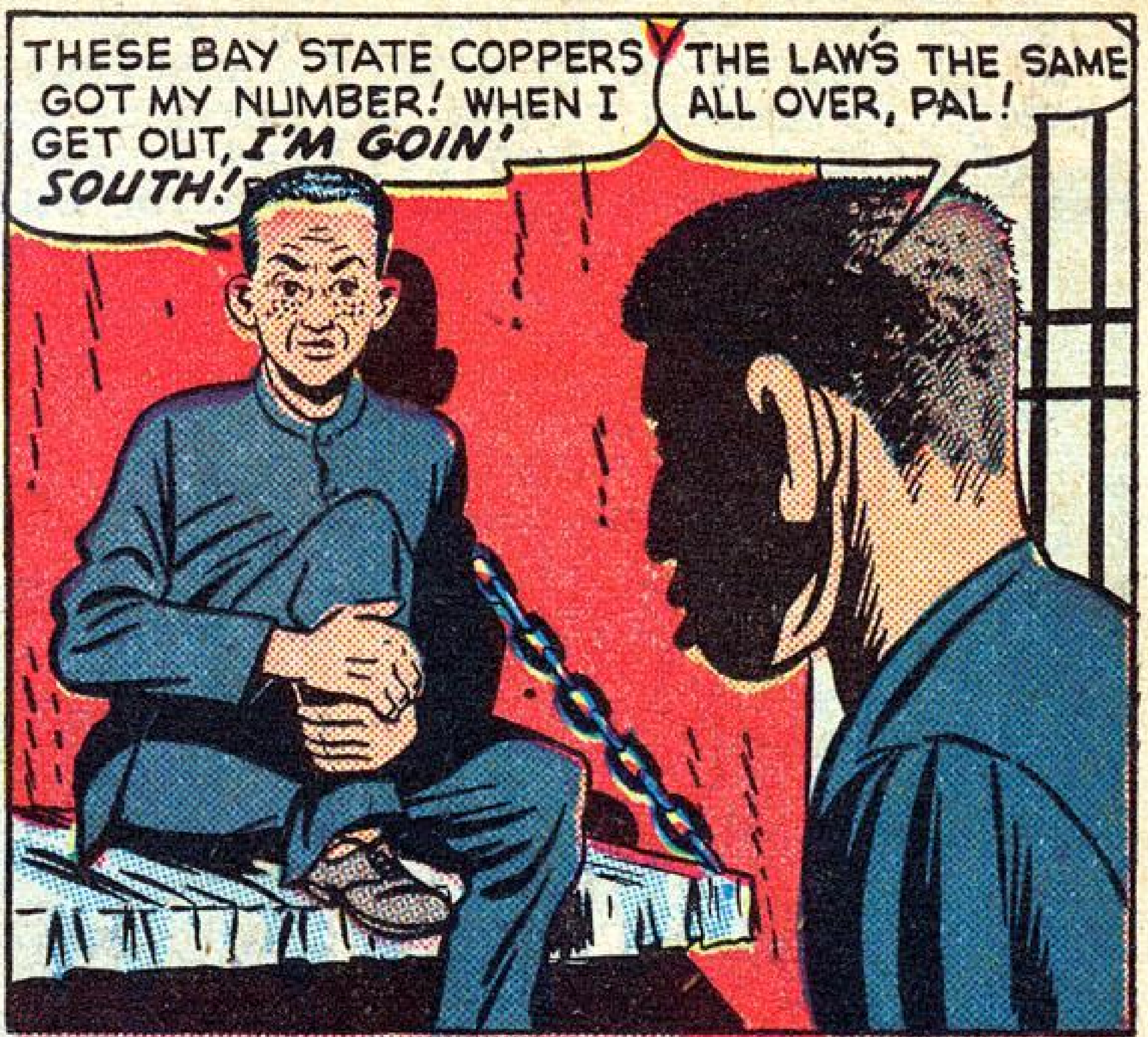

ALL RIGHT, BOY! PUT YOUR HANDS UP!
1


W-WHY... HE'S ONLY A *BOY!*
AND A *BAD* ONE! THE PRECINCT KNOWS HIM WELL! FROM BUSTING WINDOWS OUT OF SPITE, TO BUSTING 'EM FOR STEALING, EH, MASTER YEOMANS?
AW, SHUT UP! YOU'RE LUCKY I DIDN'T HAVE A *GUN!*
ARTHUR YEOMANS, YOU'VE BEEN ARRESTED TWICE FOR BURGLARY, AND *TWICE* YOU'VE RECEIVED A SUSPENDED SENTENCE, BECAUSE OF YOUR AGE! PERHAPS, THREE YEARS IN A DISCIPLINARY SCHOOL WILL HELP YOU *THIS TIME!*
AW, MY LUCK AIN'T RUNNIN' GOOD NOW, THAT'S ALL!
AT A MASSACHUSETTS REFORMATORY, THREE YEARS LATER...
WE'RE RELEASING ARTIE YEOMANS, TOMORROW! YOU'VE WATCHED HIM, JIM! WHAT'RE HIS CHANCES?
NINETY-NINE OUT OF A HUNDRED BOYS LEAVE HERE AND BECOME GOOD CITIZENS! BUT YEOMANS WILL *COME BACK*, AND *SOON!*
MARCH, 1925, ROXBURY, MASS...
WHO'S THERE?
ER... THE MILKMAN, MA'AM! I'VE A BILL TO COLLECT!
KNOCK KNOCK
(GASP!) YOU'RE *NOT* THE...
NO, LADY! YOU'RE SMART TO SEE THAT! *STAY* SMART! THIS HUNK OF LEAD IS BETTER'N BILLS TO COLLECT WITH! WHERE'S YOUR PURSE?
I SEE YOU KNOW *BETTER'N* TO MAKE TROUBLE! YOU'RE SMART FOR AN OLD DAME! YOU'LL KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT, TOO! YOU DON'T WANT NOTHIN' TO HAPPEN TO YOU!
YOU'VE STARTED SOMETHING THAT ENDS IN DISASTER, YOUNG MAN! I *PITY* YOU!
SHORTLY AFTER...
I PURPOSELY DIDN'T TOUCH THE KNOB, KNOWING THERE MIGHT BE FINGERPRINTS!
THERE *ARE*, MRS. DOYLE! PLENTY OF 'EM! IF THE YOUNG FOOL HAS A *RECORD*, WE'LL PICK HIM UP BY NIGHTFALL!

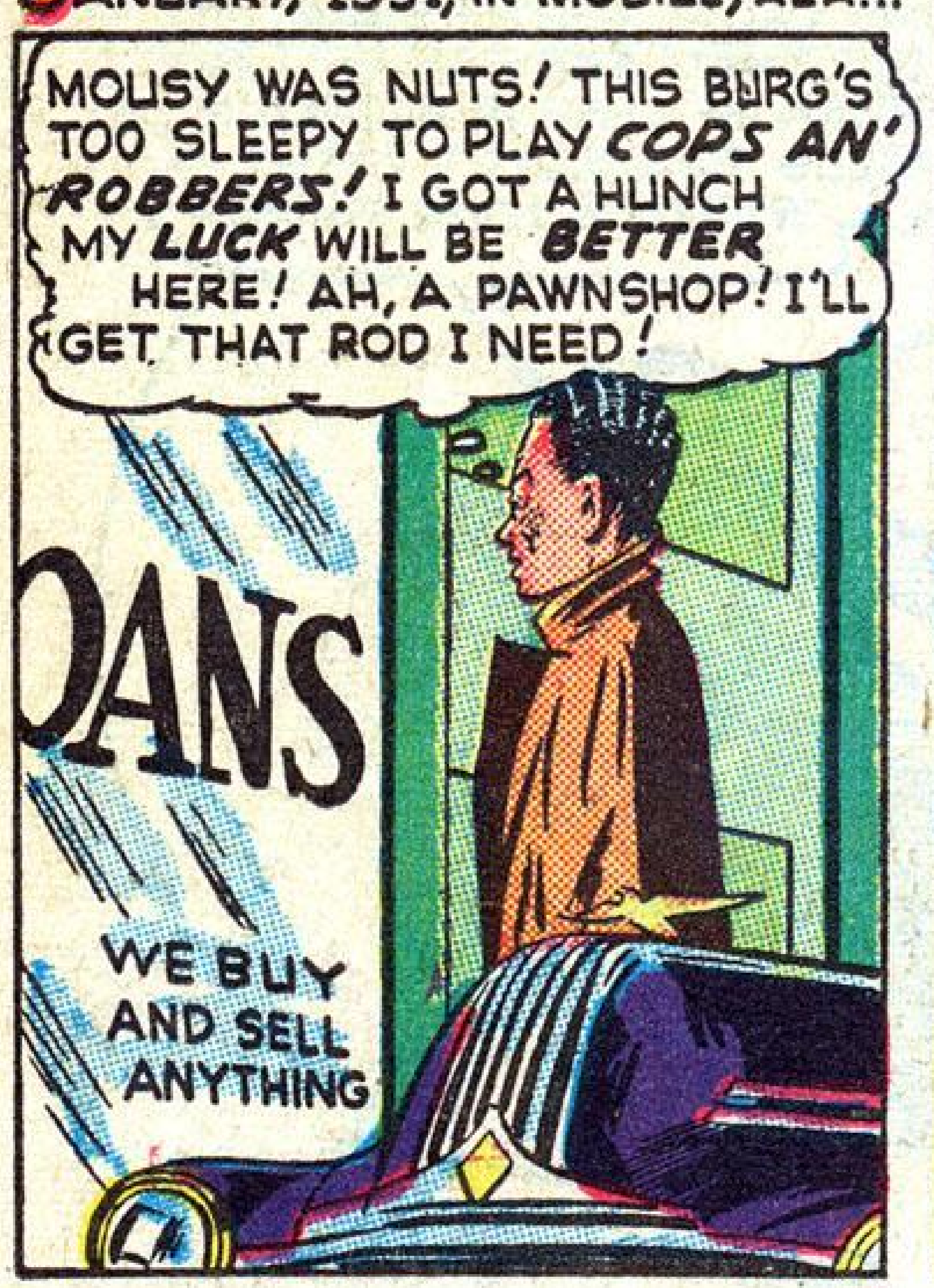
THERE WERE RECORDS, AND HE WAS PICKED UP BY NIGHTFALL!

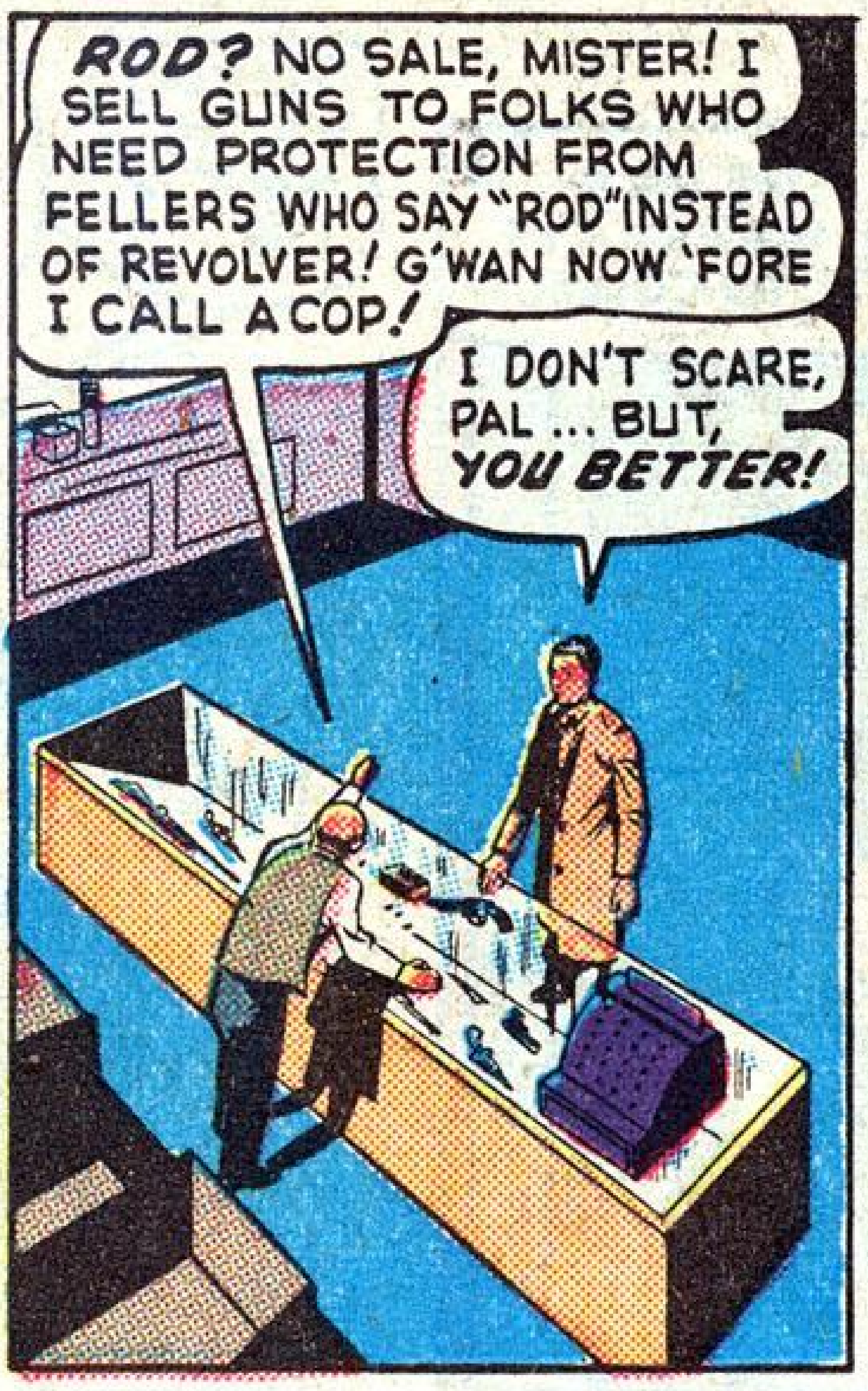

YEAH, I'M ARTIE YEOMANS! WHAT *ABOUT IT?*
THE DOORKNOB'S FULL OF FINGER-PRINTS! YOU WON'T BURGLE OLD LADIES' HOMES FOR A *LONG, LONG TIME!*
8

THAT WASN'T ALL! BETWEEN 1925 AND 1930 ARTHUR SERVED TWO ADDITIONAL TERMS...

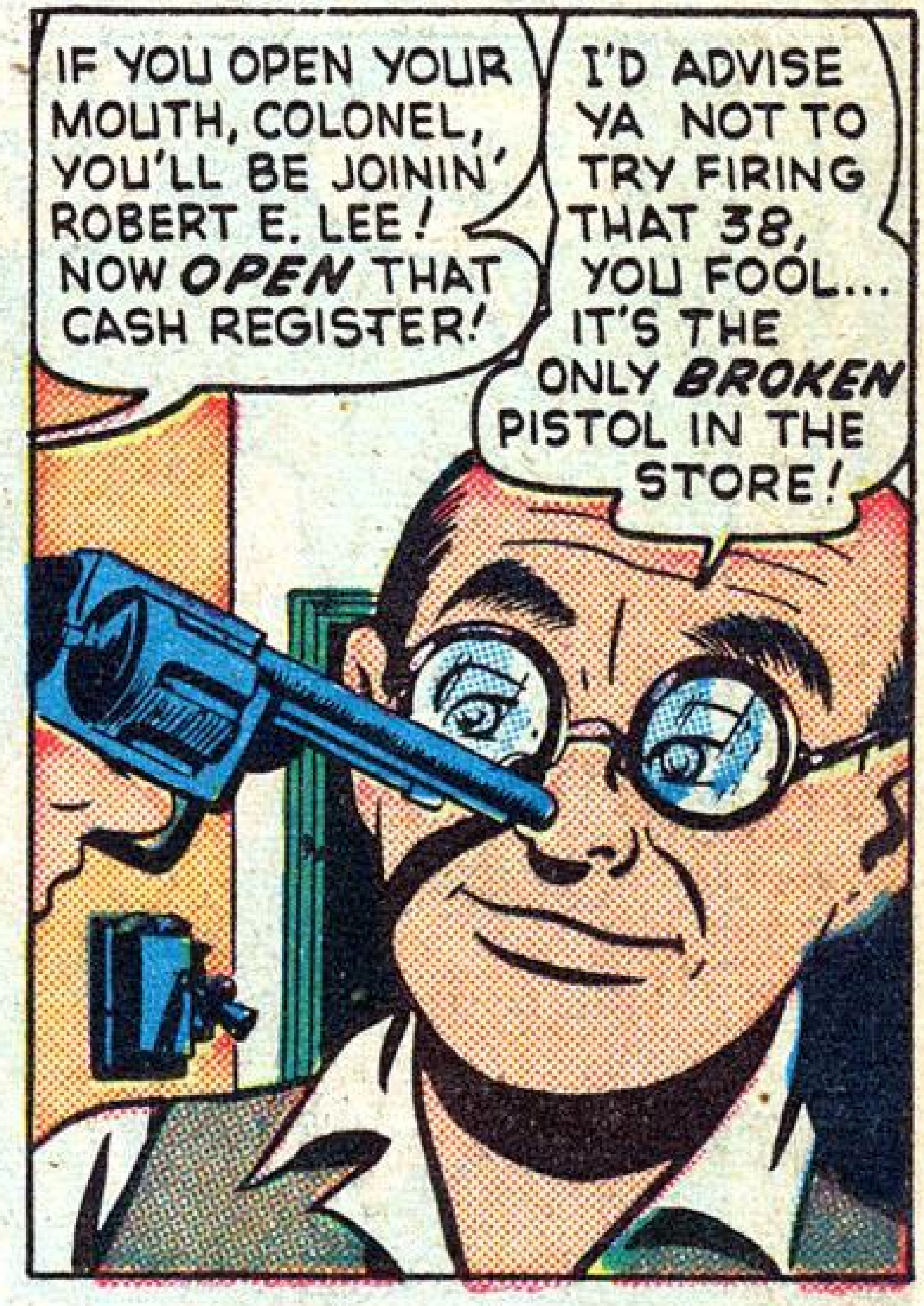

THESE BAY STATE COPPERS GOT MY NUMBER! WHEN I GET OUT, *I'M GOIN' SOUTH!*
THE LAW'S THE SAME ALL OVER, PAL!

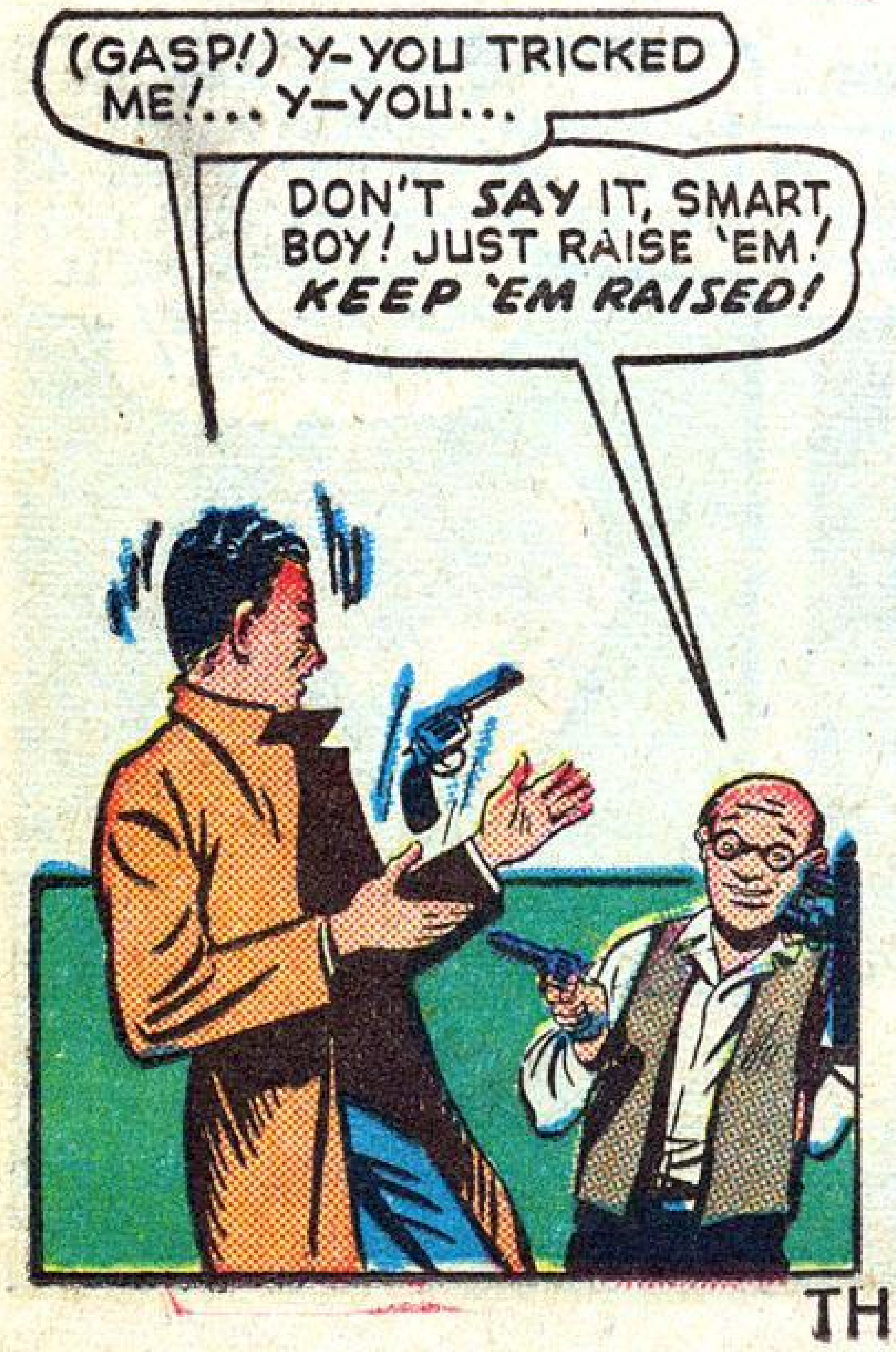
JANUARY, 1931, IN MOBILE, ALA...


MOUSY WAS NUTS! THIS BURG'S TOO SLEEPY TO PLAY *COPS AN' ROBBERS!* I GOT A HUNCH MY *LUCK* WILL BE *BETTER* HERE! AH, A PAWNSHOP! I'LL GET THAT ROD I NEED!
OANS
WE BUY AND SELL ANYTHING

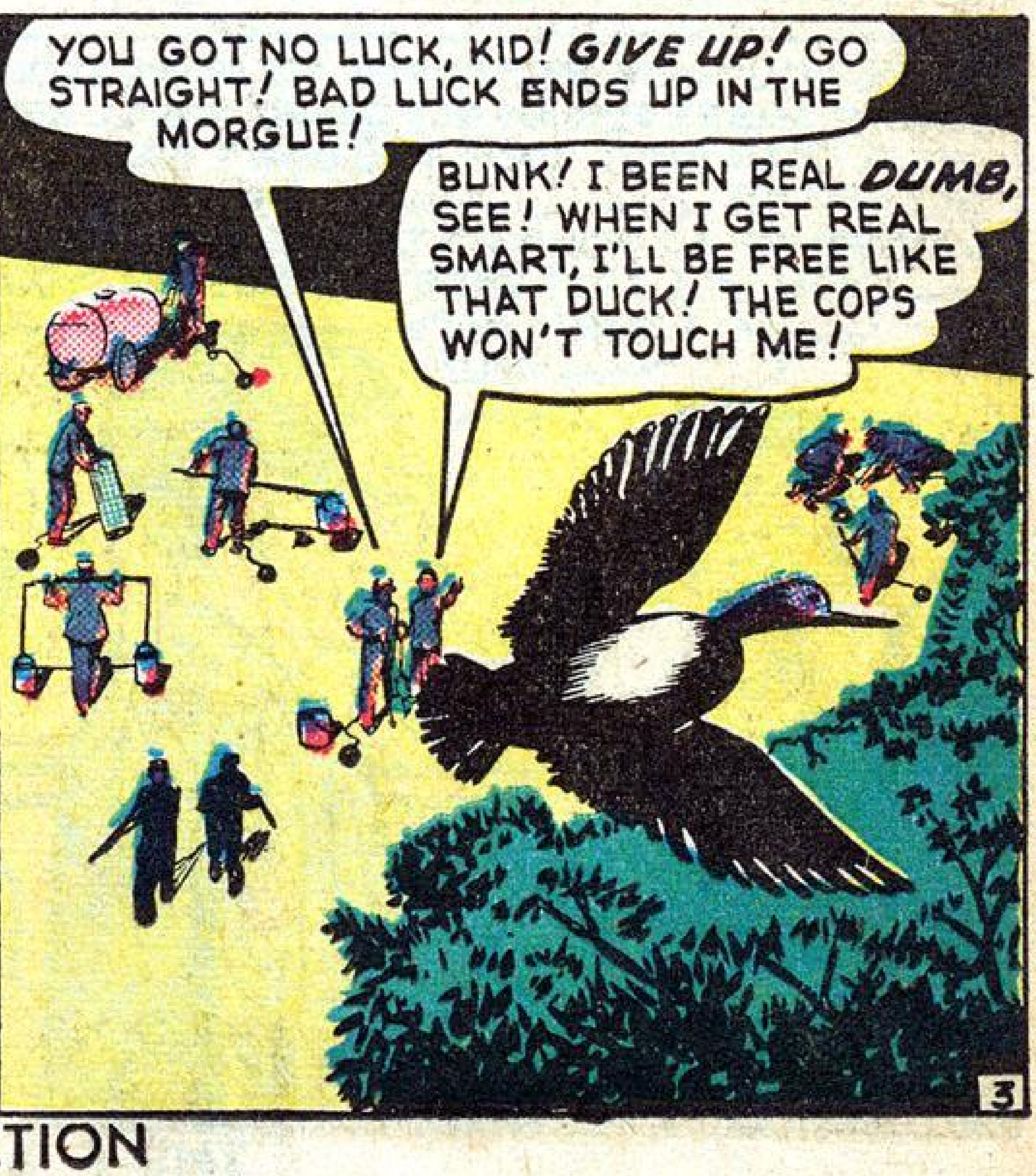

ROD? NO SALE, MISTER! I SELL GUNS TO FOLKS WHO NEED PROTECTION FROM FELLERS WHO SAY "ROD" INSTEAD OF REVOLVER! G'WAN NOW 'FORE I CALL A COP!
I DON'T SCARE, PAL ... BUT, *YOU BETTER!*

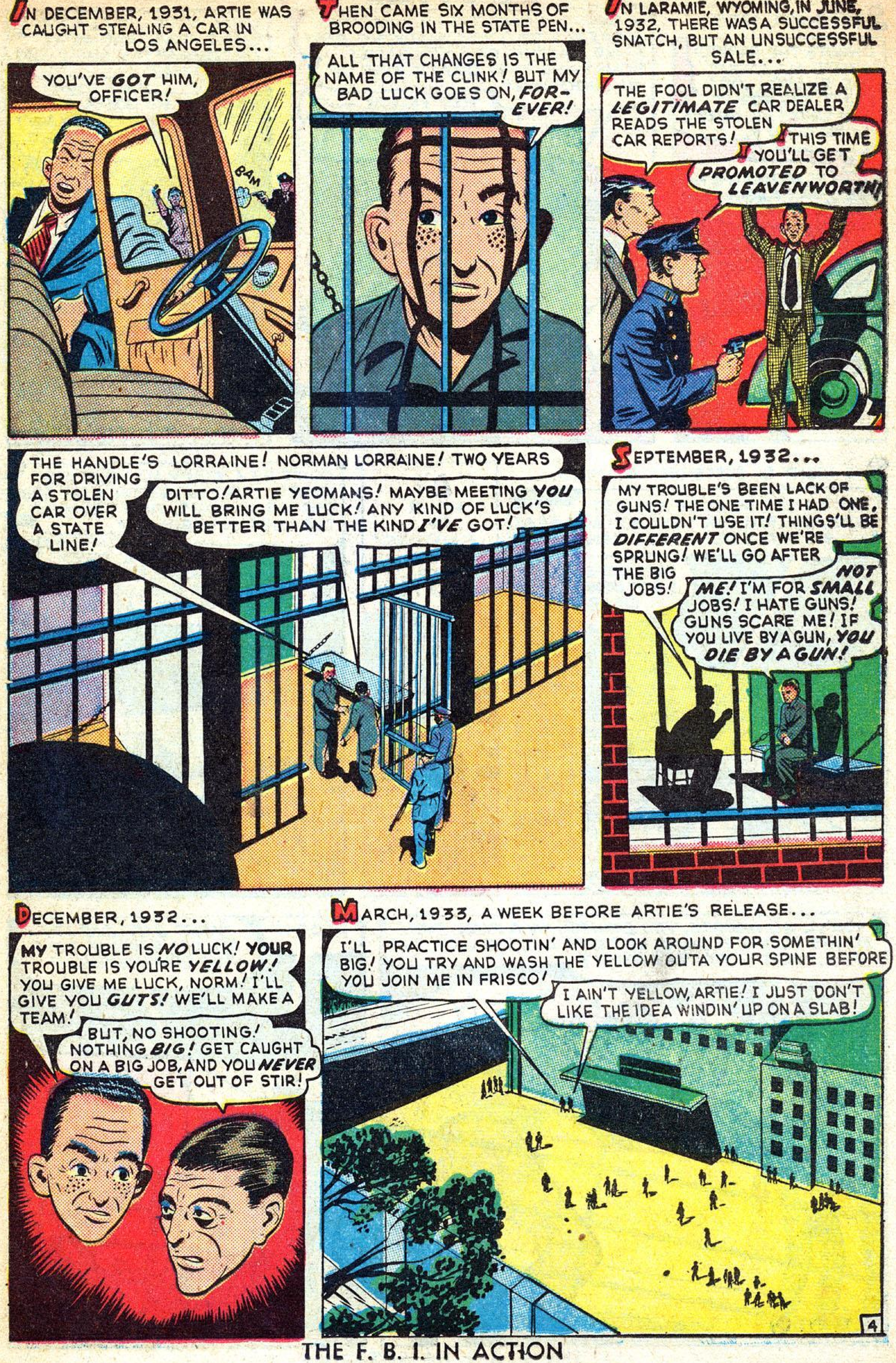
YEOMANS PICKED UP THE GUN, AND...

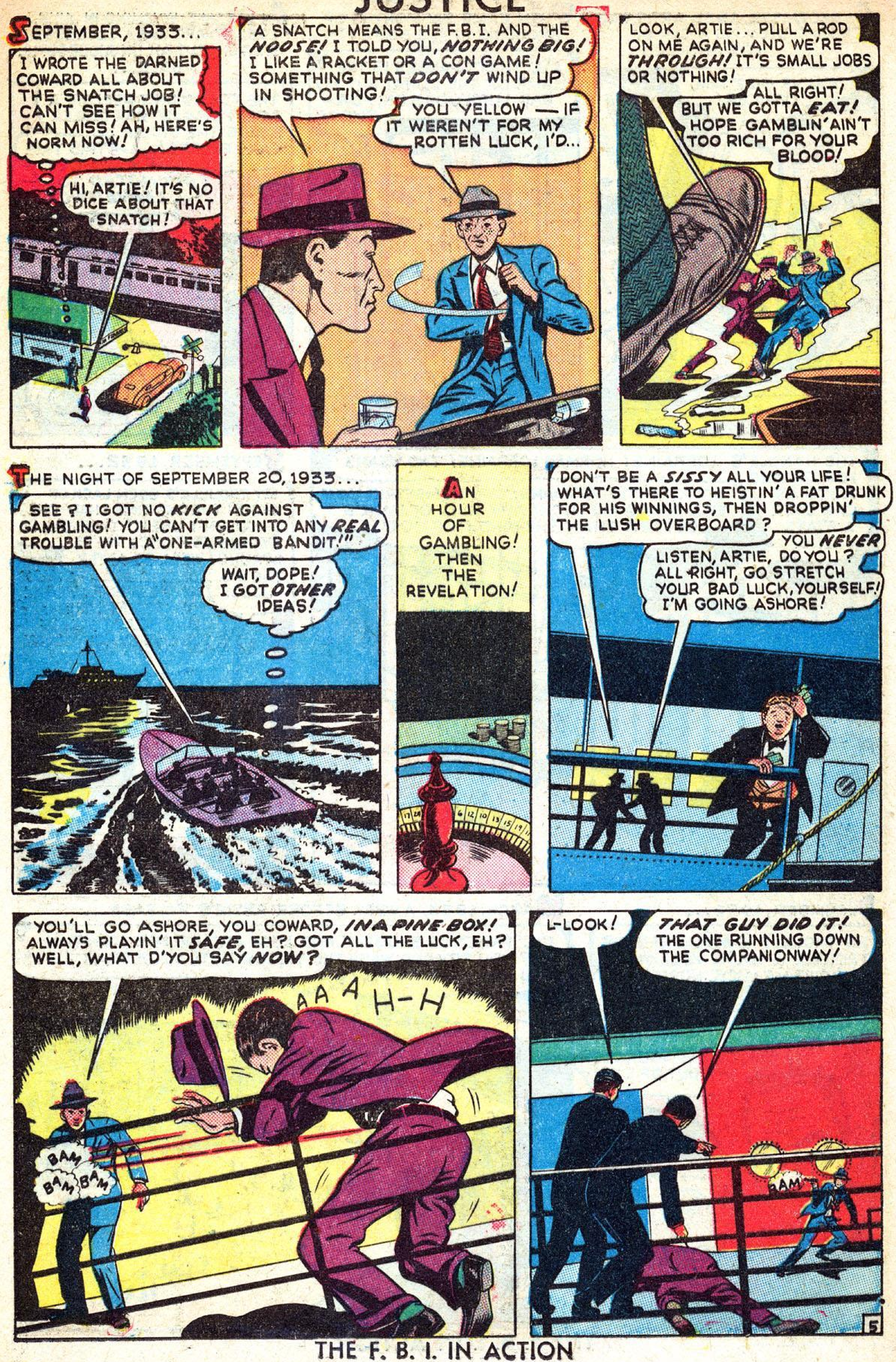

IF YOU OPEN YOUR MOUTH, COLONEL, YOU'LL BE JOININ' ROBERT E. LEE! NOW *OPEN* THAT CASH REGISTER!
I'D ADVISE YA NOT TO TRY FIRING THAT 38, YOU FOOL... IT'S THE ONLY *BROKEN* PISTOL IN THE STORE!

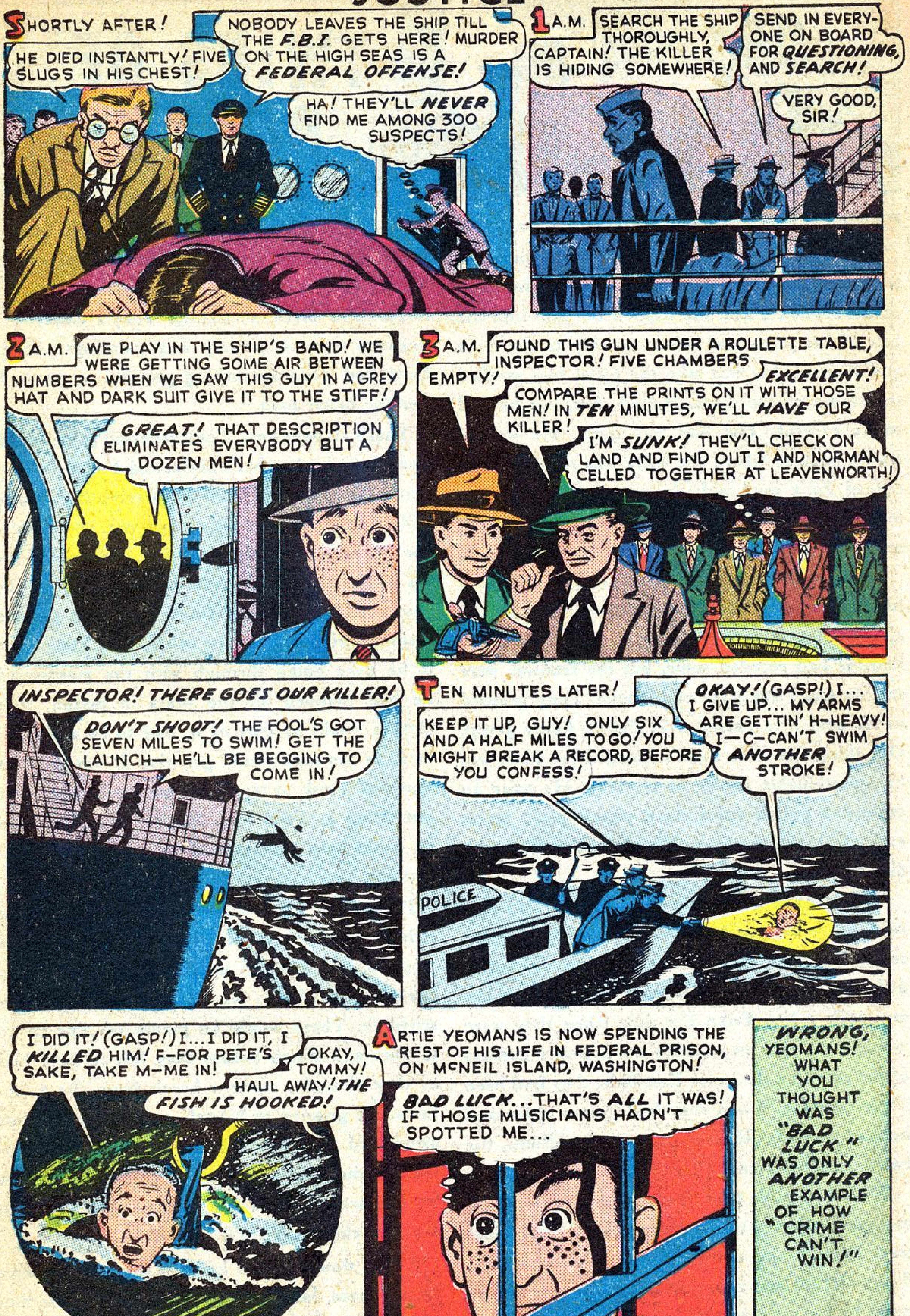

(GASP!) Y-YOU TRICKED ME!... Y-YOU...
DON'T *SAY* IT, SMART BOY! JUST RAISE 'EM! *KEEP 'EM RAISED!*

SOUTHERN PRISONS WERE LIKE NORTHERN PRISONS! ARTIE YEOMANS DIDN'T LIKE 'EM! A WHOLE YEAR HE DIDN'T LIKE 'EM!


YOU GOT NO LUCK, KID! *GIVE UP!* GO STRAIGHT! BAD LUCK ENDS UP IN THE MORGUE!
BUNK! I BEEN REAL *DUMB,* SEE! WHEN I GET REAL SMART, I'LL BE FREE LIKE THAT DUCK! THE COPS WON'T TOUCH ME!


IN DECEMBER, 1931, ARTIE WAS CAUGHT STEALING A CAR IN LOS ANGELES...
YOU'VE GOT HIM, OFFICER!
BAM
THEN CAME SIX MONTHS OF BROODING IN THE STATE PEN...
ALL THAT CHANGES IS THE NAME OF THE CLINK! BUT MY BAD LUCK GOES ON, FOR-EVER!
IN LARAMIE, WYOMING, IN JUNE, 1932, THERE WAS A SUCCESSFUL SNATCH, BUT AN UNSUCCESSFUL SALE...
THE FOOL DIDN'T REALIZE A LEGITIMATE CAR DEALER READS THE STOLEN CAR REPORTS!
THIS TIME YOU'LL GET PROMOTED TO LEAVENWORTH!
THE HANDLE'S LORRAINE! NORMAN LORRAINE! TWO YEARS FOR DRIVING A STOLEN CAR OVER A STATE LINE!
DITTO! ARTIE YEOMANS! MAYBE MEETING YOU WILL BRING ME LUCK! ANY KIND OF LUCK'S BETTER THAN THE KIND I'VE GOT!
SEPTEMBER, 1932...
MY TROUBLE'S BEEN LACK OF GUNS! THE ONE TIME I HAD ONE, I COULDN'T USE IT! THINGS'LL BE DIFFERENT ONCE WE'RE SPRUNG! WE'LL GO AFTER THE BIG JOBS!
NOT ME! I'M FOR SMALL JOBS! I HATE GUNS! GUNS SCARE ME! IF YOU LIVE BY A GUN, YOU DIE BY A GUN!
DECEMBER, 1932...
MY TROUBLE IS NO LUCK! YOUR TROUBLE IS YOU'RE YELLOW! YOU GIVE ME LUCK, NORM! I'LL GIVE YOU GUTS! WE'LL MAKE A TEAM!
BUT, NO SHOOTING! NOTHING BIG! GET CAUGHT ON A BIG JOB, AND YOU NEVER GET OUT OF STIR!
MARCH, 1933, A WEEK BEFORE ARTIE'S RELEASE...
I'LL PRACTICE SHOOTIN' AND LOOK AROUND FOR SOMETHIN' BIG! YOU TRY AND WASH THE YELLOW OUTA YOUR SPINE BEFORE YOU JOIN ME IN FRISCO!
I AIN'T YELLOW, ARTIE! I JUST DON'T LIKE THE IDEA WINDIN' UP ON A SLAB!


SEPTEMBER, 1933...
I WROTE THE DARNED COWARD ALL ABOUT THE SNATCH JOB! CAN'T SEE HOW IT CAN MISS! AH, HERE'S NORM NOW!
HI, ARTIE! IT'S NO DICE ABOUT THAT SNATCH!
A SNATCH MEANS THE F.B.I. AND THE *NOOSE!* I TOLD YOU, *NOTHING BIG!* I LIKE A RACKET OR A CON GAME! SOMETHING THAT *DON'T* WIND UP IN SHOOTING!
YOU YELLOW — IF IT WEREN'T FOR MY ROTTEN LUCK, I'D...
LOOK, ARTIE... PULL A ROD ON ME AGAIN, AND WE'RE *THROUGH!* IT'S SMALL JOBS OR NOTHING!
ALL RIGHT! BUT WE GOTTA *EAT!* HOPE GAMBLIN' AIN'T TOO RICH FOR YOUR BLOOD!
THE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 20, 1933...
SEE? I GOT NO *KICK* AGAINST GAMBLING! YOU CAN'T GET INTO ANY *REAL* TROUBLE WITH A "ONE-ARMED BANDIT!"
WAIT, DOPE! I GOT *OTHER* IDEAS!
AN HOUR OF GAMBLING! THEN THE REVELATION!
DON'T BE A *SISSY* ALL YOUR LIFE! WHAT'S THERE TO HEISTIN' A FAT DRUNK FOR HIS WINNINGS, THEN DROPPIN' THE LUSH OVERBOARD?
YOU *NEVER* LISTEN, ARTIE, DO YOU? ALL RIGHT, GO STRETCH YOUR BAD LUCK, YOURSELF! I'M GOING ASHORE!
YOU'LL GO ASHORE, YOU COWARD, *IN A PINE BOX!* ALWAYS PLAYIN' IT *SAFE*, EH? GOT ALL THE LUCK, EH? WELL, WHAT D'YOU SAY *NOW*?
AAAH-H
BAM BAM BAM
L-LOOK!
THAT GUY DID IT! THE ONE RUNNING DOWN THE COMPANIONWAY!
BAM


SHORTLY AFTER!
HE DIED INSTANTLY! FIVE SLUGS IN HIS CHEST!
NOBODY LEAVES THE SHIP TILL THE F.B.I. GETS HERE! MURDER ON THE HIGH SEAS IS A FEDERAL OFFENSE!
HA! THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME AMONG 300 SUSPECTS!
1 A.M.
SEARCH THE SHIP THOROUGHLY, CAPTAIN! THE KILLER IS HIDING SOMEWHERE!
SEND IN EVERYONE ON BOARD FOR QUESTIONING, AND SEARCH!
VERY GOOD, SIR!
2 A.M.
WE PLAY IN THE SHIP'S BAND! WE WERE GETTING SOME AIR BETWEEN NUMBERS WHEN WE SAW THIS GUY IN A GREY HAT AND DARK SUIT GIVE IT TO THE STIFF!
GREAT! THAT DESCRIPTION ELIMINATES EVERYBODY BUT A DOZEN MEN!
3 A.M.
FOUND THIS GUN UNDER A ROULETTE TABLE, INSPECTOR! FIVE CHAMBERS EMPTY!
EXCELLENT! COMPARE THE PRINTS ON IT WITH THOSE MEN! IN TEN MINUTES, WE'LL HAVE OUR KILLER!
I'M SUNK! THEY'LL CHECK ON LAND AND FIND OUT I AND NORMAN CELLED TOGETHER AT LEAVENWORTH!
INSPECTOR! THERE GOES OUR KILLER!
DON'T SHOOT! THE FOOL'S GOT SEVEN MILES TO SWIM! GET THE LAUNCH— HE'LL BE BEGGING TO COME IN!
TEN MINUTES LATER!
KEEP IT UP, GUY! ONLY SIX AND A HALF MILES TO GO! YOU MIGHT BREAK A RECORD, BEFORE YOU CONFESS!
OKAY! (GASP!) I... I GIVE UP... MY ARMS ARE GETTIN' H-HEAVY! I—C—CAN'T SWIM ANOTHER STROKE!
POLICE
I DID IT! (GASP!) I... I DID IT, I KILLED HIM! F—FOR PETE'S SAKE, TAKE M—ME IN!
OKAY, TOMMY! HAUL AWAY! THE FISH IS HOOKED!
ARTIE YEOMANS IS NOW SPENDING THE REST OF HIS LIFE IN FEDERAL PRISON, ON McNEIL ISLAND, WASHINGTON!
BAD LUCK... THAT'S ALL IT WAS! IF THOSE MUSICIANS HADN'T SPOTTED ME...
WRONG, YEOMANS! WHAT YOU THOUGHT WAS "BAD LUCK" WAS ONLY ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF HOW "CRIME CAN'T WIN!"
THE END

TWINS OF DEATH

TONY FREEMONT unwrapped the towel from around his gun and let the piece of terry cloth drop to the floor alongside the body of his brother Felix. He slipped the gun into the belt of his pants and strode quickly to the door and listened. He was sure the towel had muffled the sound of the death-dealing shot, but he had to be careful. The hall was quiet. He walked slowly back to where the body was sprawled and turned Felix over with the toe of his shoe. The bullet had messed up Felix's face but not to such an extent that the features weren't recognizable.

It was more than three years since he had seen his twin brother, but Tony could see Felix hadn't changed much. A little fatter in the face and the hairline had receded some, but the features were still an exact duplicate of his own. Tony grinned as his cold eyes passed over Felix's flashy getup. One thing that time hadn't changed for Felix was his questionable choice of clothing. He wore an expensive purple sport shirt, yellow plaid jacket and checkered trousers. Tony's lips curled with distaste.

There was no doubt that he and Felix resembled each other in face and body as closely as twins could. But from there on out they were absolutely different, except in their mutual hatred of the law and each other. From the time when they were young kids with newsstands on opposite corners of the street on the lower East Side, they had been bitter enemies. When they had grown older and hooked up with different gangs of hoodlums, the battle between them still raged.

They had both prospered as they grew older, and each reflected this prosperity in his individual way. Felix broke out with a rash of new cars, flashy clothes and show girls. Tony's taste leaned more to the conservative in everything including women. His greatest desire had always been to break into local social and intellectual circles. Where Felix went in for stolen automobiles, protection and black marketing, Tony's underworld dealings were in jewelry and paintings. Always Felix had done everything possible to prove he was the better man.

That's all over now, Tony reflected as he walked away from his brother's body, and I'm the winner. Going into the bedroom of his brother's colorfully decorated suite he threw open the door of the closet and groaned at the sight which met his eyes. The closet was jammed full of the gaudiest clothing Felix could buy, each garment seeming brighter than the other. But, Tony knew, if he were going through with the masquerade he had planned all the years in prison, these clothes would be part of it, *had* to be a *big* part of it, or someone would get wise. It would be too much of a risk to try to imitate his brother without living as Felix had. Maybe, in a few years, he could start tapering off to more conservative clothing.

Picking out a pastel blue sport coat with yellow stripes and a pair of bright green gabardine trousers, he started to undress. There was no use hurrying, he knew, as he was well ahead of schedule. There would be plenty of time to get to Pete and Bingo before they left to help him, as they thought, make a break from the prison farm. He grinned to himself as he imagined how astonished they would be to see him free before the set time. And wait until they heard about how he planned to cover his escape—*that* would be the real climax! They'd love it.

As he slowly tied a knot in the lace of some yellow shoes, his mind wandered back to the time when he had been framed—almost four years

BAD SKIN?

Stop Worrying About Pimples, Blackheads and Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

Try Skin Doctor's Amazing Simple Directions and Be Thrilled with the Difference—Often So Much

CLEARER IN JUST ONE SHORT WEEK

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born *just like you* with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it!—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, *un*beautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too—*in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't.* Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept 369 New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment must work for *you*, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

ago. Whoever had planted the body of Mike Kopacs in his room had done a good job, and he was certain it had been Felix's way of doing him dirt and at the same time getting rid of Mike who had been trying to chisel into the protection racket. The police hadn't bothered to look for the real killer, hadn't cared about looking, and the judge had sentenced him for twenty years to life.

After a few months in prison his mind had gone to work on a plan to break out and to change places in the world with his twin brother. The escape would be easy and the whole plan was so smart he could hardly believe he'd thought of it himself. He worked out every detail perfectly of just what he would do on the outside. After killing Felix he would put the prison clothing on him and have Pete and Bingo dump the body outside of town. The police would wonder how come Tony Freemont was shot, but, because he was an escaped prisoner, they wouldn't wonder *too* much and would bury Felix thinking all the while it was Tony. Then, in the role of Felix, he would be able to do as he pleased.

Tony grinned as he looked over a row of flashy ties. So far everything had gone perfectly. Even his making the break before midnight, as he had previously planned with the boys, had worked out all right. If he hadn't gotten away this afternoon, he never would have been able to do it later at night for some of the other convicts had made a dash to freedom, too. The guards would have been doubled by midnight so he made good his escape amidst the confusion of the other prisoners' escape.

Tony picked out a gaudy yellow and blue tie to match his coat. He looked at his watch. Ten after nine. Plenty of time to drive over to the hangout and surprise Pete and Bingo before they left on a useless trip to the prison. And they *would* be surprised, too. Taking his time he slipped into the sport coat. Going over to the door, he took a last look at his brother and snapped out the lights. In the elevator the boy nodded and said,

"Good evening, Mr. Freemont."

Stepping out of the elevator on the ground floor, Tony looked at himself in a long wall mirror in the apartment house foyer and nodded with satisfaction. He looked a perfect Felix.

At the doorway he stopped and took a deep breath of fresh air. The street was empty save for a small coupe parked directly across the way.

. . . In the front seat of the coupe two men tensely watched the brightly lighted door of the apartment house across the street. They sat silently, the glow of their cigarettes casting shadows in the darkness.

"I wish you'd let me do this, Pete. I owe Felix plenty," the driver said without turning to his companion whose eyes were as cold as the blue steel of the gun which rested in his lap.

"This is my job, Bingo. When Felix framed Tony and had him sent up the river, I swore I'd do something about it.—Boy, the boss will sure be surprised when he finds out what we've done! It'll be a sort of coming out present for him." Pete laughed mirthlessly. He lifted the gun from his lap and tightened the silencer which was attached to the barrel. Suddenly Bingo stiffened.

"Someone's coming out," he said hoarsely. "Make sure it's Felix before you let loose."

Pete leaned in front of Bingo and rested the revolver on the edge of the open window.

The man in the foyer of the apartment house slowly walked into the light of the doorway and stood there. The colors of his clothing glared brightly.

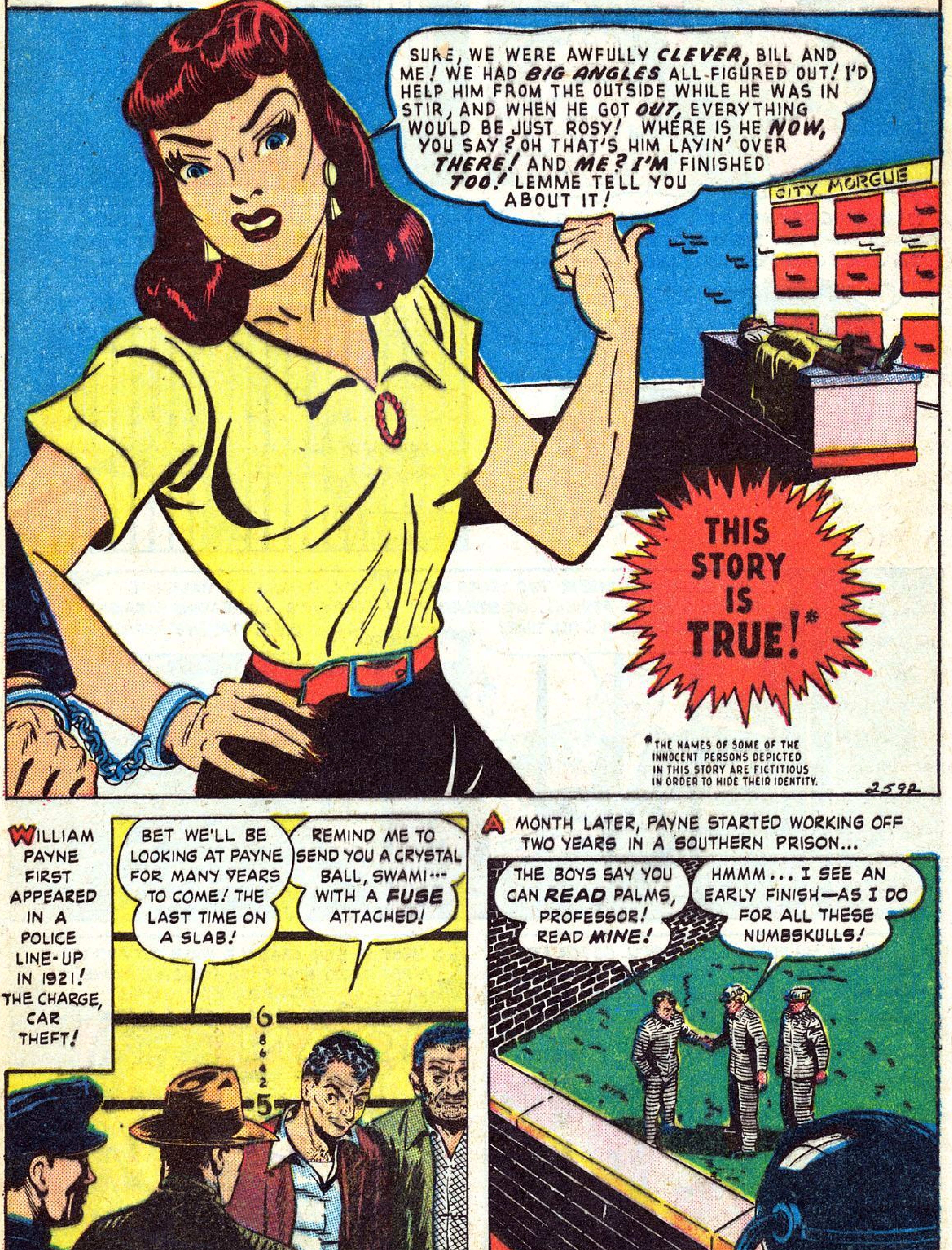
"That's Felix all right," Pete said as he fingered the safety off. "No one else in the world would wear clothes like that."

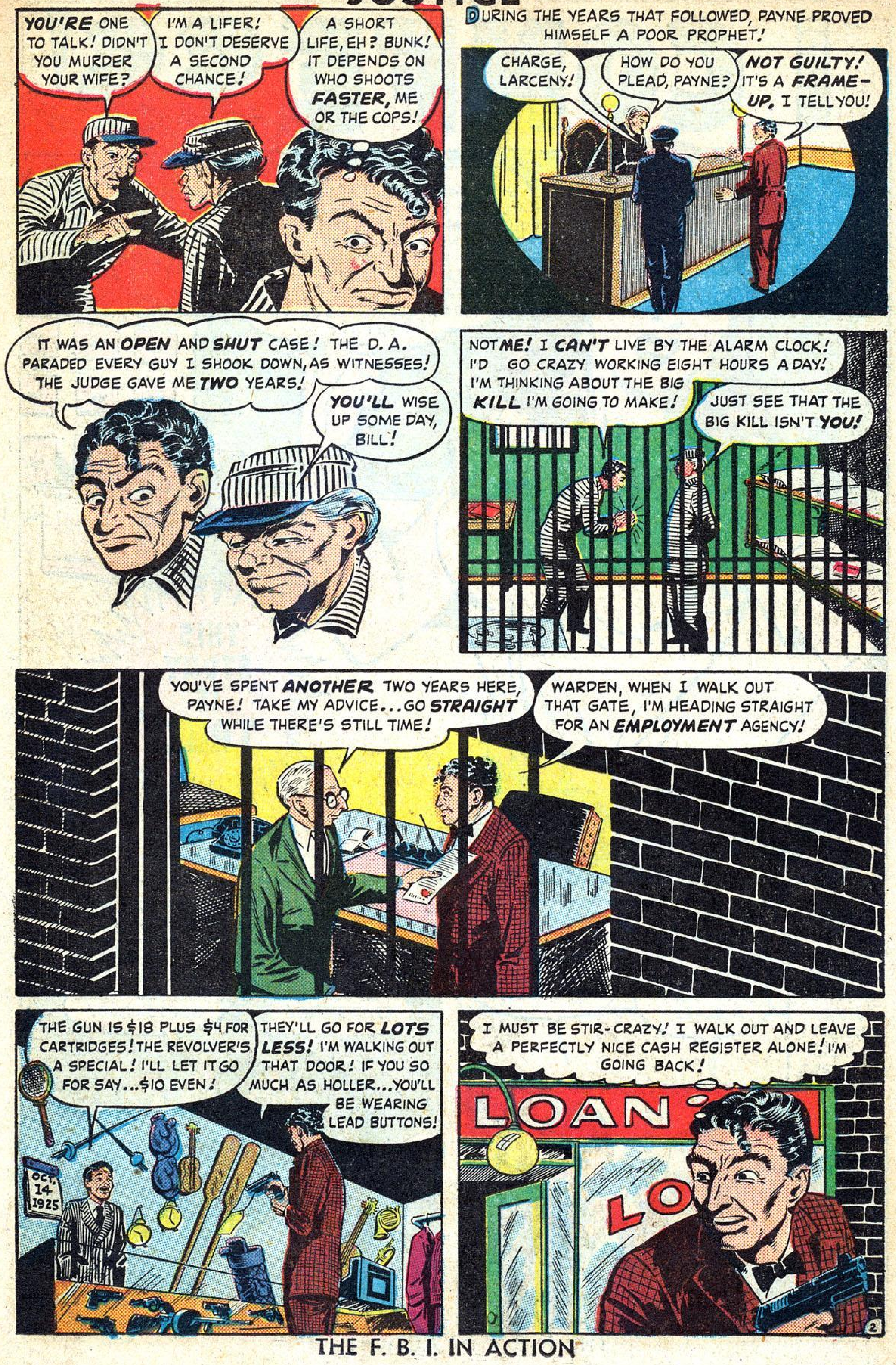
The gun jumped three times. Bingo let out the clutch, and the car moved swiftly down the street.

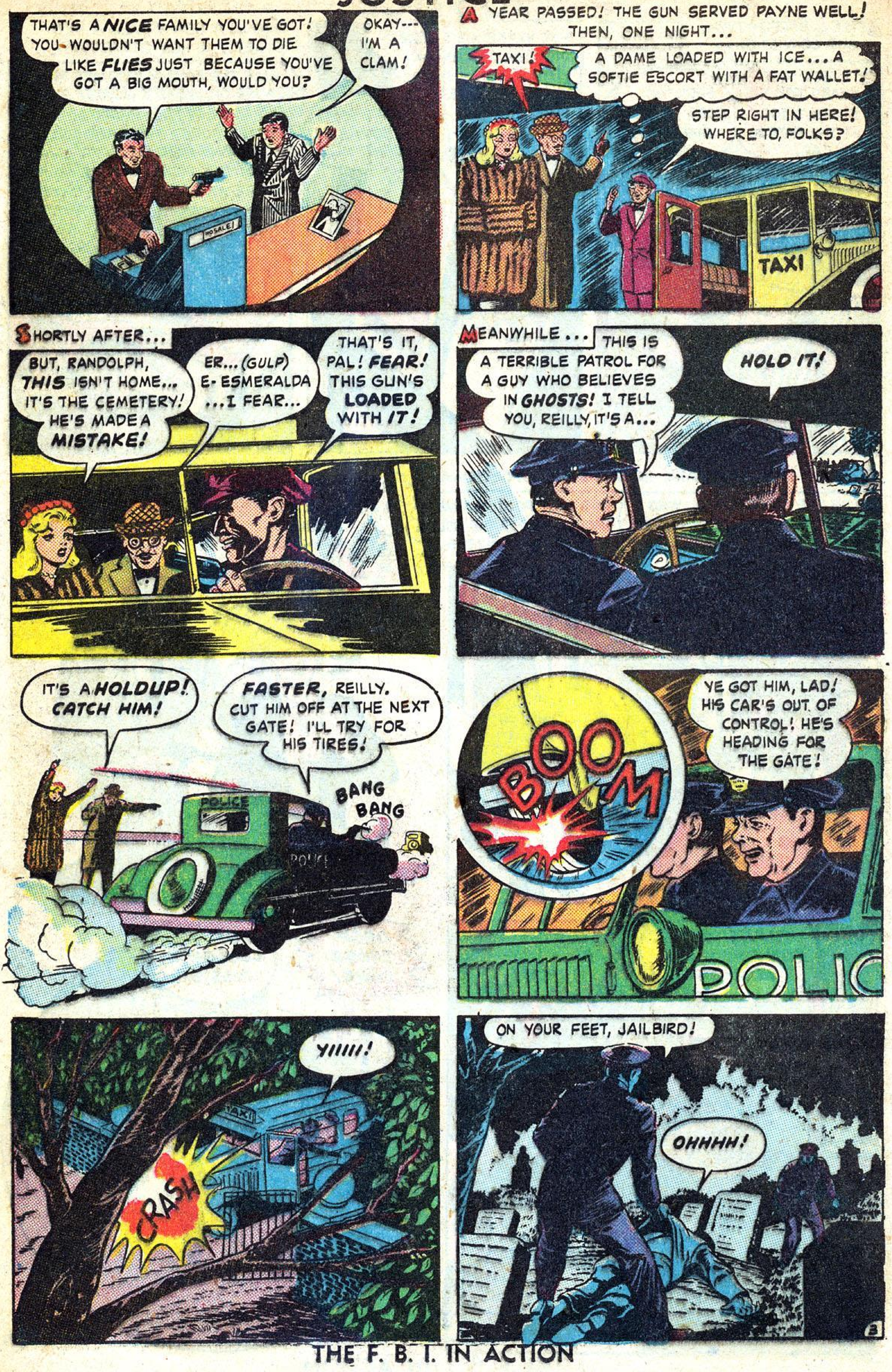
Tony stood flatfooted in the doorway, a stupefied expression on his face. He raised a shaking hand to his chest and touched the three holes which had appeared next to his breast pocket. Then, slowly, his knees buckled beneath him, and he pitched forward, dead.

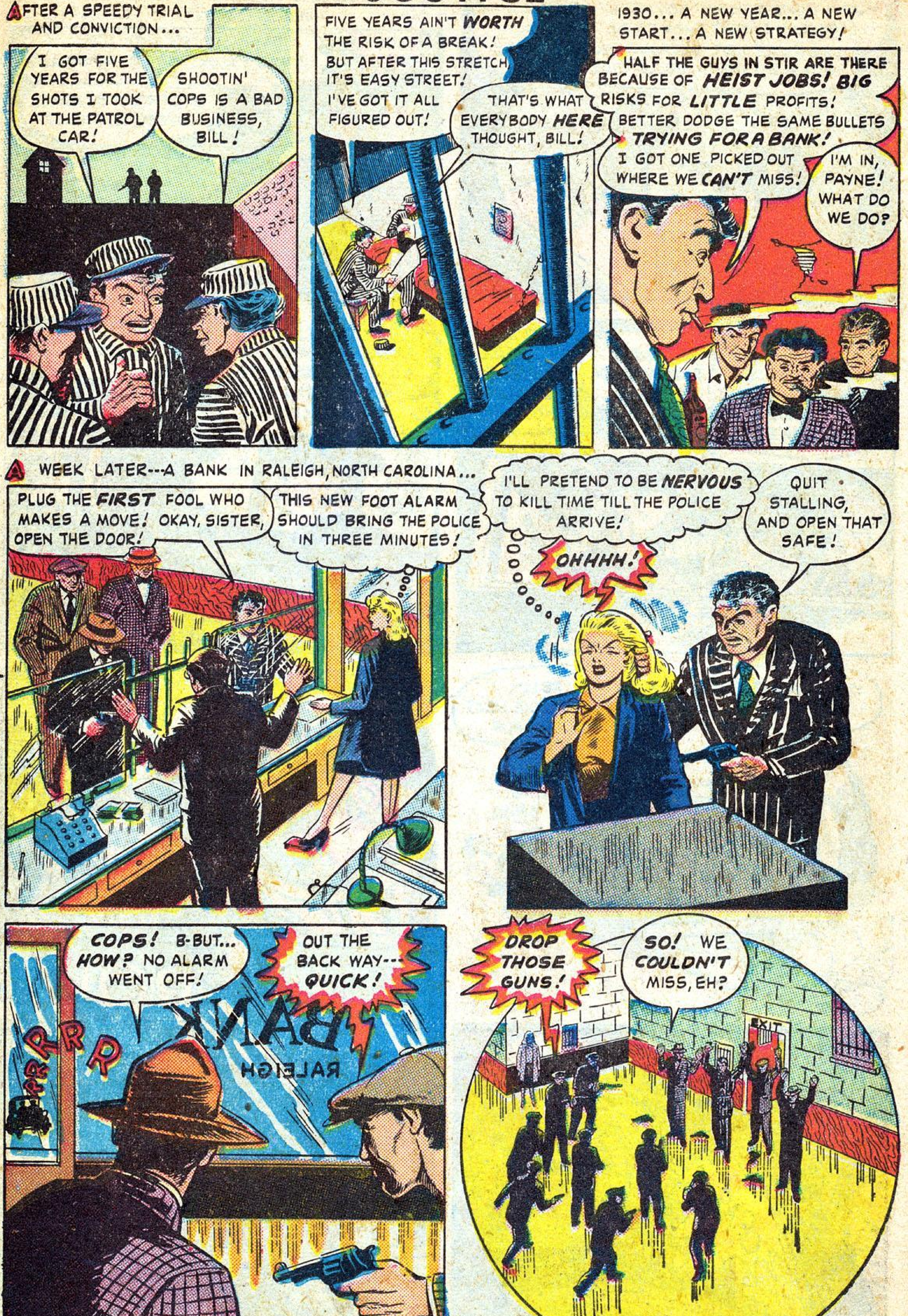
THE END

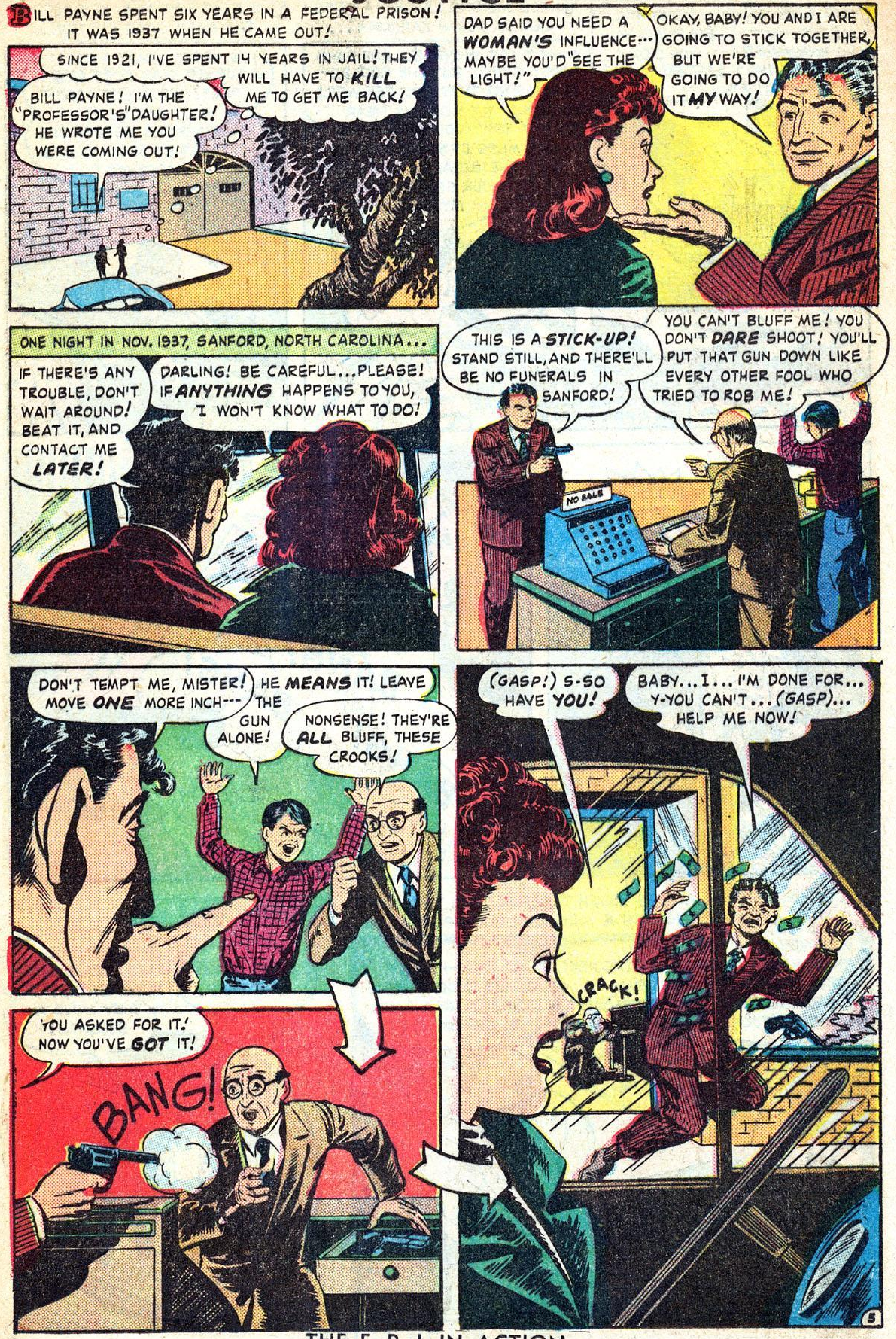
“I CONFESS!”

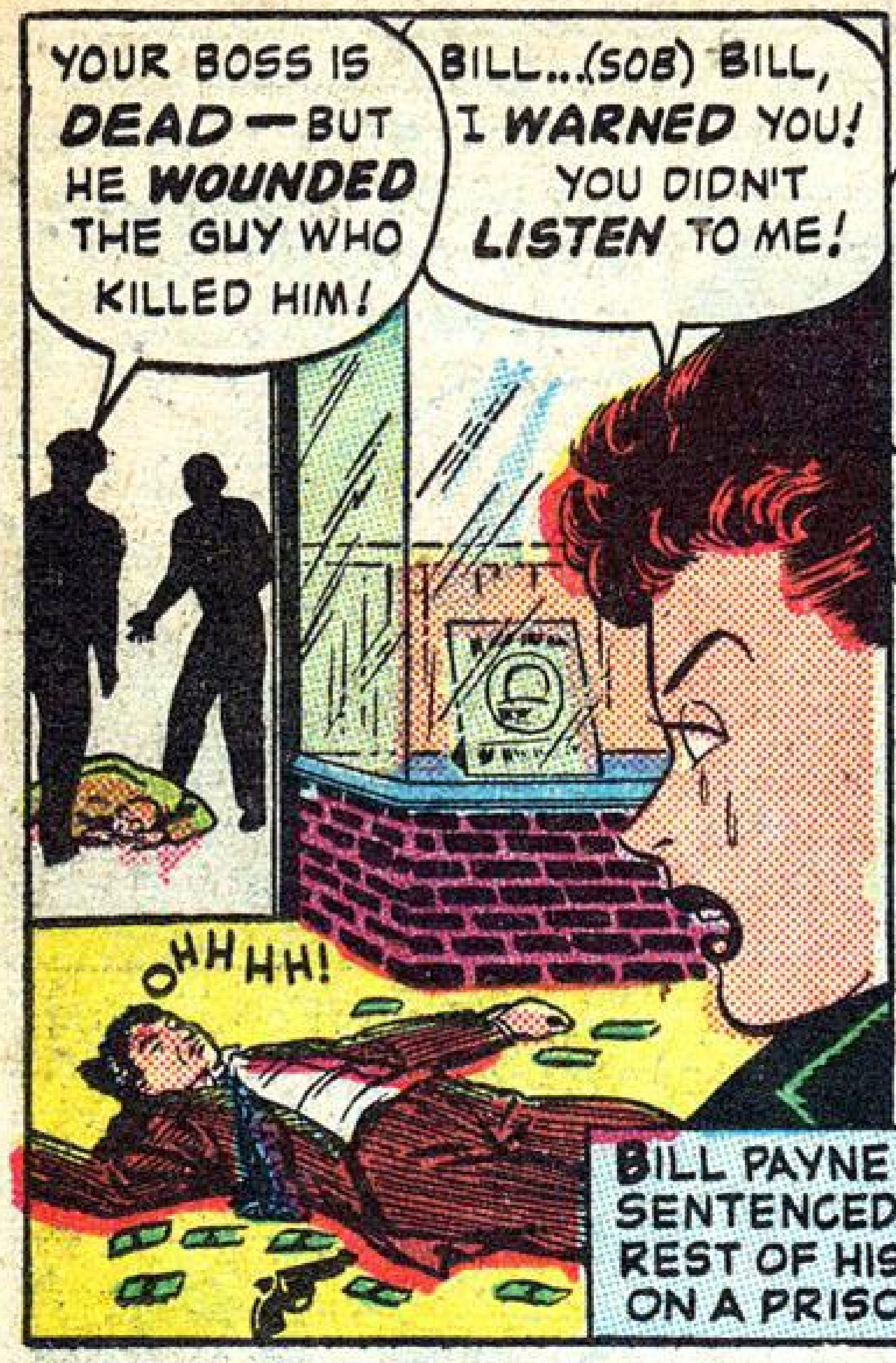

SURE, WE WERE AWFULLY *CLEVER*, BILL AND ME! WE HAD *BIG ANGLES* ALL FIGURED OUT! I'D HELP HIM FROM THE OUTSIDE WHILE HE WAS IN STIR, AND WHEN HE GOT *OUT*, EVERYTHING WOULD BE JUST ROSY! WHERE IS HE *NOW*, YOU SAY? OH THAT'S HIM LAYIN' OVER *THERE*! AND *ME*? *I'M* FINISHED *TOO*! LEMME TELL YOU ABOUT IT!
CITY MORGUE
THIS STORY IS TRUE!*
*THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY.
2592
WILLIAM PAYNE FIRST APPEARED IN A POLICE LINE-UP IN 1921! THE CHARGE, CAR THEFT!
BET WE'LL BE LOOKING AT PAYNE FOR MANY YEARS TO COME! THE LAST TIME ON A SLAB!
REMIND ME TO SEND YOU A CRYSTAL BALL, SWAMI--- WITH A *FUSE* ATTACHED!
6
5
A MONTH LATER, PAYNE STARTED WORKING OFF TWO YEARS IN A SOUTHERN PRISON...
THE BOYS SAY YOU CAN *READ* PALMS, PROFESSOR! READ *MINE*!
HMMM... I SEE AN EARLY FINISH—AS I DO FOR ALL THESE NUMBSKULLS!
1


YOU'RE ONE TO TALK! DIDN'T YOU MURDER YOUR WIFE?
I'M A LIFER! I DON'T DESERVE A SECOND CHANCE!
A SHORT LIFE, EH? BUNK! IT DEPENDS ON WHO SHOOTS FASTER, ME OR THE COPS!
DURING THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED, PAYNE PROVED HIMSELF A POOR PROPHET!
CHARGE, LARCENY!
HOW DO YOU PLEAD, PAYNE?
NOT GUILTY! IT'S A FRAME-UP, I TELL YOU!
IT WAS AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE! THE D. A. PARADED EVERY GUY I SHOOK DOWN, AS WITNESSES! THE JUDGE GAVE ME TWO YEARS!
YOU'LL WISE UP SOME DAY, BILL!
NOT ME! I CAN'T LIVE BY THE ALARM CLOCK! I'D GO CRAZY WORKING EIGHT HOURS A DAY! I'M THINKING ABOUT THE BIG KILL I'M GOING TO MAKE!
JUST SEE THAT THE BIG KILL ISN'T YOU!
YOU'VE SPENT ANOTHER TWO YEARS HERE, PAYNE! TAKE MY ADVICE...GO STRAIGHT WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME!
WARDEN, WHEN I WALK OUT THAT GATE, I'M HEADING STRAIGHT FOR AN EMPLOYMENT AGENCY!
THE GUN IS $18 PLUS $4 FOR CARTRIDGES! THE REVOLVER'S A SPECIAL! I'LL LET IT GO FOR SAY...$10 EVEN!
THEY'LL GO FOR LOTS LESS! I'M WALKING OUT THAT DOOR! IF YOU SO MUCH AS HOLLER...YOU'LL BE WEARING LEAD BUTTONS!
OCT. 14 1925
I MUST BE STIR-CRAZY! I WALK OUT AND LEAVE A PERFECTLY NICE CASH REGISTER ALONE! I'M GOING BACK!
LOAN
LO
2

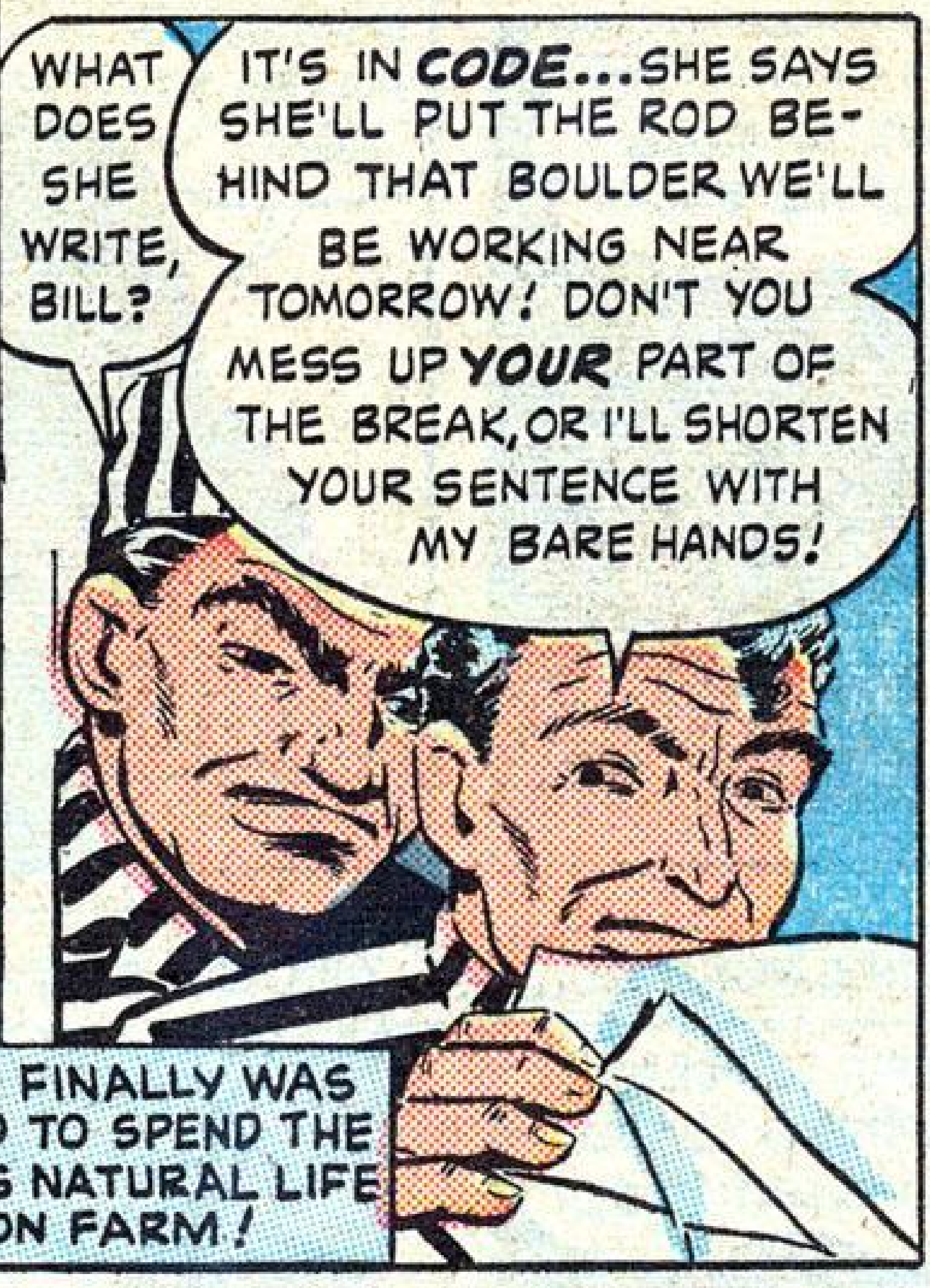

THAT'S A NICE FAMILY YOU'VE GOT! YOU WOULDN'T WANT THEM TO DIE LIKE FLIES JUST BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT A BIG MOUTH, WOULD YOU?
OKAY--- I'M A CLAM!
NO SALE
A YEAR PASSED! THE GUN SERVED PAYNE WELL! THEN, ONE NIGHT...
TAXI!
A DAME LOADED WITH ICE... A SOFTIE ESCORT WITH A FAT WALLET!
STEP RIGHT IN HERE! WHERE TO, FOLKS?
TAXI
SHORTLY AFTER...
BUT, RANDOLPH, THIS ISN'T HOME... IT'S THE CEMETERY! HE'S MADE A MISTAKE!
ER... (GULP) E- ESMERALDA ...I FEAR...
THAT'S IT, PAL! FEAR! THIS GUN'S LOADED WITH IT!
MEANWHILE...
THIS IS A TERRIBLE PATROL FOR A GUY WHO BELIEVES IN GHOSTS! I TELL YOU, REILLY, IT'S A...
HOLD IT!
IT'S A HOLDUP! CATCH HIM!
FASTER, REILLY. CUT HIM OFF AT THE NEXT GATE! I'LL TRY FOR HIS TIRES!
BANG BANG
POLICE
POLICE
BOOM
YE GOT HIM, LAD! HIS CAR'S OUT OF CONTROL! HE'S HEADING FOR THE GATE!
POLIC
YIIIII!
TAXI
CRASH
ON YOUR FEET, JAILBIRD!
OHHHH!
3


AFTER A SPEEDY TRIAL AND CONVICTION...
I GOT FIVE YEARS FOR THE SHOTS I TOOK AT THE PATROL CAR!
SHOOTIN' COPS IS A BAD BUSINESS, BILL!
FIVE YEARS AIN'T WORTH THE RISK OF A BREAK! BUT AFTER THIS STRETCH IT'S EASY STREET! I'VE GOT IT ALL FIGURED OUT!
THAT'S WHAT EVERYBODY HERE THOUGHT, BILL!
1930... A NEW YEAR... A NEW START... A NEW STRATEGY!
HALF THE GUYS IN STIR ARE THERE BECAUSE OF HEIST JOBS! BIG RISKS FOR LITTLE PROFITS! BETTER DODGE THE SAME BULLETS TRYING FOR A BANK! I GOT ONE PICKED OUT WHERE WE CAN'T MISS!
I'M IN, PAYNE! WHAT DO WE DO?
A WEEK LATER---A BANK IN RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA...
PLUG THE FIRST FOOL WHO MAKES A MOVE! OKAY, SISTER, OPEN THE DOOR!
THIS NEW FOOT ALARM SHOULD BRING THE POLICE IN THREE MINUTES!
I'LL PRETEND TO BE NERVOUS TO KILL TIME TILL THE POLICE ARRIVE!
OHHHH!
QUIT STALLING, AND OPEN THAT SAFE!
COPS! B-BUT... HOW? NO ALARM WENT OFF!
OUT THE BACK WAY--- QUICK!
RRRR
BANK
RALEIGH
DROP THOSE GUNS!
SO! WE COULDN'T MISS, EH?
EXIT

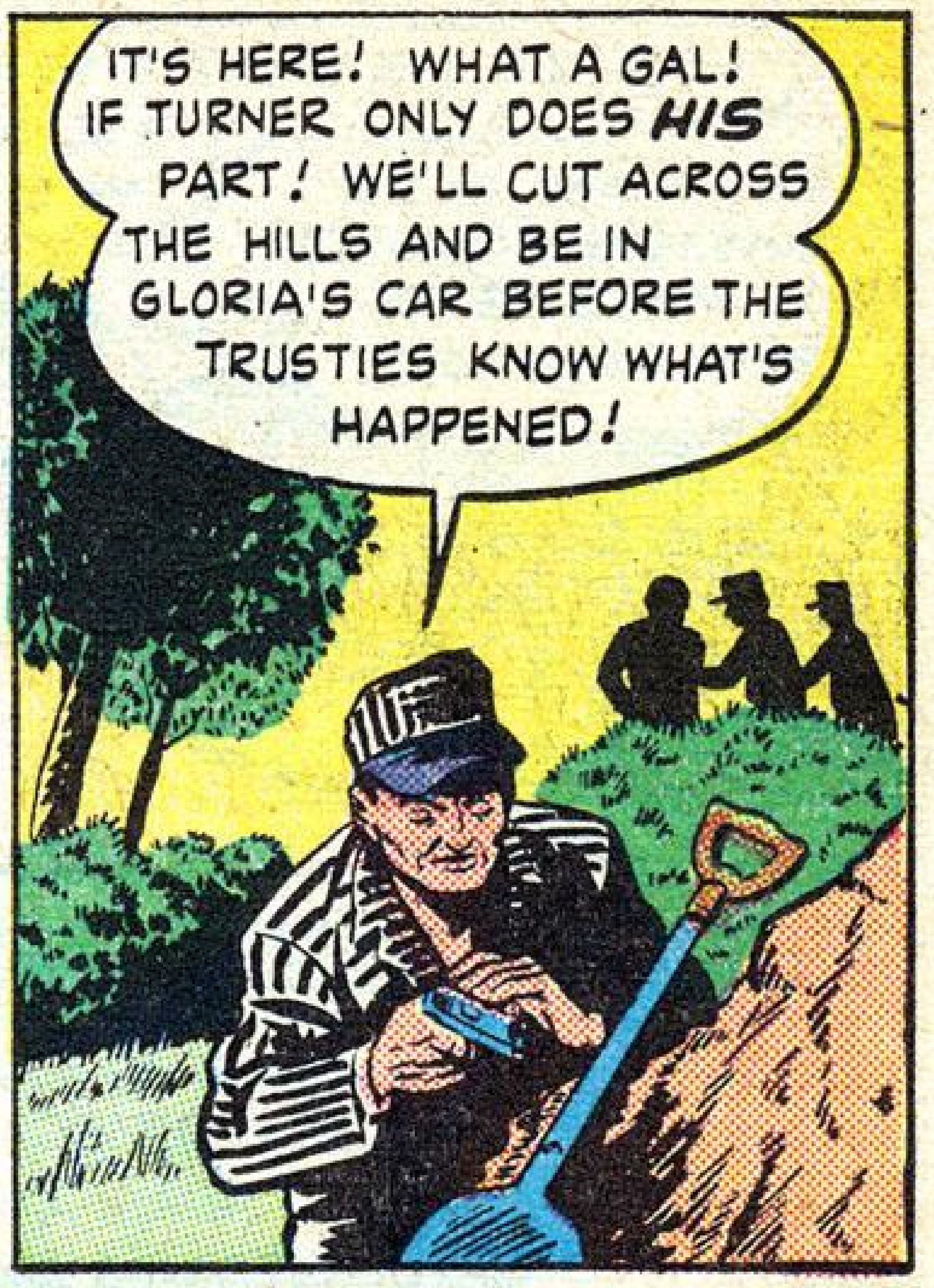

BILL PAYNE SPENT SIX YEARS IN A FEDERAL PRISON! IT WAS 1937 WHEN HE CAME OUT!
SINCE 1921, I'VE SPENT 14 YEARS IN JAIL! THEY WILL HAVE TO KILL ME TO GET ME BACK!
BILL PAYNE! I'M THE "PROFESSOR'S" DAUGHTER! HE WROTE ME YOU WERE COMING OUT!
DAD SAID YOU NEED A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE... MAYBE YOU'D "SEE THE LIGHT!"
OKAY, BABY! YOU AND I ARE GOING TO STICK TOGETHER, BUT WE'RE GOING TO DO IT MY WAY!
ONE NIGHT IN NOV. 1937, SANFORD, NORTH CAROLINA...
IF THERE'S ANY TROUBLE, DON'T WAIT AROUND! BEAT IT, AND CONTACT ME LATER!
DARLING! BE CAREFUL...PLEASE! IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO YOU, I WON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!
THIS IS A STICK-UP! STAND STILL, AND THERE'LL BE NO FUNERALS IN SANFORD!
YOU CAN'T BLUFF ME! YOU DON'T DARE SHOOT! YOU'LL PUT THAT GUN DOWN LIKE EVERY OTHER FOOL WHO TRIED TO ROB ME!
NO SALE
DON'T TEMPT ME, MISTER! MOVE ONE MORE INCH---
HE MEANS IT! LEAVE THE GUN ALONE!
NONSENSE! THEY'RE ALL BLUFF, THESE CROOKS!
YOU ASKED FOR IT! NOW YOU'VE GOT IT!
BANG!
(GASP!) S-SO HAVE YOU!
BABY... I... I'M DONE FOR... Y-YOU CAN'T... (GASP)... HELP ME NOW!
CRACK!
5

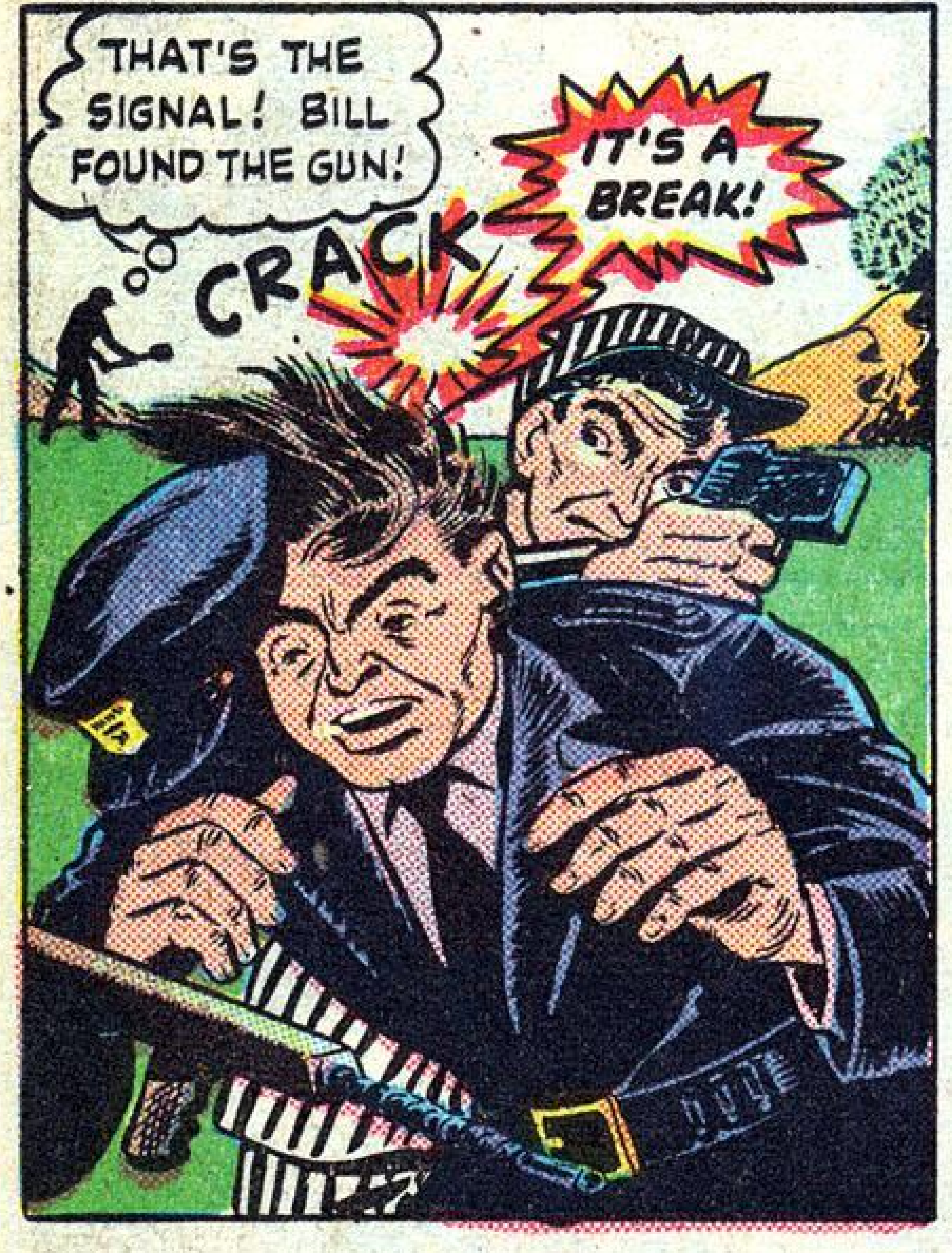

YOUR BOSS IS **DEAD**—BUT HE **WOUNDED** THE GUY WHO KILLED HIM!
BILL...(SOB) BILL, I **WARNED** YOU! YOU DIDN'T **LISTEN** TO ME!
OHHHHH!

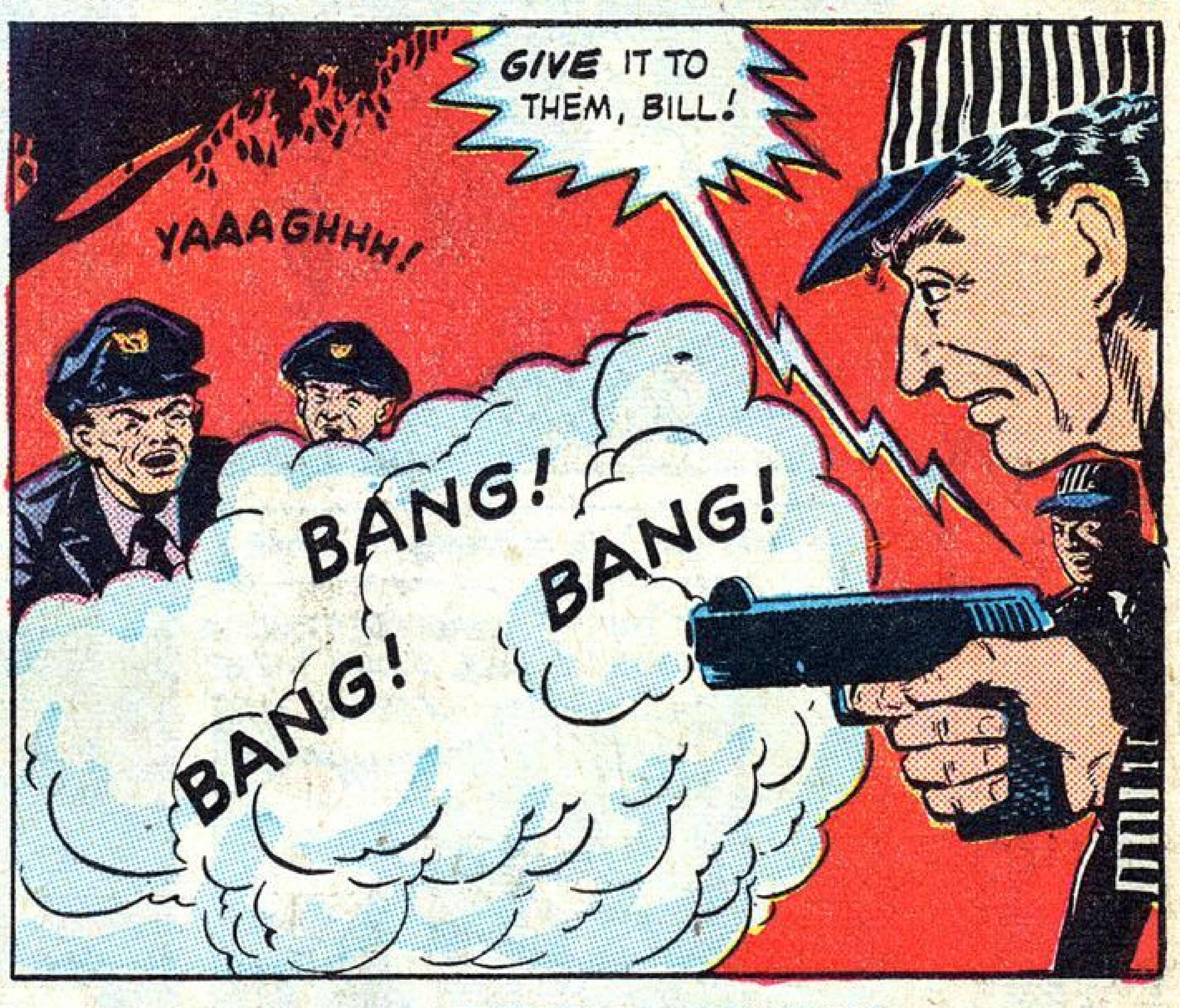
THREE MONTHS LATER---A PRISON FARM IN NORTH CAROLINA...


WHAT DOES SHE WRITE, BILL?
IT'S IN **CODE**... SHE SAYS SHE'LL PUT THE ROD BEHIND THAT BOULDER WE'LL BE WORKING NEAR TOMORROW! DON'T YOU MESS UP **YOUR** PART OF THE BREAK, OR I'LL SHORTEN YOUR SENTENCE WITH MY BARE HANDS!
BILL PAYNE FINALLY WAS SENTENCED TO SPEND THE REST OF HIS NATURAL LIFE ON A PRISON FARM!

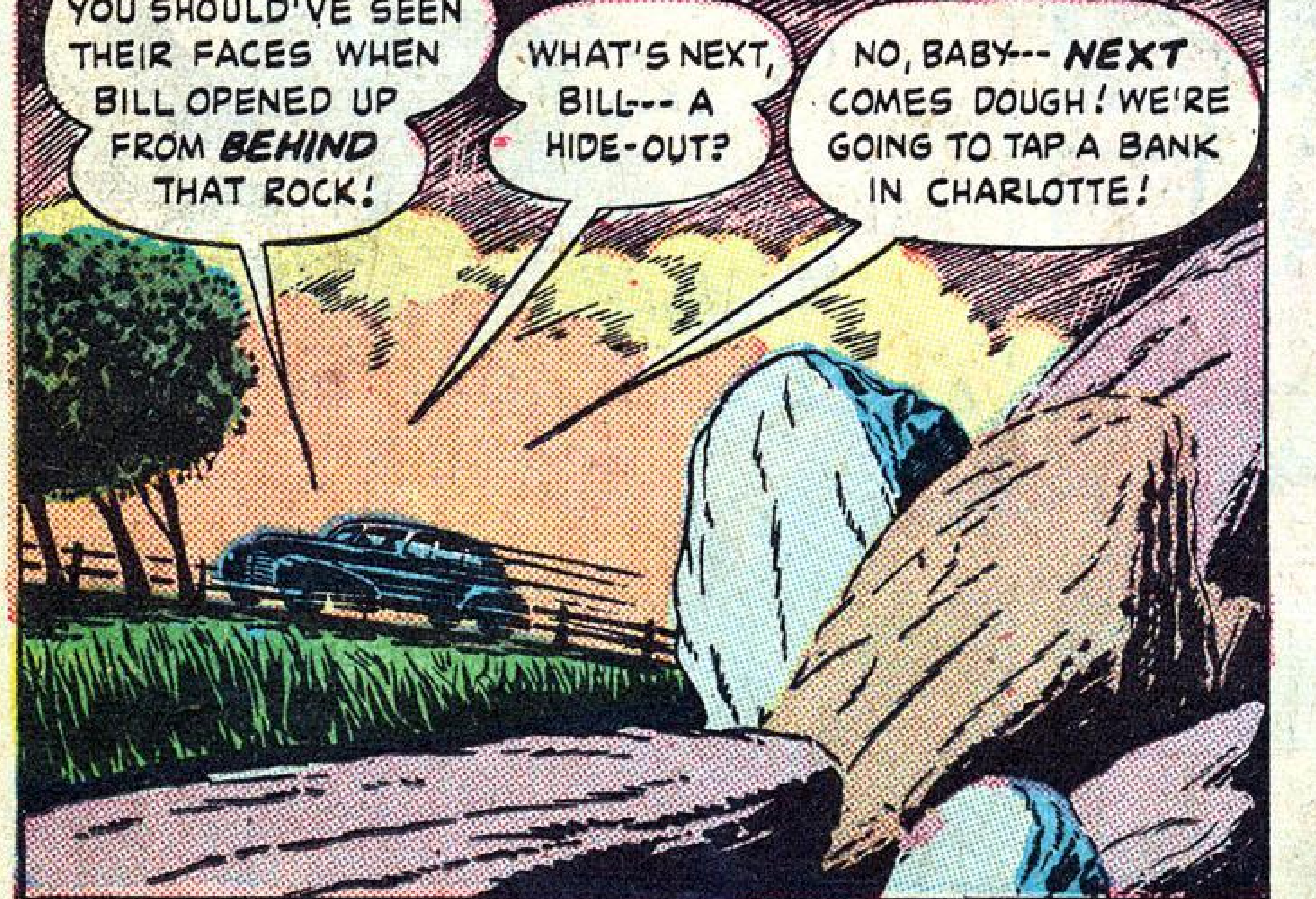
THE NEXT DAY, FEB. 15, 1938, AS THE ROAD GANG RESTED...


IT'S HERE! WHAT A GAL! IF TURNER ONLY DOES **HIS** PART! WE'LL CUT ACROSS THE HILLS AND BE IN GLORIA'S CAR BEFORE THE TRUSTIES KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED!

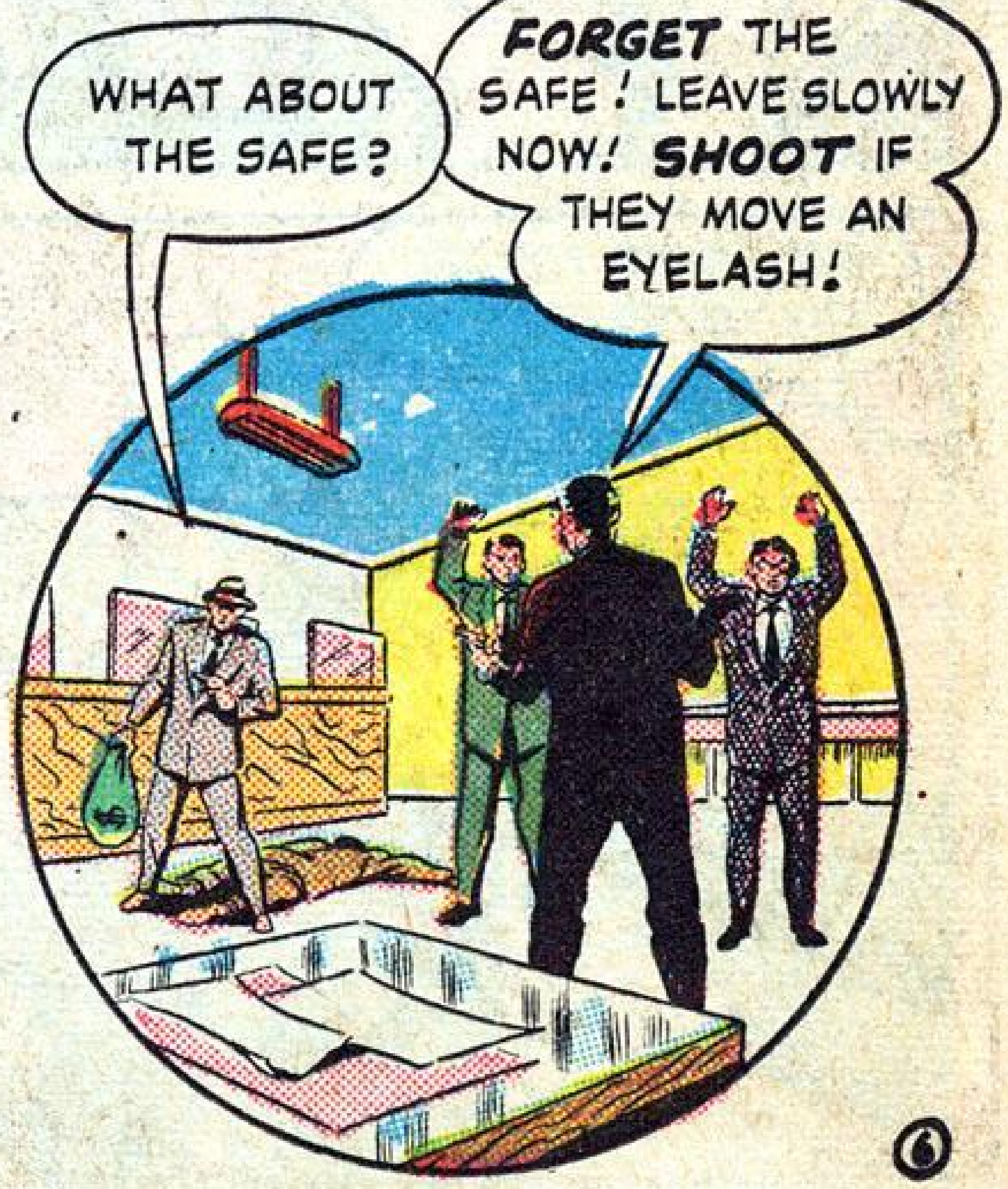

THAT'S THE SIGNAL! BILL FOUND THE GUN!
IT'S A BREAK!
CRACK

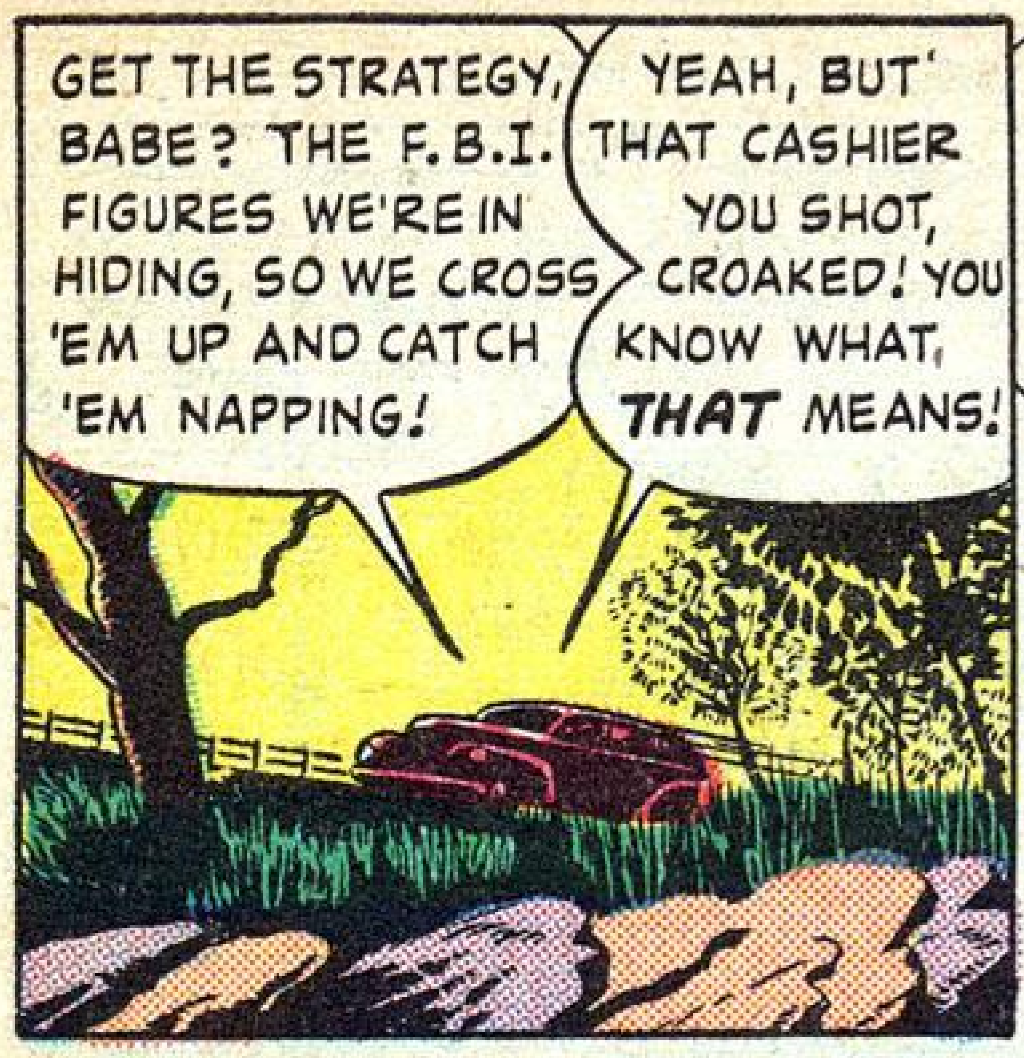

GIVE IT TO THEM, BILL!
YAAAGHHH!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

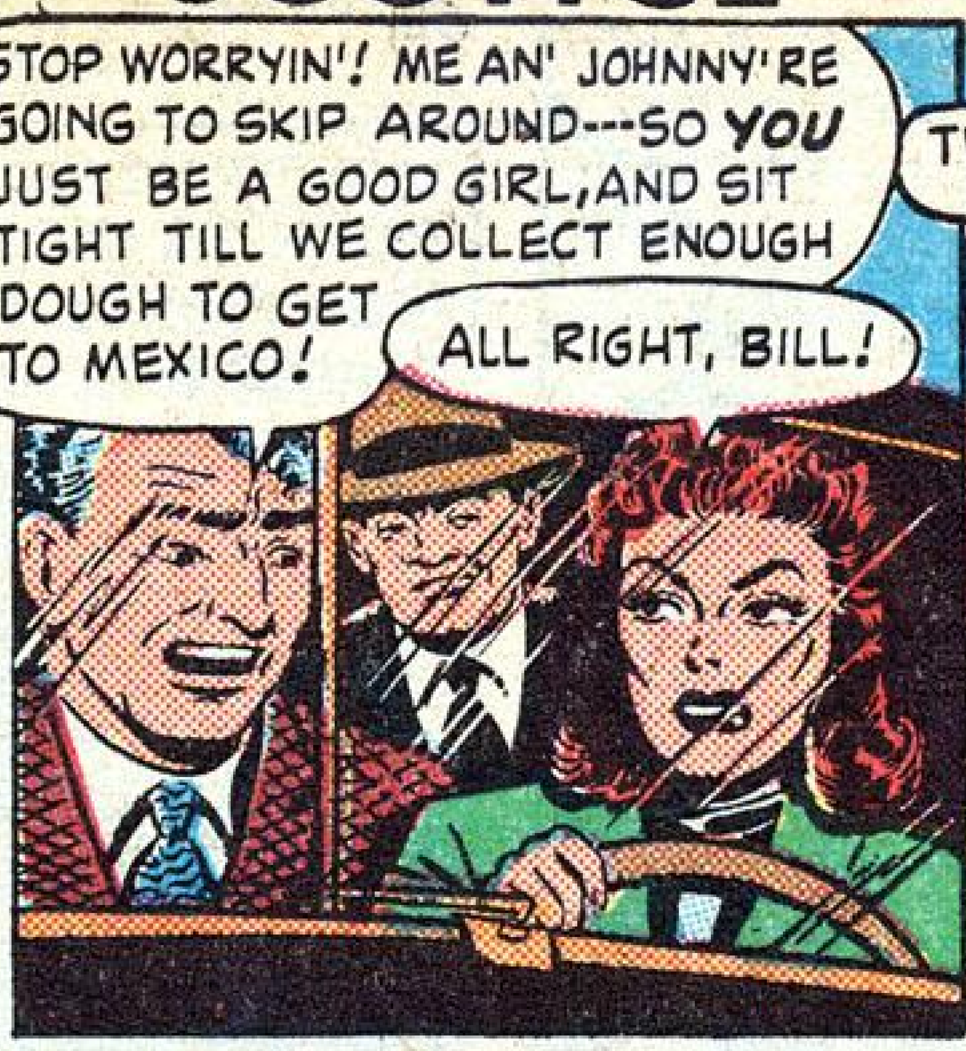
A DESPERATE DASH ACROSS ROUGH TERRAIN! THEN TWO HOURS LATER, A RENDEZVOUS WITH A MISGUIDED ACCOMPLICE!

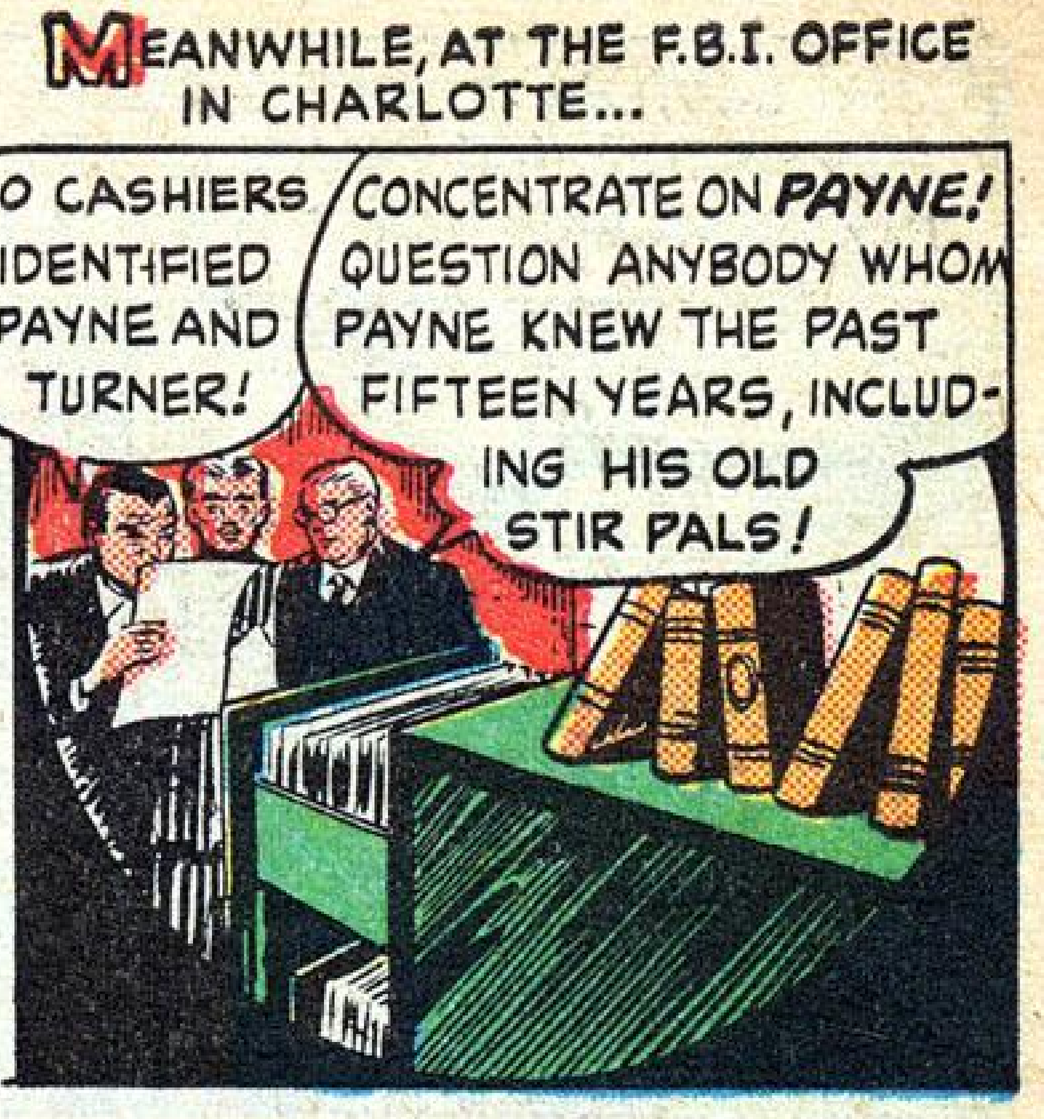

YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN THEIR FACES WHEN BILL OPENED UP FROM **BEHIND** THAT ROCK!
WHAT'S NEXT, BILL--- A HIDE-OUT?
NO, BABY--- **NEXT** COMES DOUGH! WE'RE GOING TO TAP A BANK IN CHARLOTTE!

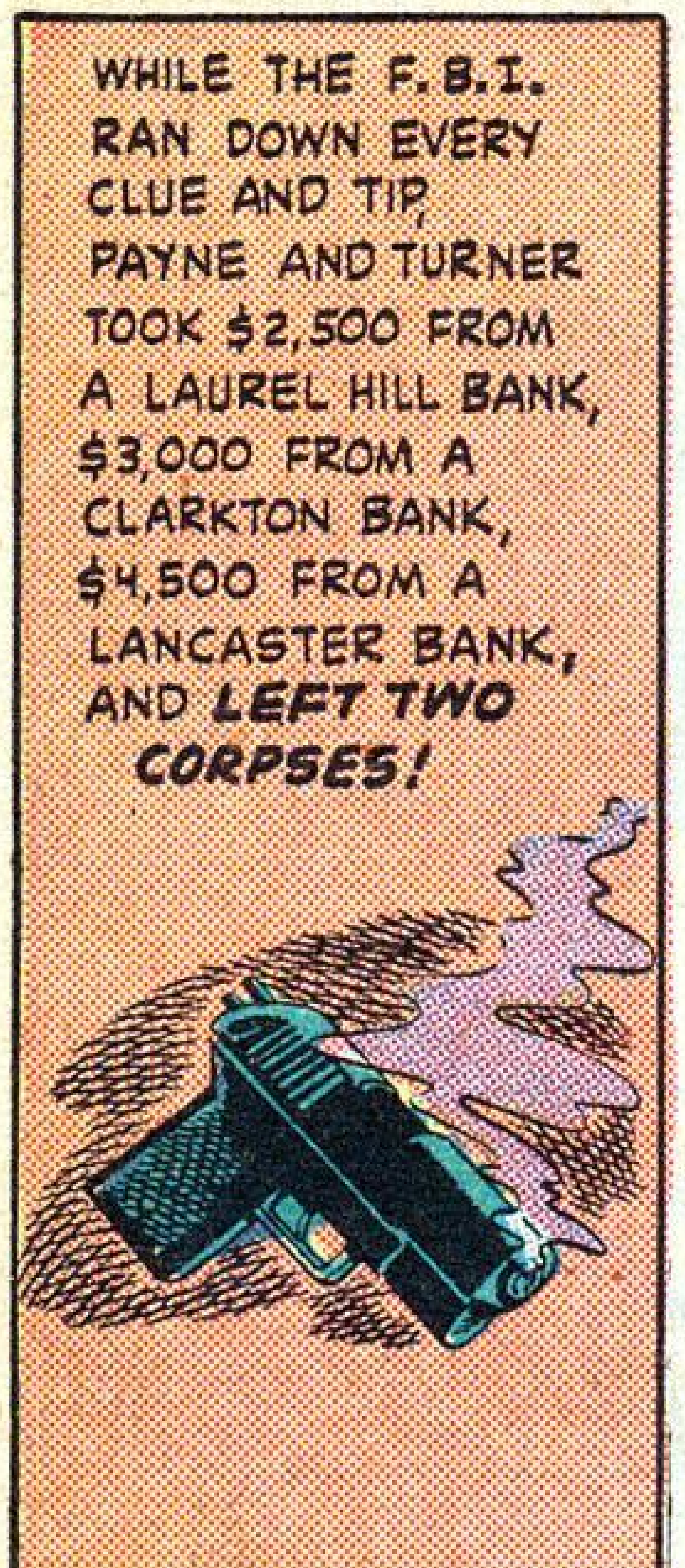
TWO DAYS LATER...

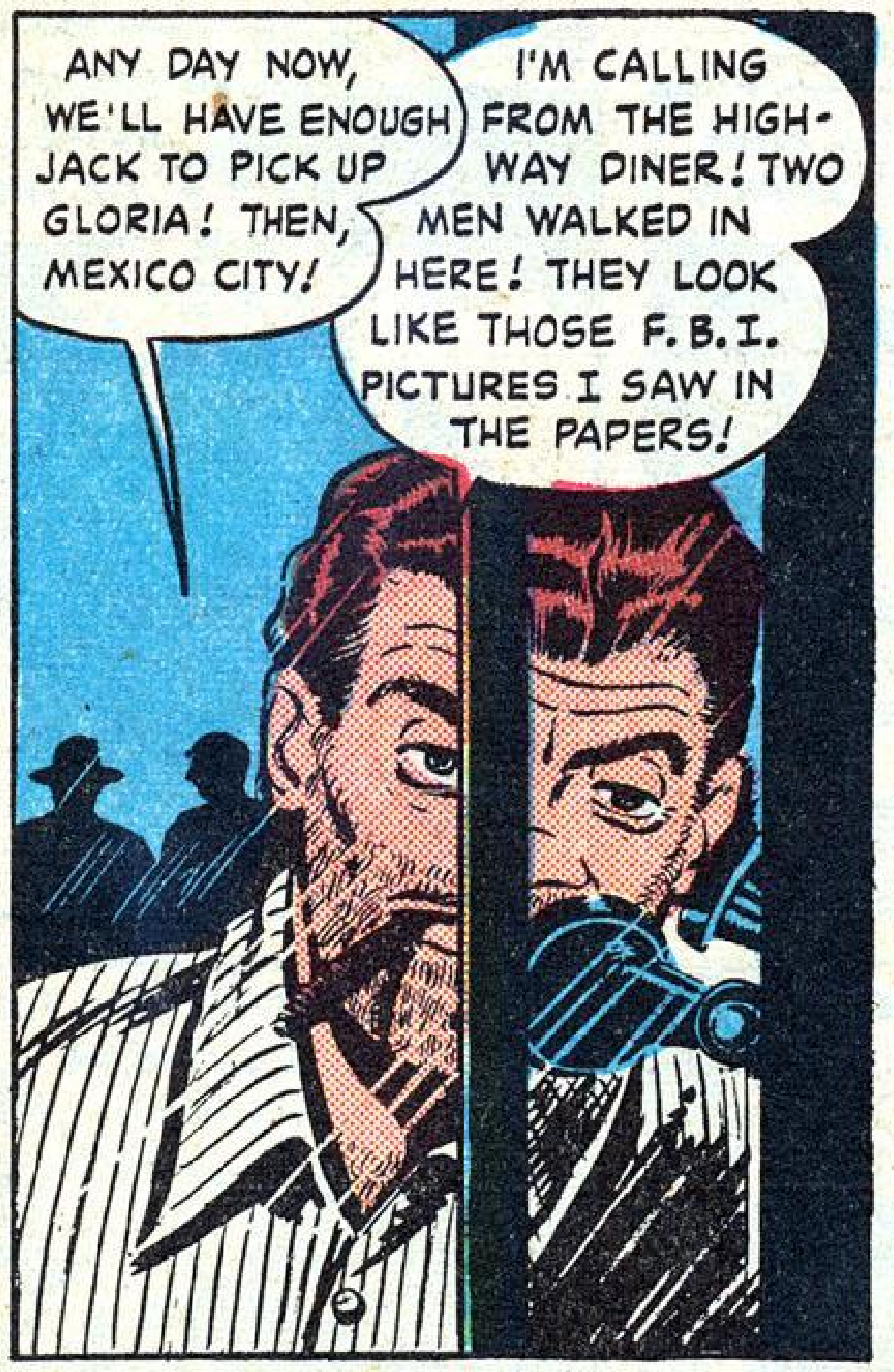

WHAT ABOUT THE SAFE?
FORGET THE SAFE! LEAVE SLOWLY NOW! **SHOOT** IF THEY MOVE AN EYELASH!

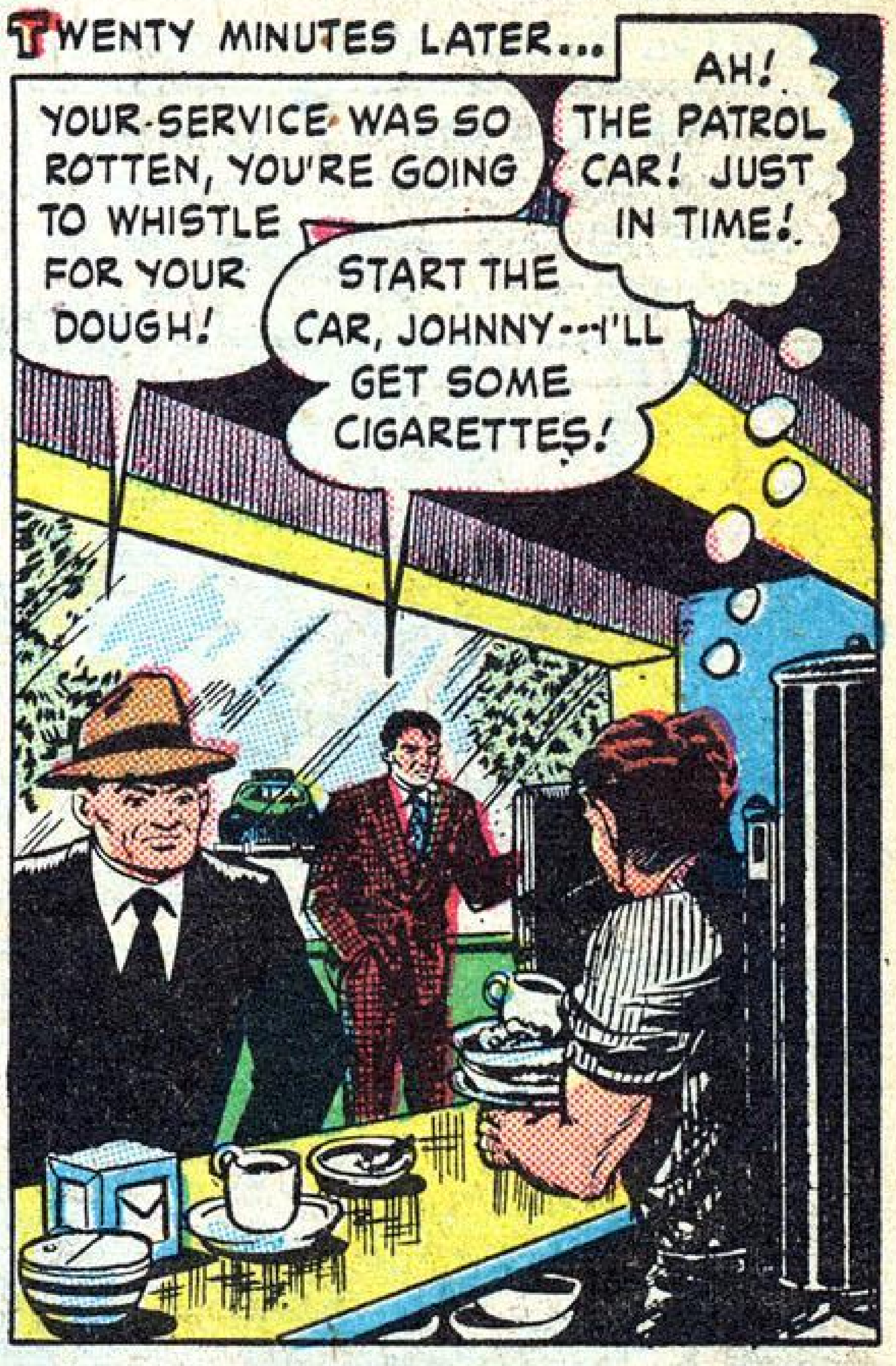

GET THE STRATEGY, BABE? THE F.B.I. FIGURES WE'RE IN HIDING, SO WE CROSS 'EM UP AND CATCH 'EM NAPPING!
YEAH, BUT THAT CASHIER YOU SHOT, CROAKED! YOU KNOW WHAT, THAT MEANS!

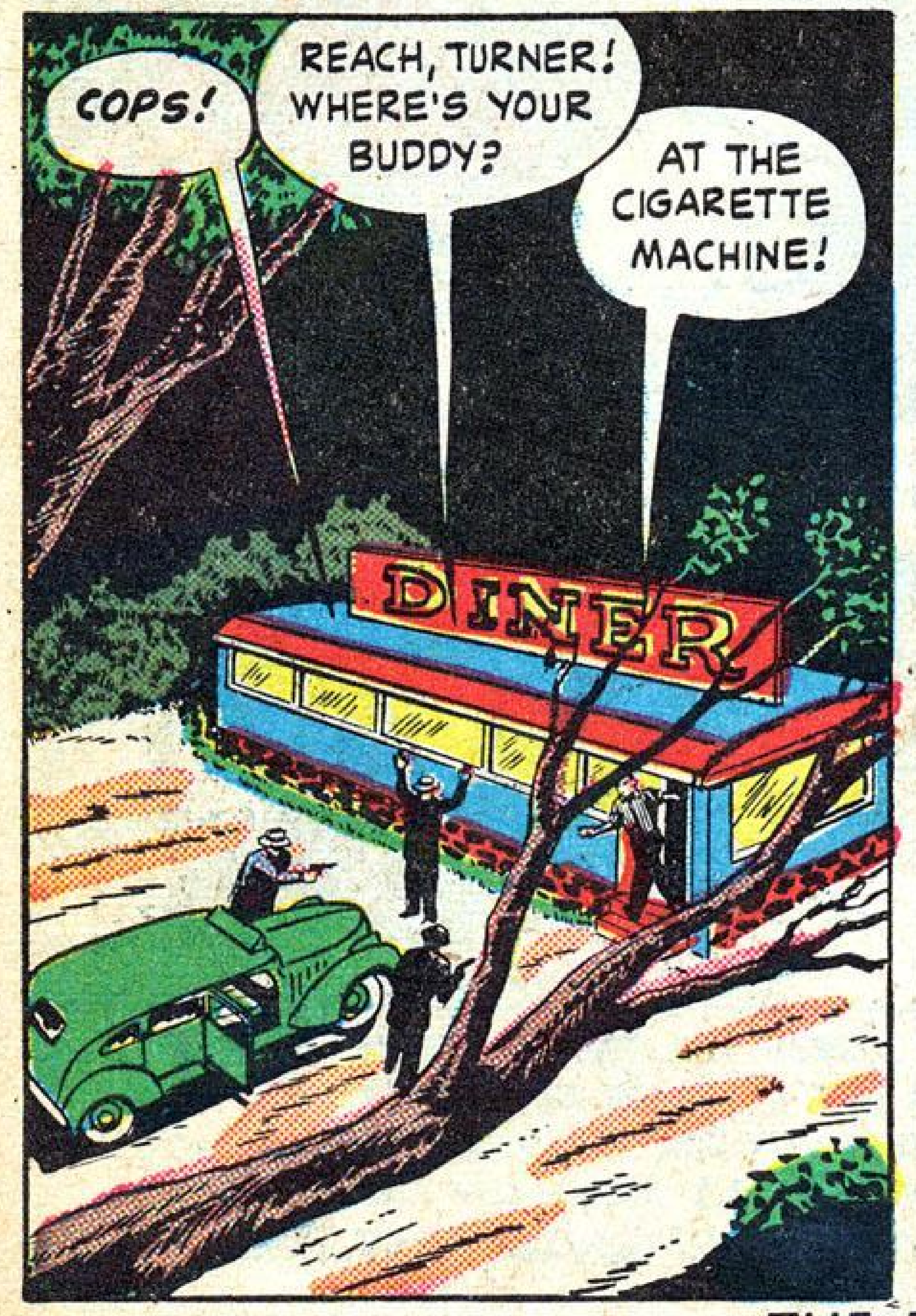

STOP WORRYIN'! ME AN' JOHNNY'RE GOING TO SKIP AROUND---SO YOU JUST BE A GOOD GIRL, AND SIT TIGHT TILL WE COLLECT ENOUGH DOUGH TO GET TO MEXICO!
ALL RIGHT, BILL!

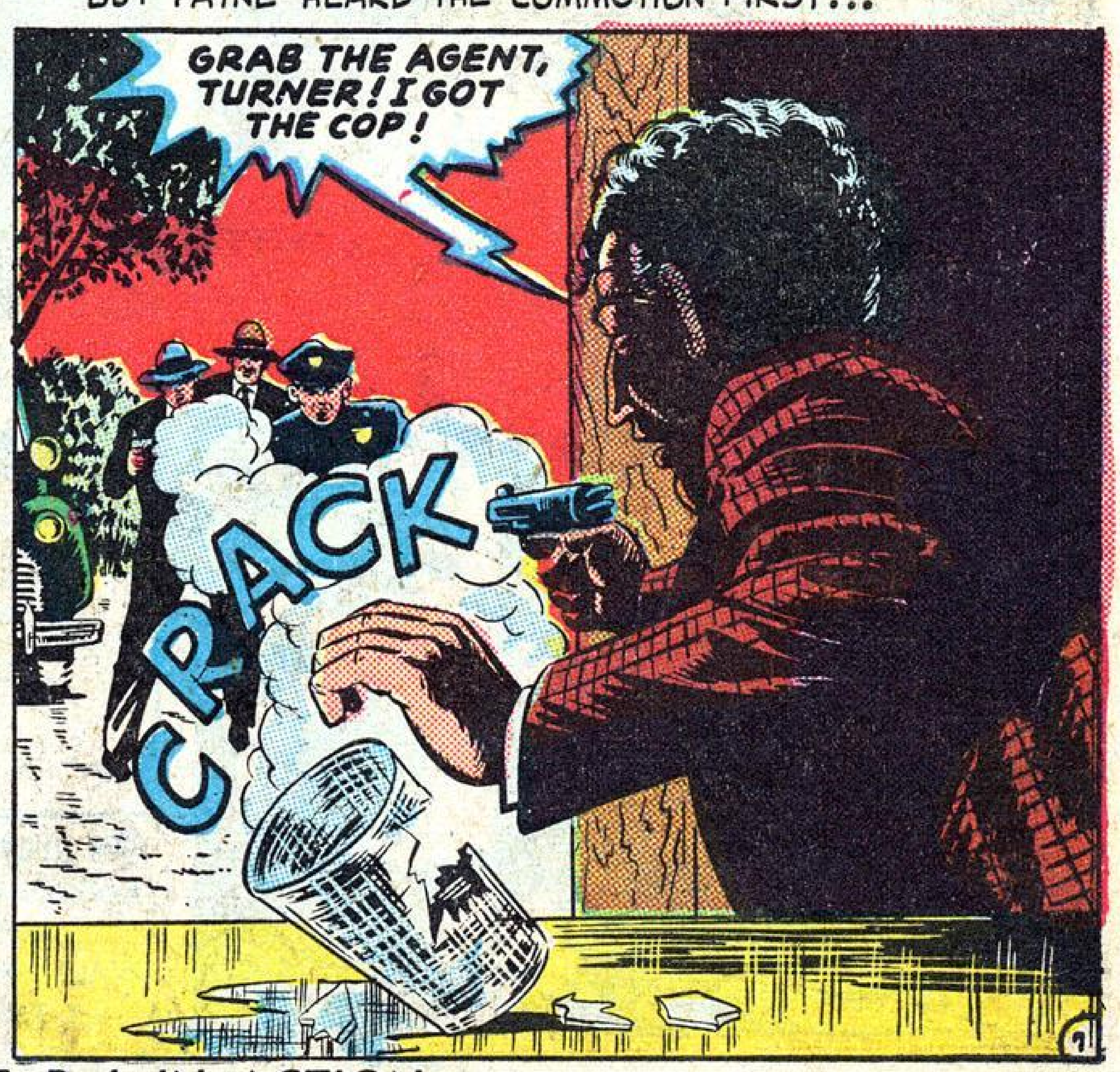

MEANWHILE, AT THE F.B.I. OFFICE IN CHARLOTTE...
TWO CASHIERS IDENTIFIED PAYNE AND TURNER!
CONCENTRATE ON PAYNE! QUESTION ANYBODY WHOM PAYNE KNEW THE PAST FIFTEEN YEARS, INCLUDING HIS OLD STIR PALS!

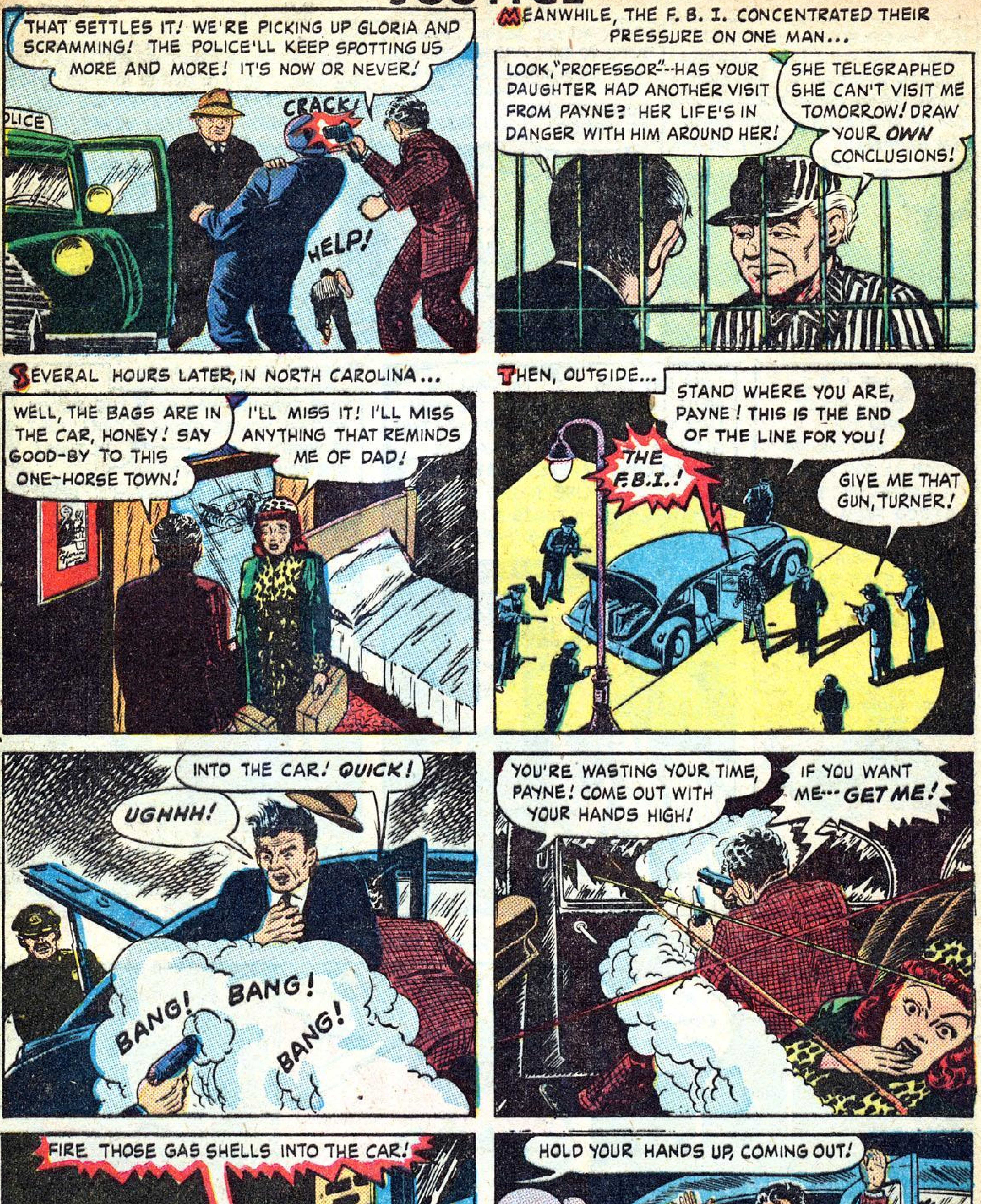

WHILE THE F.B.I. RAN DOWN EVERY CLUE AND TIP, PAYNE AND TURNER TOOK $2,500 FROM A LAUREL HILL BANK, $3,000 FROM A CLARKTON BANK, $4,500 FROM A LANCASTER BANK, AND LEFT TWO CORPSES!


ANY DAY NOW, WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH JACK TO PICK UP GLORIA! THEN, MEXICO CITY!
I'M CALLING FROM THE HIGHWAY DINER! TWO MEN WALKED IN HERE! THEY LOOK LIKE THOSE F.B.I. PICTURES I SAW IN THE PAPERS!


TWENTY MINUTES LATER...
YOUR SERVICE WAS SO ROTTEN, YOU'RE GOING TO WHISTLE FOR YOUR DOUGH!
AH! THE PATROL CAR! JUST IN TIME!
START THE CAR, JOHNNY---I'LL GET SOME CIGARETTES!


COPS!
REACH, TURNER! WHERE'S YOUR BUDDY?
AT THE CIGARETTE MACHINE!
DINER


BUT PAYNE HEARD THE COMMOTION FIRST...
GRAB THE AGENT, TURNER! I GOT THE COP!
CRACK


THAT SETTLES IT! WE'RE PICKING UP GLORIA AND SCRAMMING! THE POLICE'LL KEEP SPOTTING US MORE AND MORE! IT'S NOW OR NEVER!
CRACK!
POLICE
HELP!
MEANWHILE, THE F. B. I. CONCENTRATED THEIR PRESSURE ON ONE MAN...
LOOK, "PROFESSOR"--HAS YOUR DAUGHTER HAD ANOTHER VISIT FROM PAYNE? HER LIFE'S IN DANGER WITH HIM AROUND HER!
SHE TELEGRAPHED SHE CAN'T VISIT ME TOMORROW! DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!
SEVERAL HOURS LATER, IN NORTH CAROLINA...
WELL, THE BAGS ARE IN THE CAR, HONEY! SAY GOOD-BY TO THIS ONE-HORSE TOWN!
I'LL MISS IT! I'LL MISS ANYTHING THAT REMINDS ME OF DAD!
THEN, OUTSIDE...
THE F.B.I.!
STAND WHERE YOU ARE, PAYNE! THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE FOR YOU!
GIVE ME THAT GUN, TURNER!
INTO THE CAR! QUICK!
UGHHH!
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, PAYNE! COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS HIGH!
IF YOU WANT ME--- GET ME!
FIRE THOSE GAS SHELLS INTO THE CAR!
BANG! BANG! BANG!
HOLD YOUR HANDS UP, COMING OUT!
THE END

ON JULY 1, 1939, THE TWO MEN ENTERED A NORTH CAROLINA GAS CHAMBER AND DIED! GLORIA MORGAN WAS IMPRISONED FOR FIVE YEARS FOR AIDING CRIMINALS! AND THE F.B.I WROTE OFF ANOTHER KILLER WHO ***THOUGHT HE COULD BEAT THE LAW!*** ⑧

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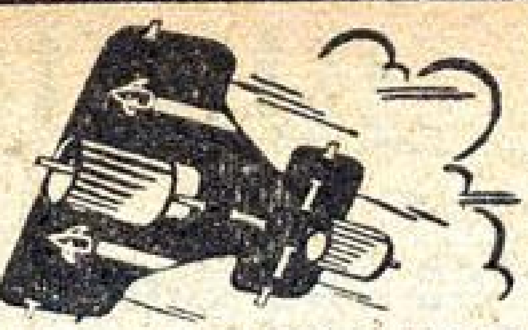

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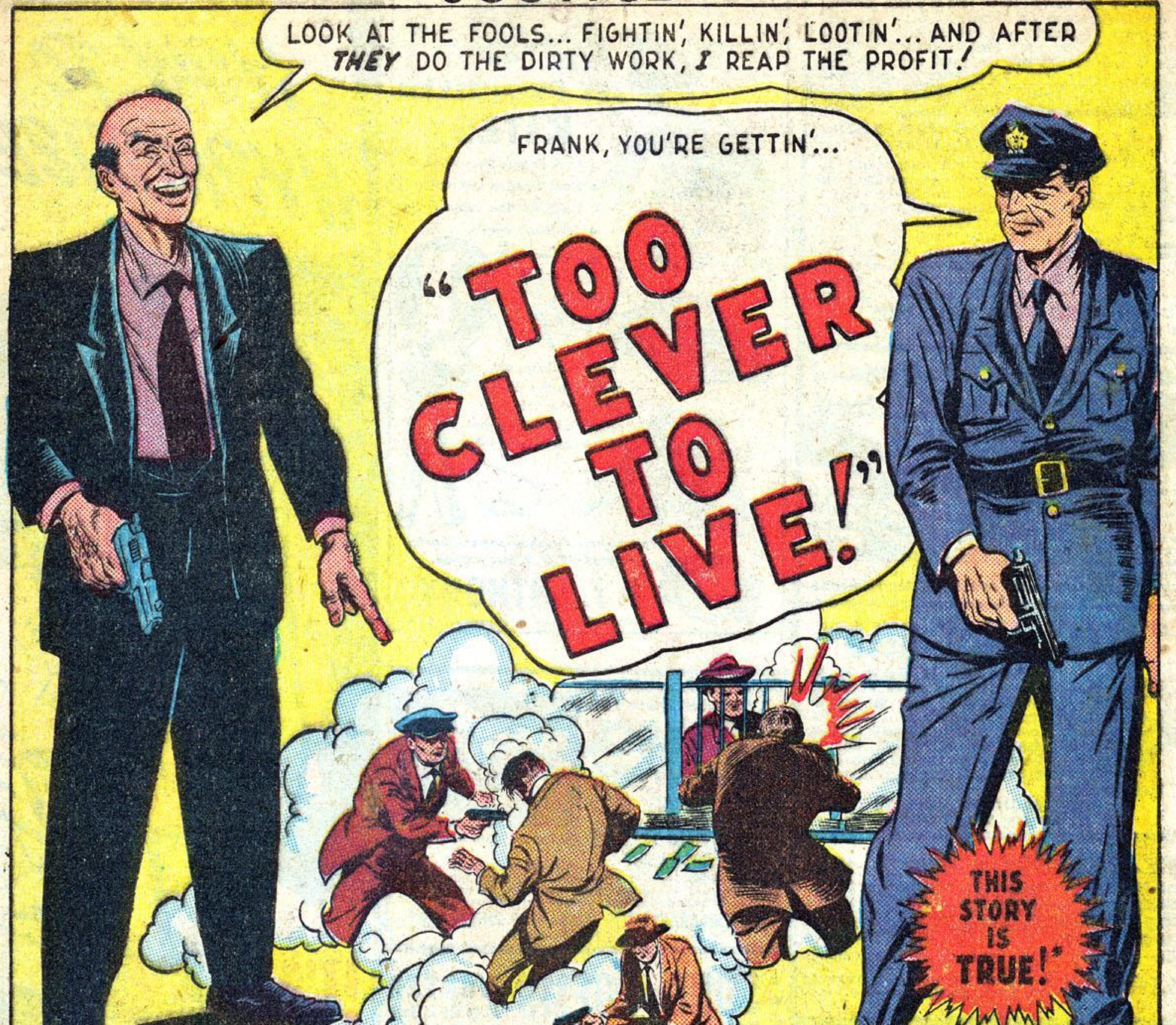
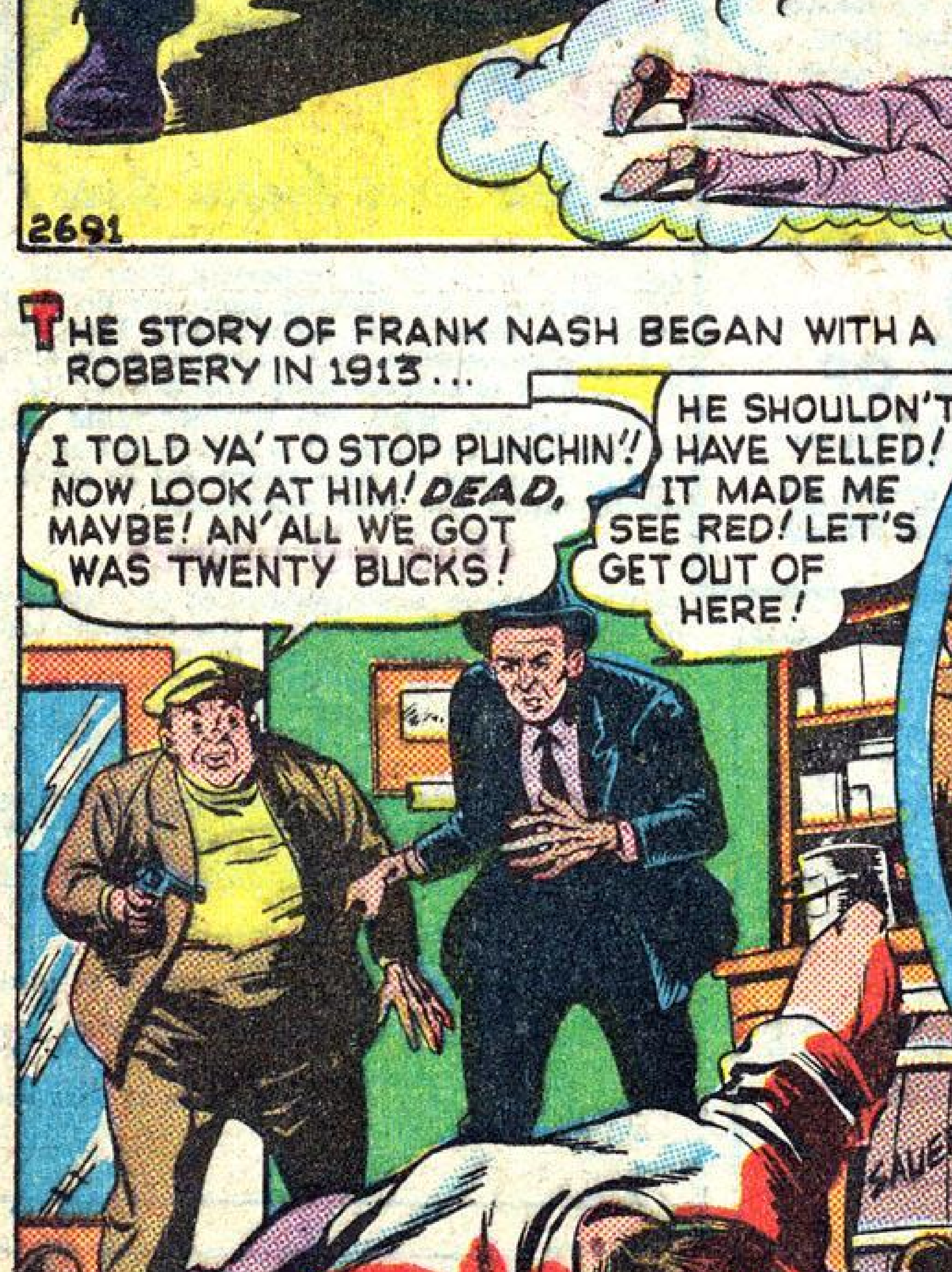
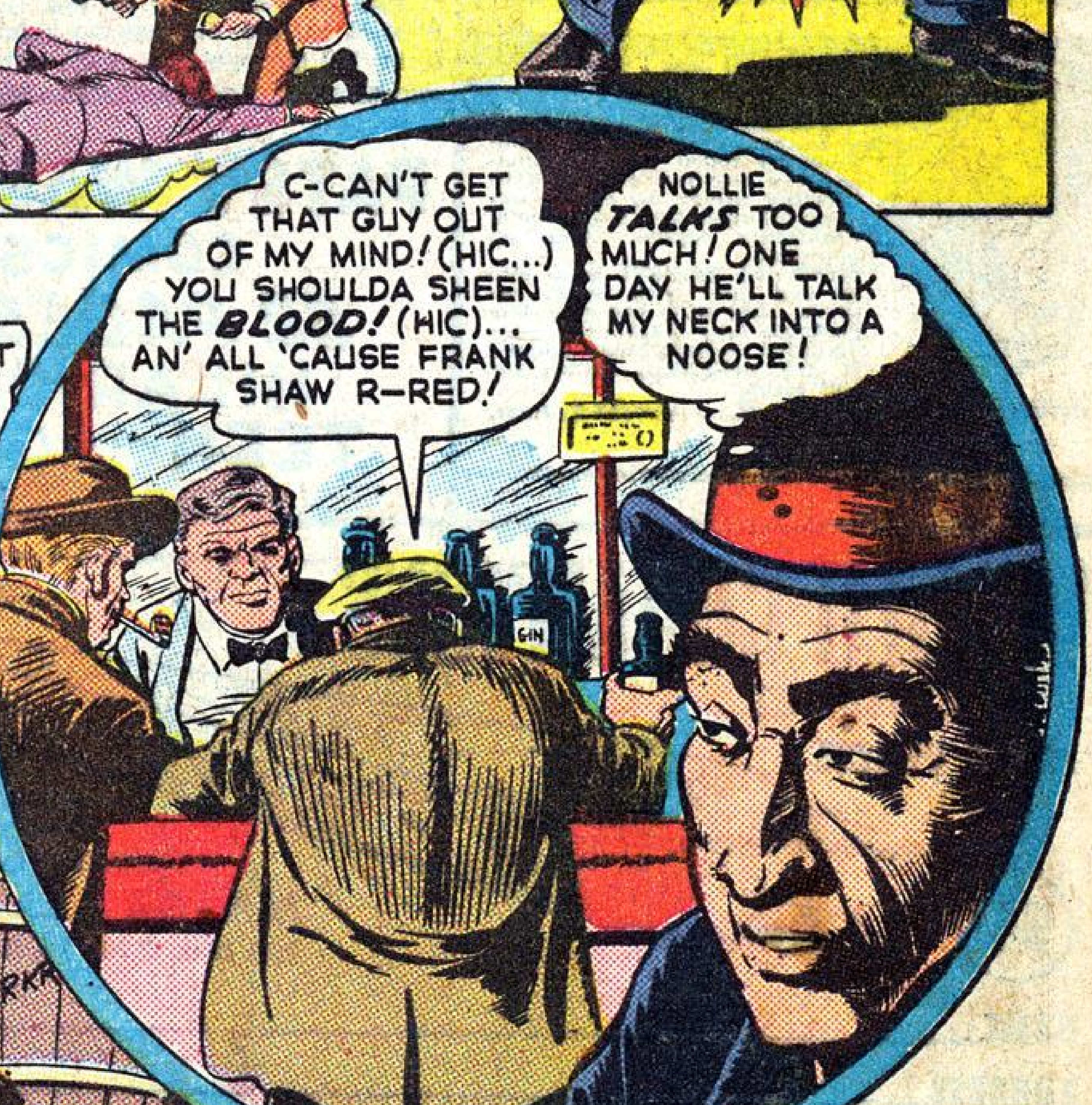
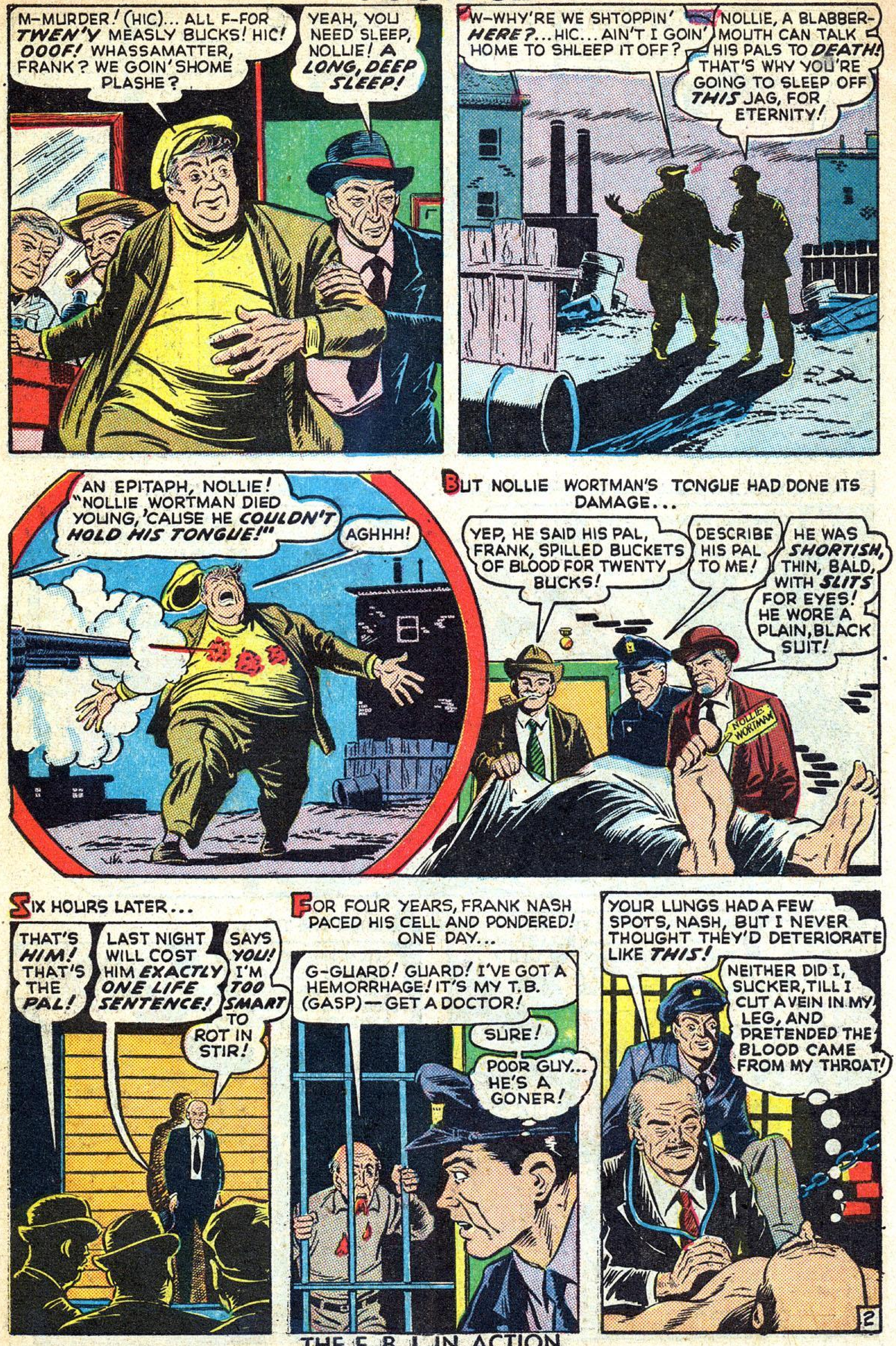
"TOO CLEVER TO LIVE!"

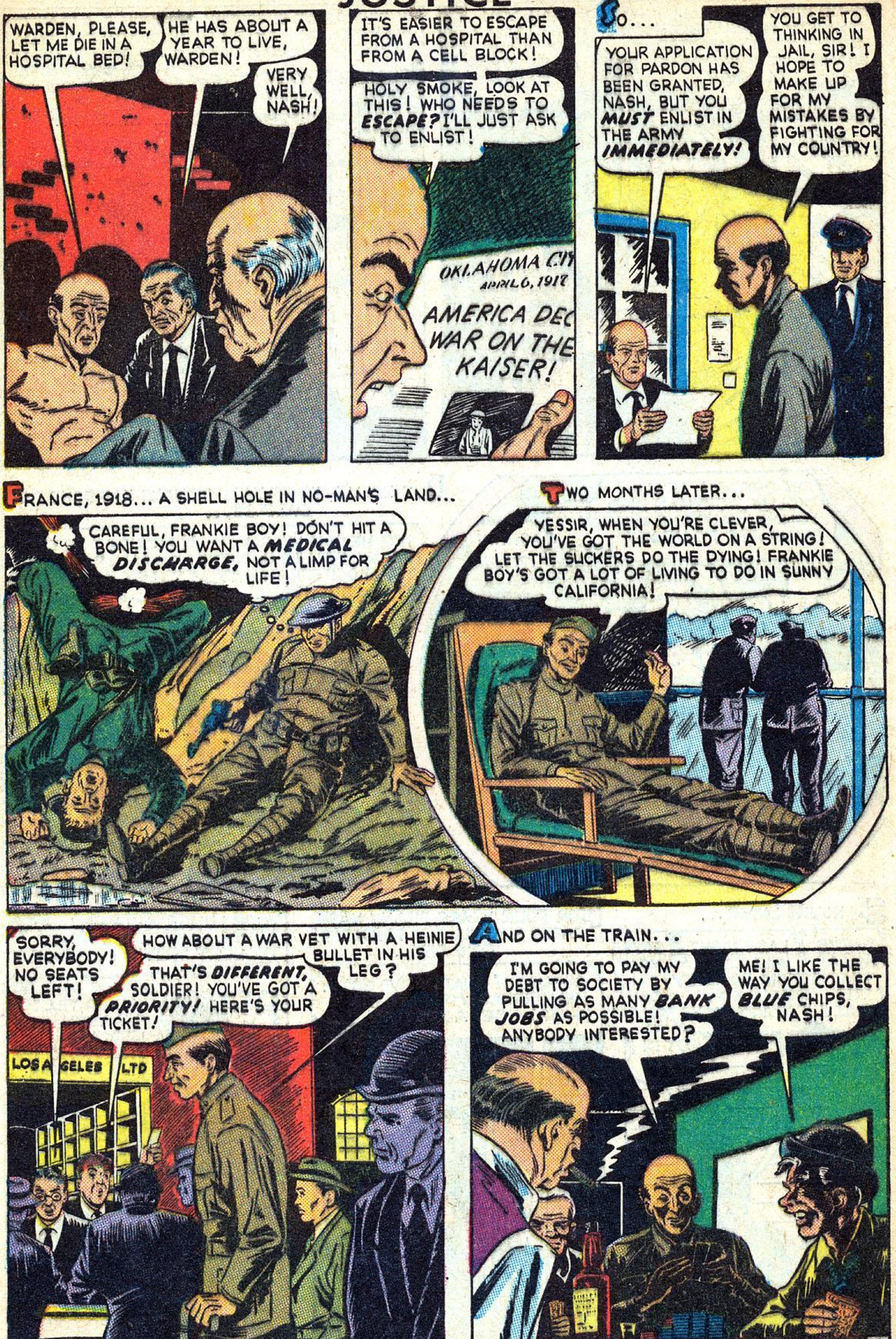

LOOK AT THE FOOLS... FIGHTIN', KILLIN', LOOTIN'... AND AFTER *THEY* DO THE DIRTY WORK, *I* REAP THE PROFIT!
FRANK, YOU'RE GETTIN'...
"TOO CLEVER TO LIVE!"
THIS STORY IS TRUE!*
2691


THE STORY OF FRANK NASH BEGAN WITH A ROBBERY IN 1913...
I TOLD YA' TO STOP PUNCHIN'! NOW LOOK AT HIM! *DEAD,* MAYBE! AN' ALL WE GOT WAS TWENTY BUCKS!
HE SHOULDN'T HAVE YELLED! IT MADE ME SEE RED! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
SAUERKR

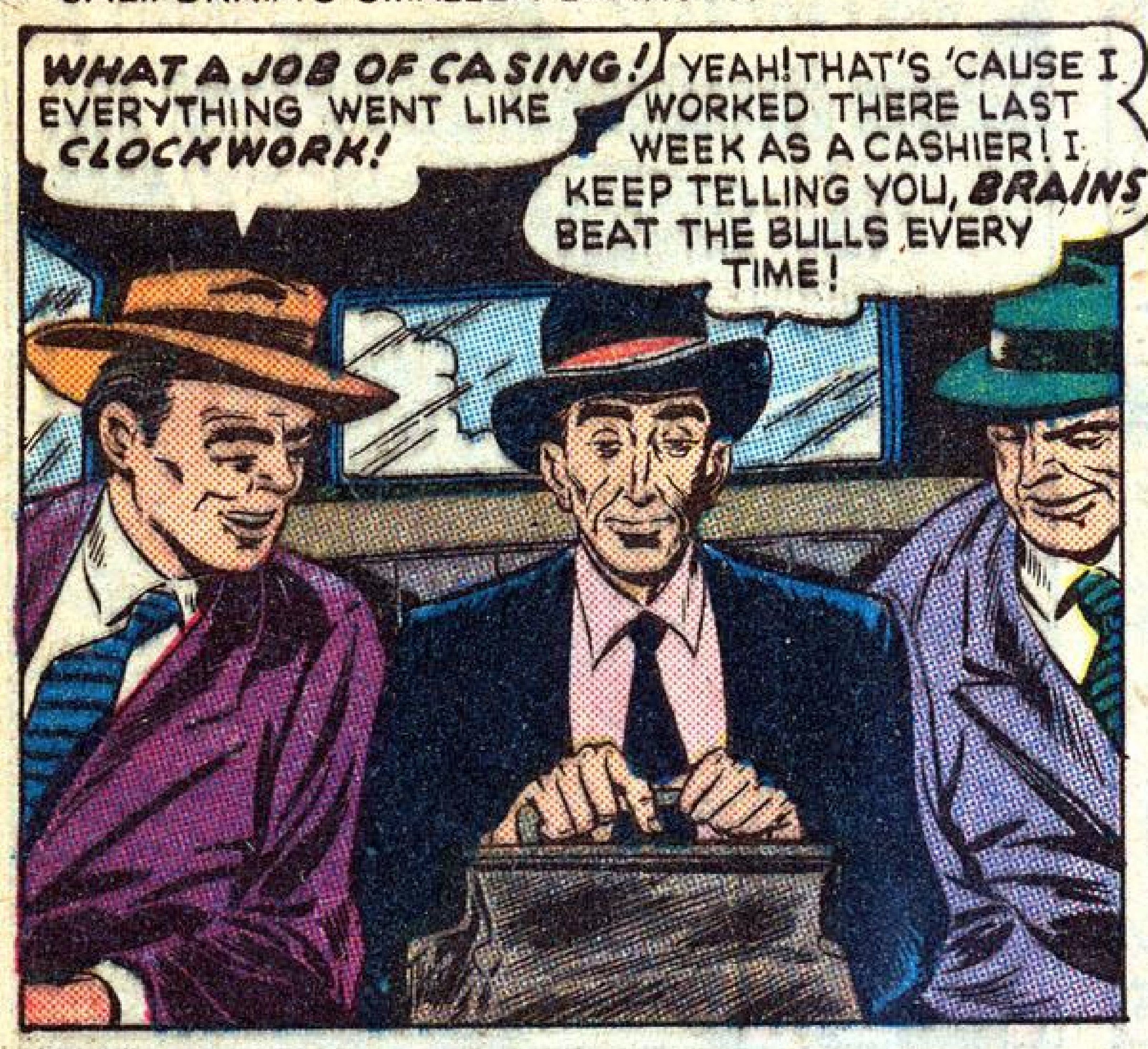

C-CAN'T GET THAT GUY OUT OF MY MIND! (HIC...) YOU SHOULDA SHEEN THE *BLOOD!* (HIC)... AN' ALL 'CAUSE FRANK SHAW R-RED!
NOLLIE *TALKS* TOO MUCH! ONE DAY HE'LL TALK MY NECK INTO A NOOSE!
GIN

*THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY.

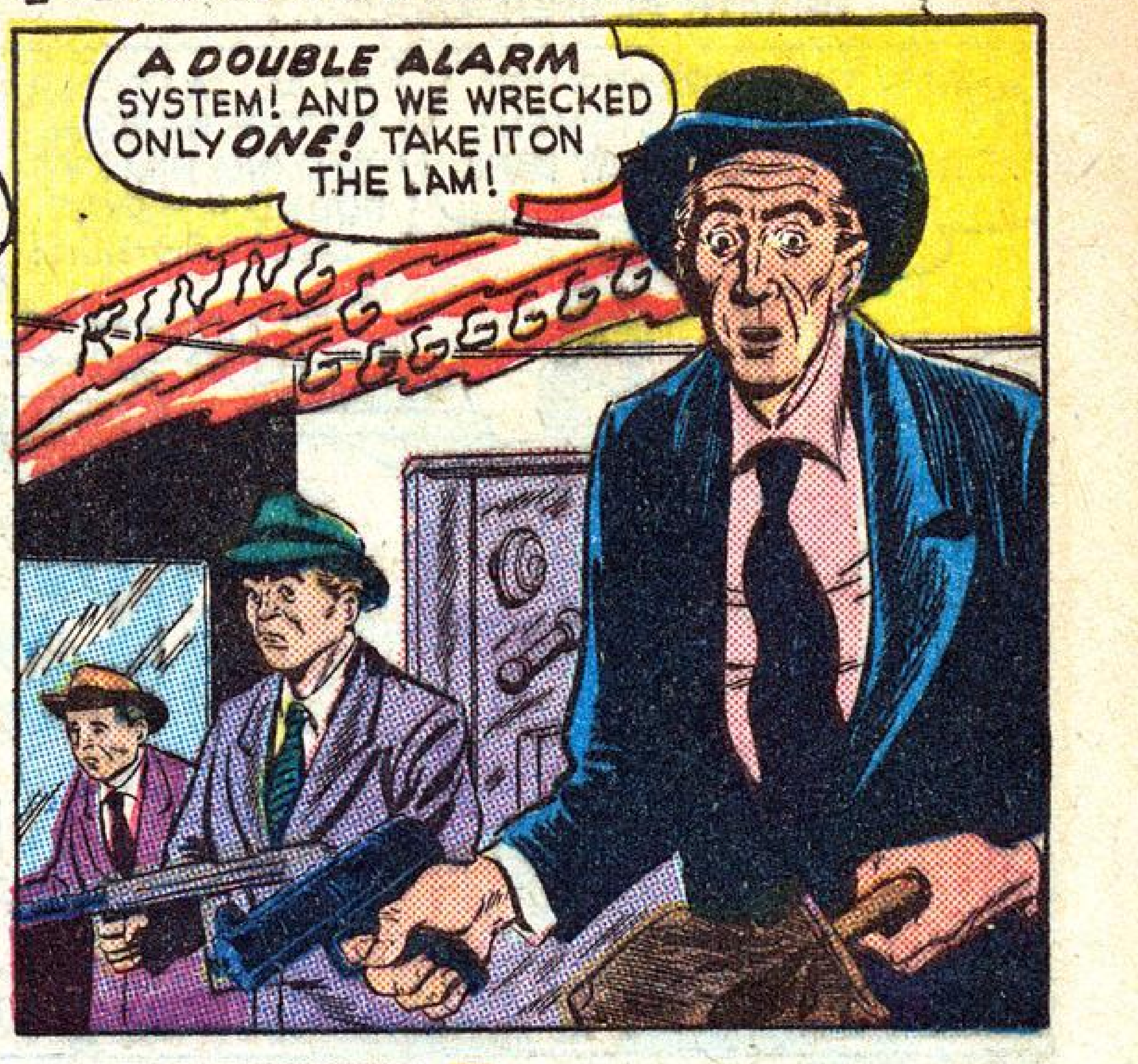

M-MURDER! (HIC)... ALL F-FOR TWEN'Y MEASLY BUCKS! HIC! OOOF! WHASSAMATTER, FRANK? WE GOIN' SHOME PLASHE?
YEAH, YOU NEED SLEEP, NOLLIE! A LONG, DEEP SLEEP!
W-WHY'RE WE SHTOPPIN' HERE?... HIC... AIN'T I GOIN' HOME TO SHLEEP IT OFF?
NOLLIE, A BLABBERMOUTH CAN TALK HIS PALS TO DEATH! THAT'S WHY YOU'RE GOING TO SLEEP OFF THIS JAG, FOR ETERNITY!
AN EPITAPH, NOLLIE! "NOLLIE WORTMAN DIED YOUNG, 'CAUSE HE COULDN'T HOLD HIS TONGUE!"
AGHHH!
BUT NOLLIE WORTMAN'S TONGUE HAD DONE ITS DAMAGE...
YEP, HE SAID HIS PAL, FRANK, SPILLED BUCKETS OF BLOOD FOR TWENTY BUCKS!
DESCRIBE HIS PAL TO ME!
HE WAS SHORTISH, THIN, BALD, WITH SLITS FOR EYES! HE WORE A PLAIN, BLACK SUIT!
NOLLIE WORTMAN
SIX HOURS LATER...
THAT'S HIM! THAT'S THE PAL!
LAST NIGHT WILL COST HIM EXACTLY ONE LIFE SENTENCE!
SAYS YOU! I'M TOO SMART TO ROT IN STIR!
FOR FOUR YEARS, FRANK NASH PACED HIS CELL AND PONDERED! ONE DAY...
G-GUARD! GUARD! I'VE GOT A HEMORRHAGE! IT'S MY T.B. (GASP) — GET A DOCTOR!
SURE!
POOR GUY... HE'S A GONER!
YOUR LUNGS HAD A FEW SPOTS, NASH, BUT I NEVER THOUGHT THEY'D DETERIORATE LIKE THIS!
NEITHER DID I, SUCKER, TILL I CUT A VEIN IN MY LEG, AND PRETENDED THE BLOOD CAME FROM MY THROAT!

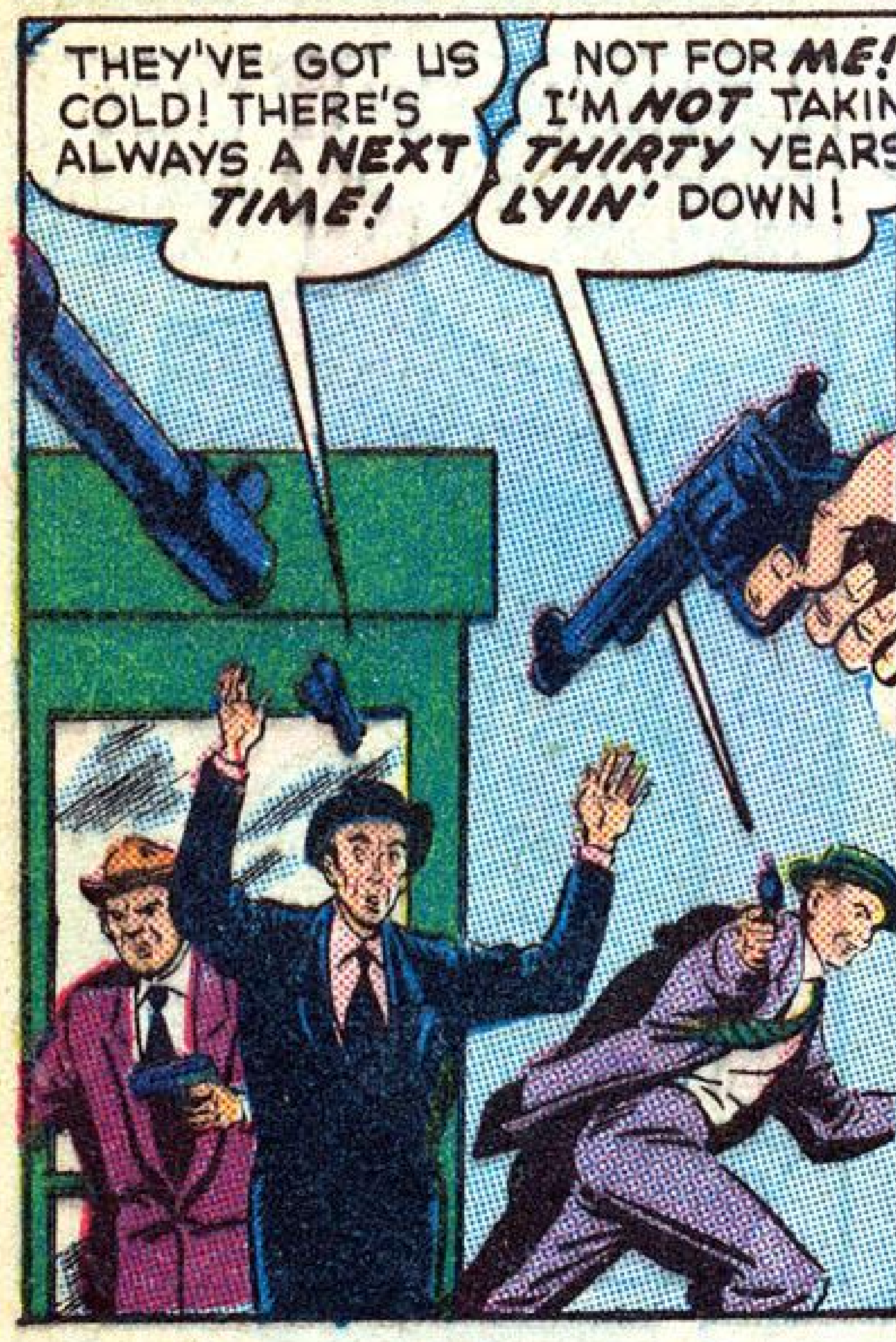

WARDEN, PLEASE, LET ME DIE IN A HOSPITAL BED!
HE HAS ABOUT A YEAR TO LIVE, WARDEN!
VERY WELL, NASH!
IT'S EASIER TO ESCAPE FROM A HOSPITAL THAN FROM A CELL BLOCK!
HOLY SMOKE, LOOK AT THIS! WHO NEEDS TO ESCAPE? I'LL JUST ASK TO ENLIST!
OKLAHOMA CI
APRIL 6, 1917
AMERICA DEC
WAR ON THE KAISER!
SO...
YOUR APPLICATION FOR PARDON HAS BEEN GRANTED, NASH, BUT YOU MUST ENLIST IN THE ARMY IMMEDIATELY!
YOU GET TO THINKING IN JAIL, SIR! I HOPE TO MAKE UP FOR MY MISTAKES BY FIGHTING FOR MY COUNTRY!
FRANCE, 1918... A SHELL HOLE IN NO-MAN'S LAND...
CAREFUL, FRANKIE BOY! DON'T HIT A BONE! YOU WANT A MEDICAL DISCHARGE, NOT A LIMP FOR LIFE!
TWO MONTHS LATER...
YESSIR, WHEN YOU'RE CLEVER, YOU'VE GOT THE WORLD ON A STRING! LET THE SUCKERS DO THE DYING! FRANKIE BOY'S GOT A LOT OF LIVING TO DO IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA!
SORRY, EVERYBODY! NO SEATS LEFT!
HOW ABOUT A WAR VET WITH A HEINIE BULLET IN HIS LEG?
THAT'S DIFFERENT, SOLDIER! YOU'VE GOT A PRIORITY! HERE'S YOUR TICKET!
LOS ANGELES LTD
AND ON THE TRAIN...
I'M GOING TO PAY MY DEBT TO SOCIETY BY PULLING AS MANY BANK JOBS AS POSSIBLE! ANYBODY INTERESTED?
ME! I LIKE THE WAY YOU COLLECT BLUE CHIPS, NASH!

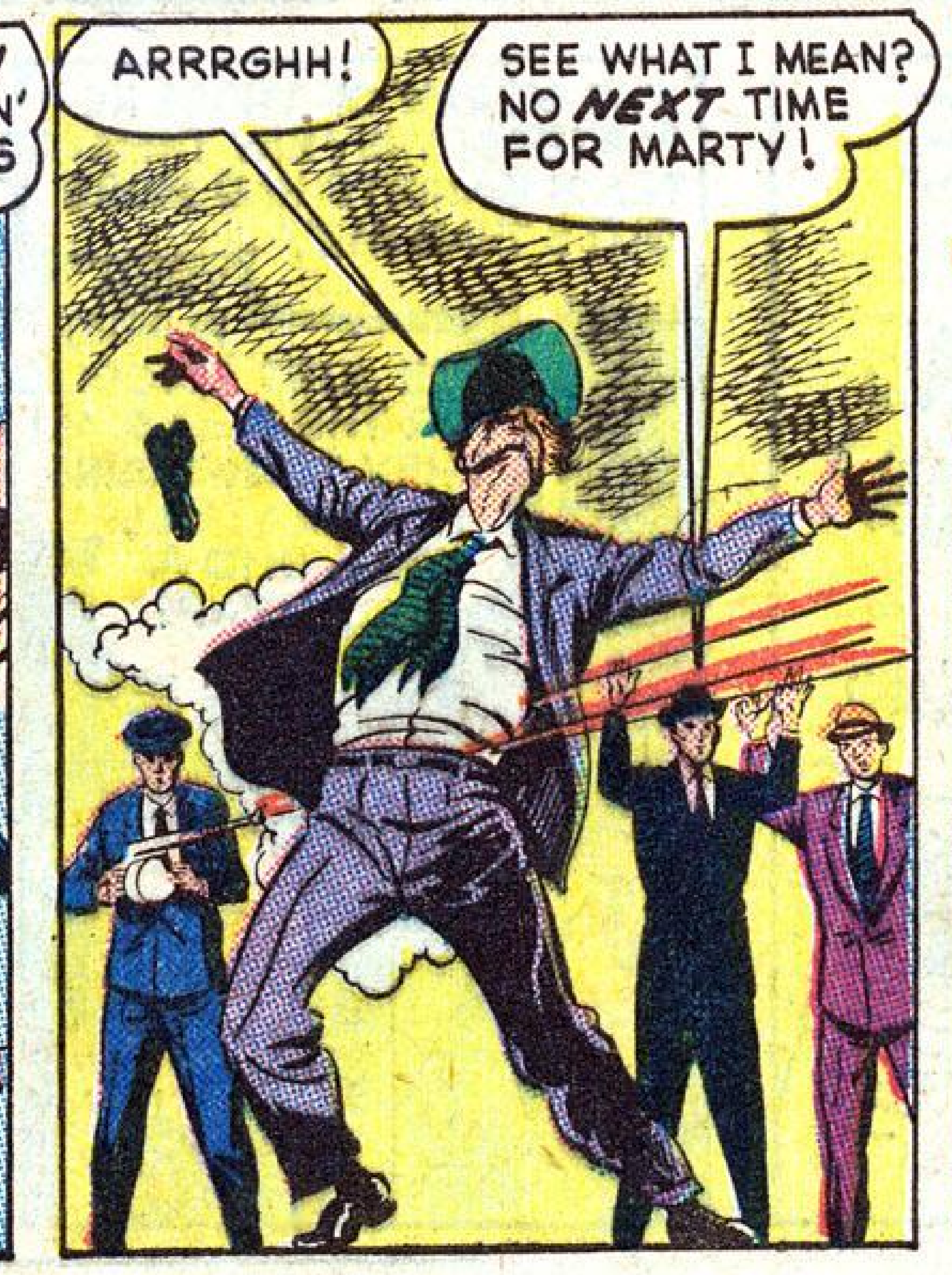
FOR ALMOST A YEAR, NASH WAS THE SCOURGE OF CALIFORNIA'S SMALLER BANKS...


WHAT A JOB OF CASING! EVERYTHING WENT LIKE CLOCKWORK!
YEAH! THAT'S 'CAUSE I WORKED THERE LAST WEEK AS A CASHIER! I KEEP TELLING YOU, BRAINS BEAT THE BULLS EVERY TIME!

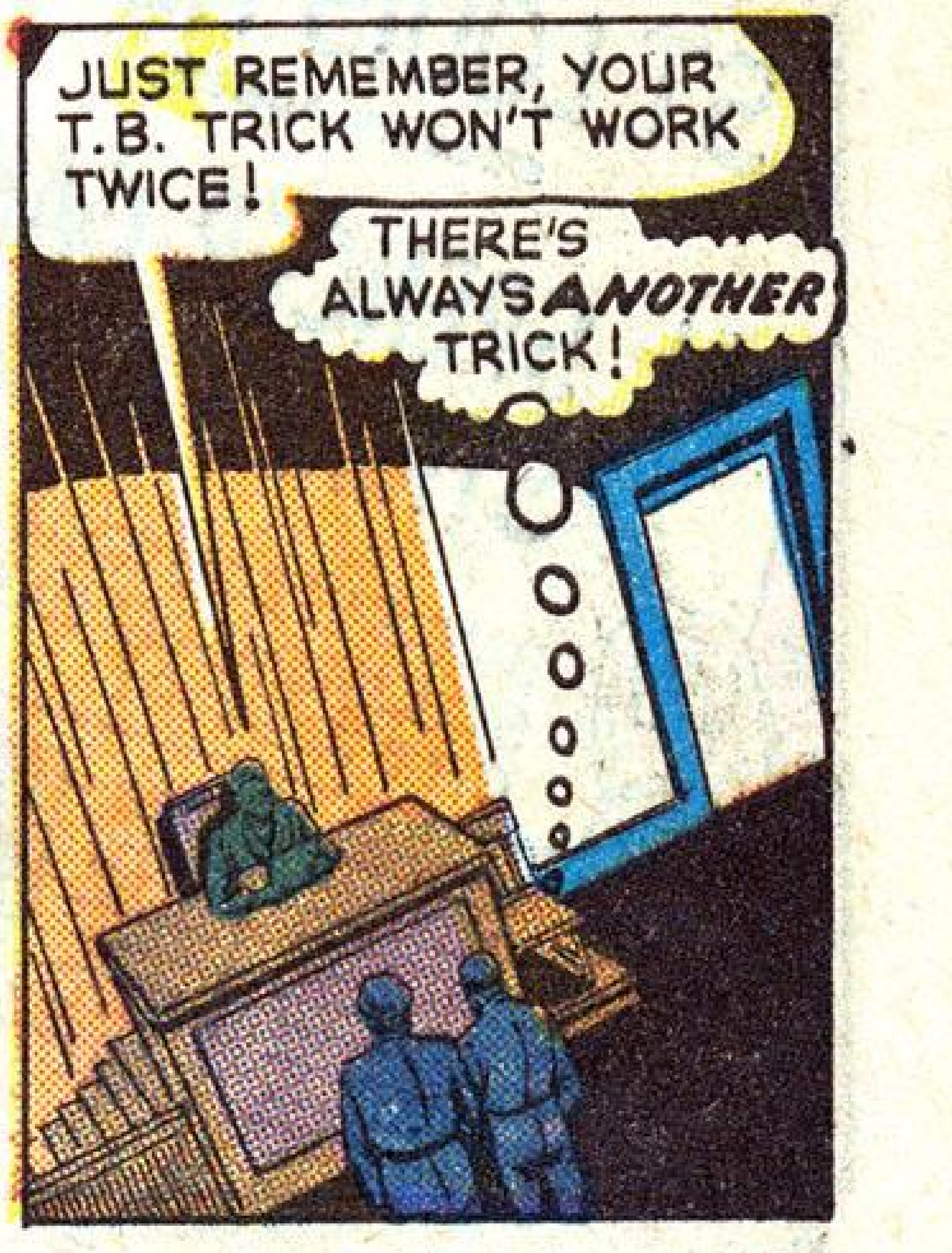
THEN CAME THE FATEFUL DAY...


A DOUBLE ALARM SYSTEM! AND WE WRECKED ONLY ONE! TAKE IT ON THE LAM!
RINNGGGGGGGGG

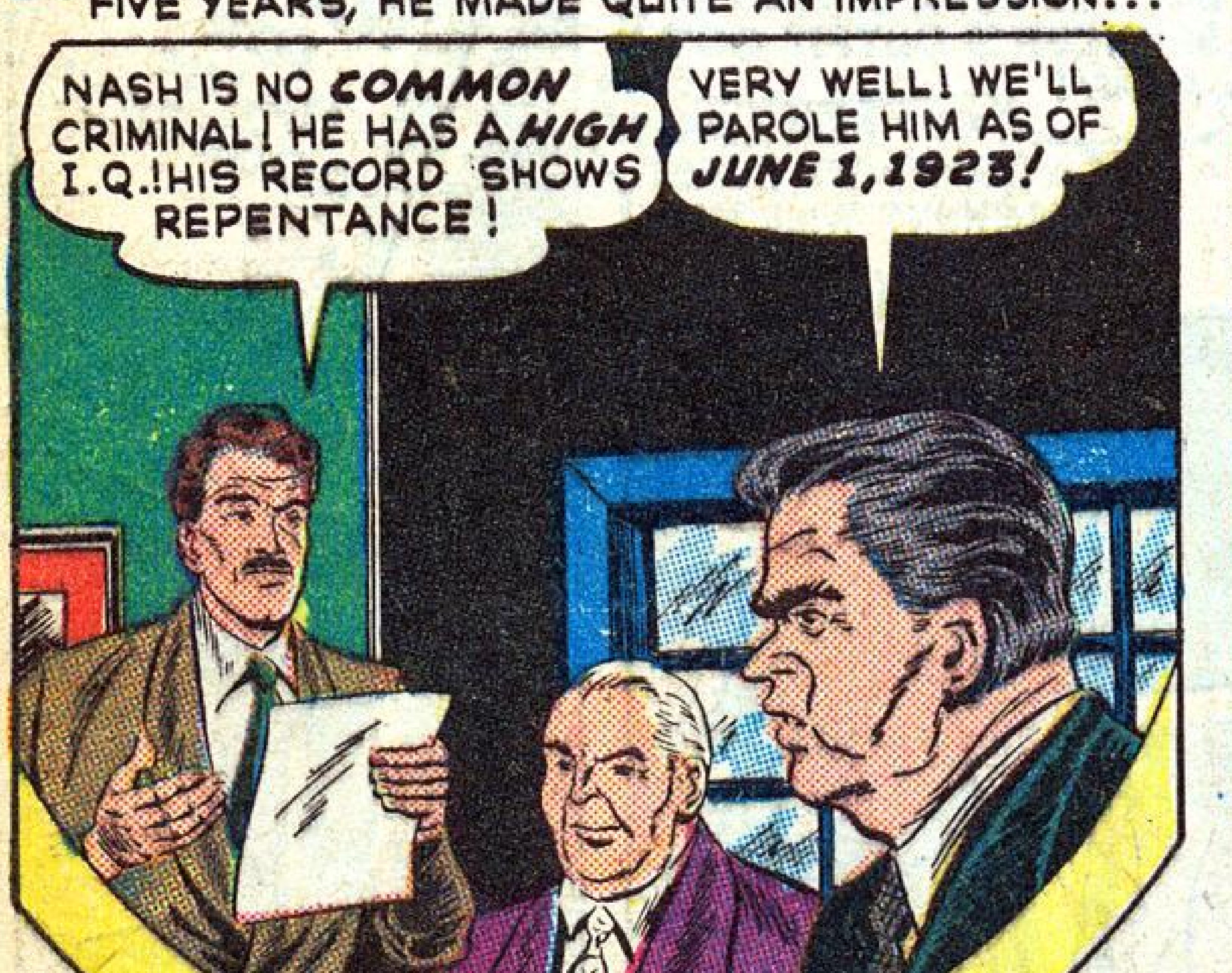

THEY'VE GOT US COLD! THERE'S ALWAYS A NEXT TIME!
NOT FOR ME! I'M NOT TAKIN' THIRTY YEARS LYIN' DOWN!

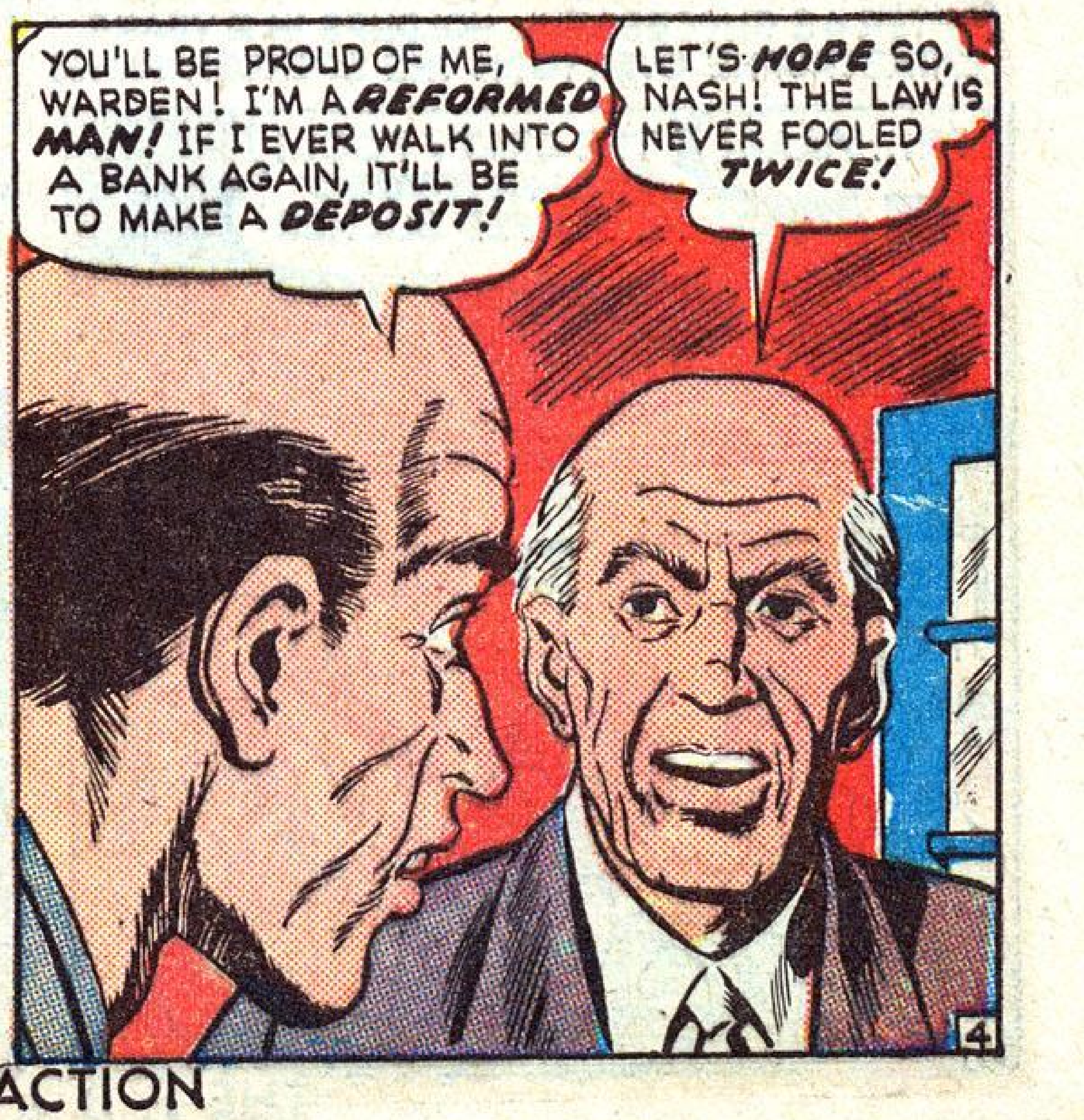

ARRRGHH!
SEE WHAT I MEAN? NO NEXT TIME FOR MARTY!

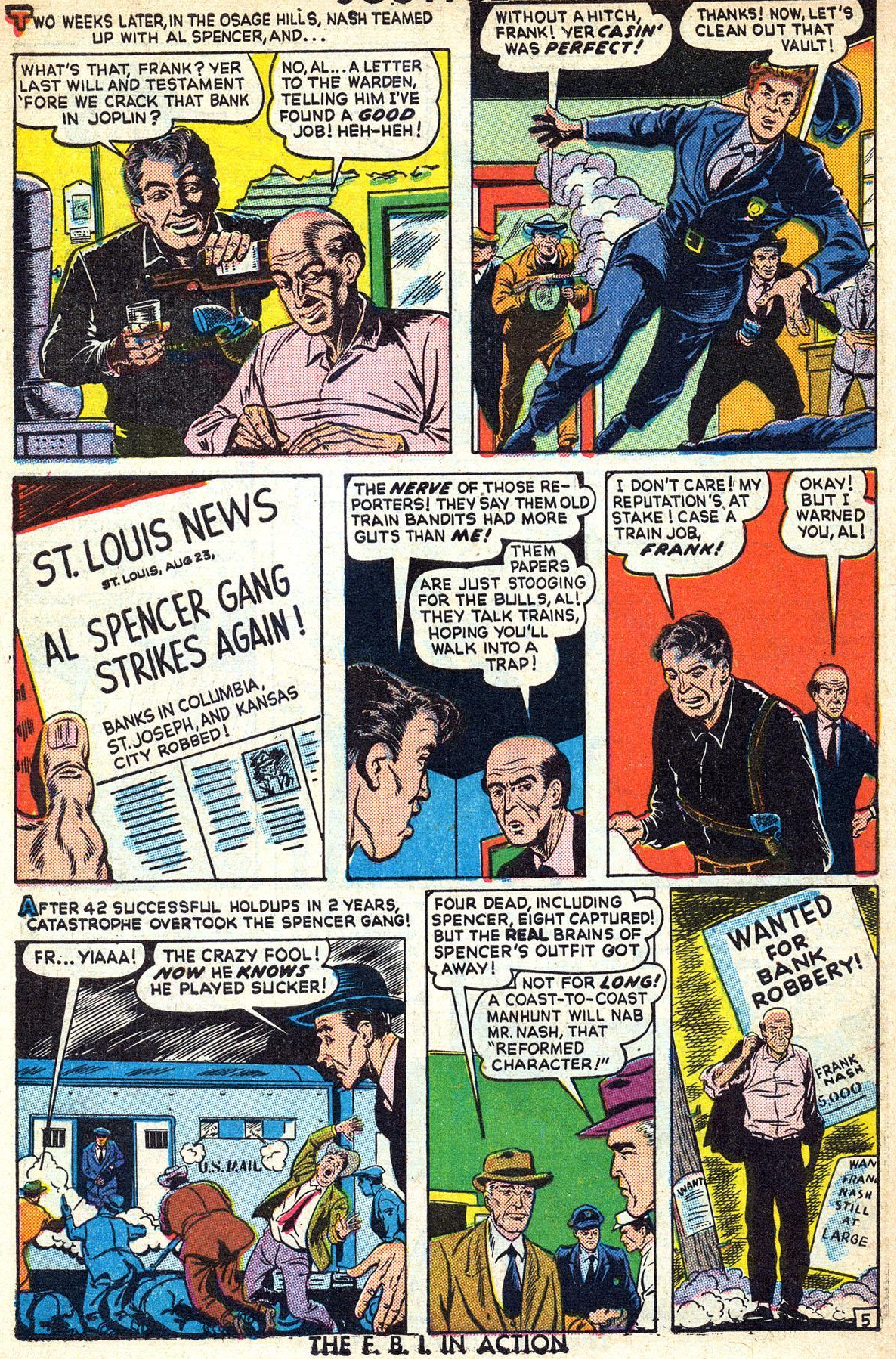
FRANK NASH WAS SENTENCED THE 30TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1918 TO 25 YEARS AT THE McNORTEN PENITENTIARY!

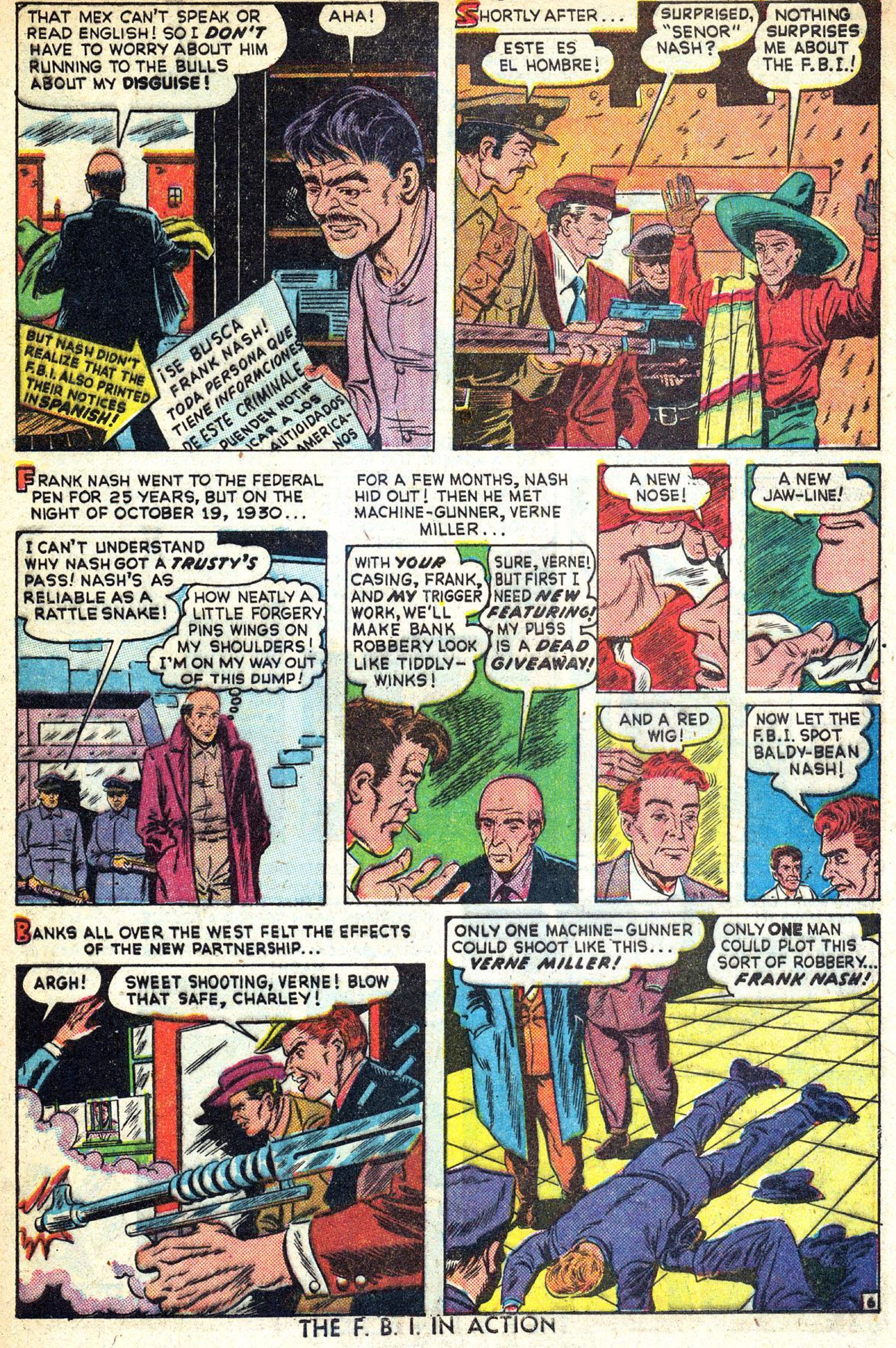

JUST REMEMBER, YOUR T.B. TRICK WON'T WORK TWICE!
THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER TRICK!

NASH'S NEW PLAN WAS GOOD BEHAVIOR! OVER FIVE YEARS, HE MADE QUITE AN IMPRESSION...

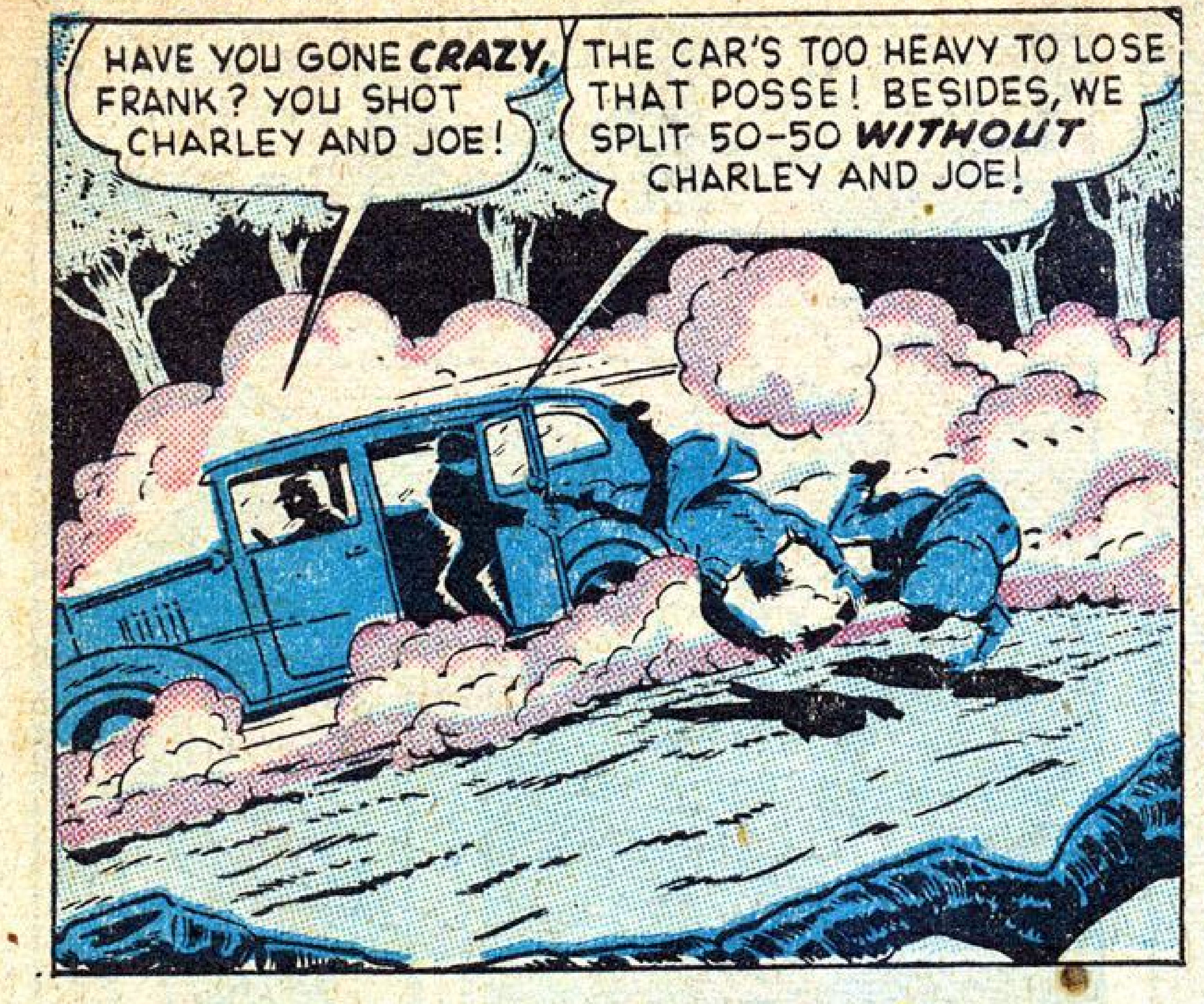

NASH IS NO COMMON CRIMINAL! HE HAS A HIGH I.Q.! HIS RECORD SHOWS REPENTANCE!
VERY WELL! WE'LL PAROLE HIM AS OF JUNE 1, 1923!

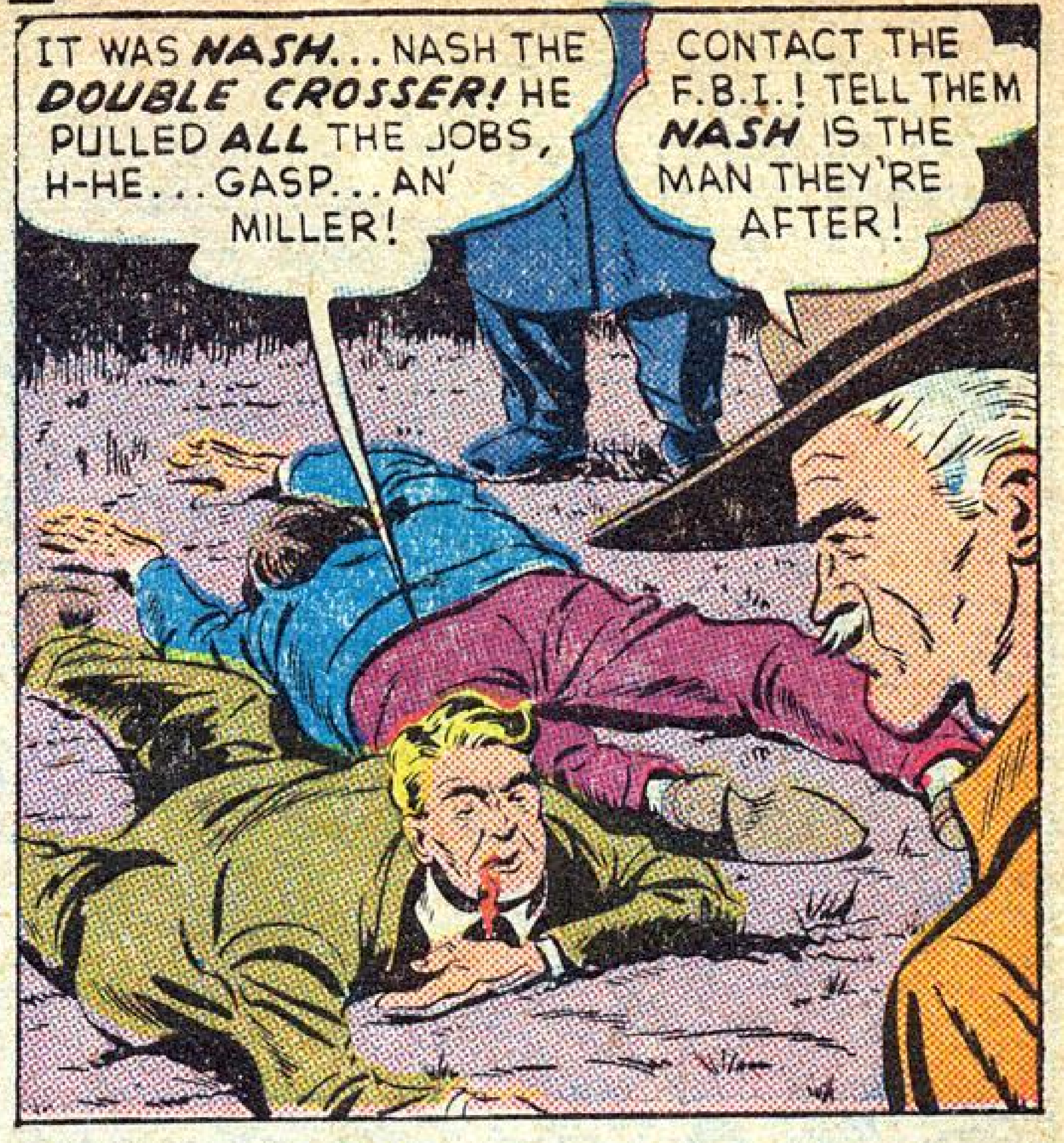

YOU'LL BE PROUD OF ME, WARDEN! I'M A REFORMED MAN! IF I EVER WALK INTO A BANK AGAIN, IT'LL BE TO MAKE A DEPOSIT!
LET'S HOPE SO, NASH! THE LAW IS NEVER FOOLED TWICE!


TWO WEEKS LATER, IN THE OSAGE HILLS, NASH TEAMED UP WITH AL SPENCER, AND...
WHAT'S THAT, FRANK? YER LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT 'FORE WE CRACK THAT BANK IN JOPLIN?
NO, AL... A LETTER TO THE WARDEN, TELLING HIM I'VE FOUND A GOOD JOB! HEH-HEH!
WITHOUT A HITCH, FRANK! YER CASIN' WAS PERFECT!
THANKS! NOW, LET'S CLEAN OUT THAT VAULT!
ST. LOUIS NEWS
ST. LOUIS, AUG 23,
AL SPENCER GANG STRIKES AGAIN!
BANKS IN COLUMBIA, ST. JOSEPH, AND KANSAS CITY ROBBED!
THE NERVE OF THOSE REPORTERS! THEY SAY THEM OLD TRAIN BANDITS HAD MORE GUTS THAN ME!
THEM PAPERS ARE JUST STOOGING FOR THE BULLS, AL! THEY TALK TRAINS, HOPING YOU'LL WALK INTO A TRAP!
I DON'T CARE! MY REPUTATION'S AT STAKE! CASE A TRAIN JOB, FRANK!
OKAY! BUT I WARNED YOU, AL!
AFTER 42 SUCCESSFUL HOLDUPS IN 2 YEARS, CATASTROPHE OVERTOOK THE SPENCER GANG!
FR... YIAAA!
THE CRAZY FOOL! NOW HE KNOWS HE PLAYED SUCKER!
U.S. MAIL
FOUR DEAD, INCLUDING SPENCER, EIGHT CAPTURED! BUT THE REAL BRAINS OF SPENCER'S OUTFIT GOT AWAY!
NOT FOR LONG! A COAST-TO-COAST MANHUNT WILL NAB MR. NASH, THAT "REFORMED CHARACTER!"
WANTED FOR BANK ROBBERY!
FRANK NASH 5,000
WANT
WAN FRANK NASH STILL AT LARGE

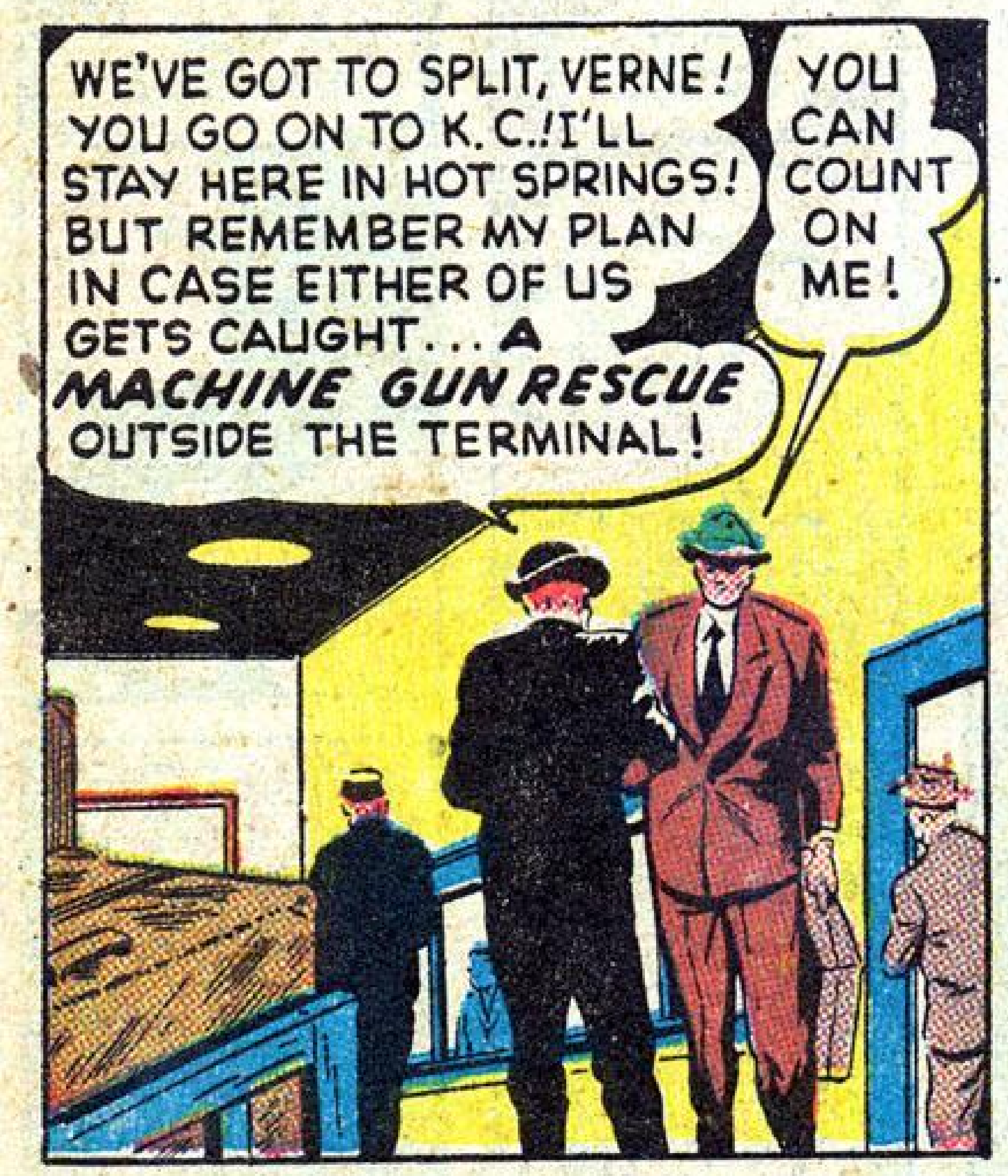

THAT MEX CAN'T SPEAK OR READ ENGLISH! SO I **DON'T** HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HIM RUNNING TO THE BULLS ABOUT MY **DISGUISE**!
AHA!
BUT NASH DIDN'T REALIZE THAT THE F.B.I. ALSO PRINTED THEIR NOTICES IN **SPANISH**!
¡SE BUSCA FRANK NASH! TODA PERSONA QUE TIENE INFORMCIONES DE ESTE CRIMINALE PUENDEN NOTIFICAR A LOS AUTIOIDADOS AMERICANOS
SHORTLY AFTER...
ESTE ES EL HOMBRE!
SURPRISED, "SENOR" NASH?
NOTHING SURPRISES ME ABOUT THE F.B.I.!
FRANK NASH WENT TO THE FEDERAL PEN FOR 25 YEARS, BUT ON THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 19, 1930...
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY NASH GOT A ***TRUSTY'S*** PASS! NASH'S AS RELIABLE AS A RATTLE SNAKE!
HOW NEATLY A LITTLE FORGERY PINS WINGS ON MY SHOULDERS! I'M ON MY WAY OUT OF THIS DUMP!
FOR A FEW MONTHS, NASH HID OUT! THEN HE MET MACHINE-GUNNER, VERNE MILLER...
WITH ***YOUR*** CASING, FRANK, AND ***MY*** TRIGGER WORK, WE'LL MAKE BANK ROBBERY LOOK LIKE TIDDLY-WINKS!
SURE, VERNE! BUT FIRST I NEED ***NEW FEATURING!*** MY PUSS IS A ***DEAD GIVEAWAY!***
A NEW NOSE!
A NEW JAW-LINE!
AND A RED WIG!
NOW LET THE F.B.I. SPOT BALDY-BEAN NASH!
BANKS ALL OVER THE WEST FELT THE EFFECTS OF THE NEW PARTNERSHIP...
ARGH!
SWEET SHOOTING, VERNE! BLOW THAT SAFE, CHARLEY!
ONLY ONE MACHINE-GUNNER COULD SHOOT LIKE THIS... ***VERNE MILLER!***
ONLY **ONE** MAN COULD PLOT THIS SORT OF ROBBERY... ***FRANK NASH!***

MEANWHILE, THE ROBBING WENT ON...

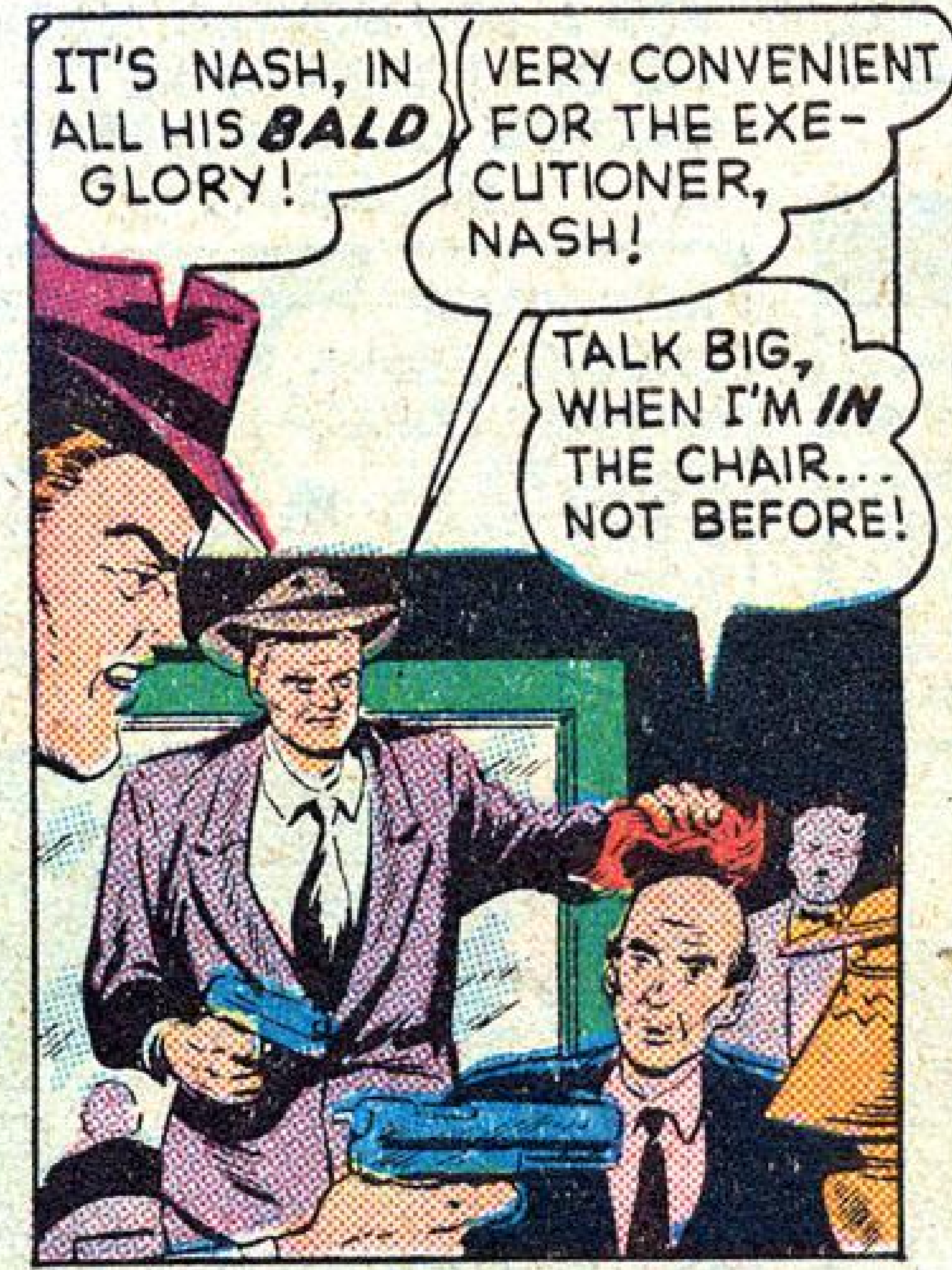

HAVE YOU GONE *CRAZY*, FRANK? YOU SHOT CHARLEY AND JOE!
THE CAR'S TOO HEAVY TO LOSE THAT POSSE! BESIDES, WE SPLIT 50-50 *WITHOUT* CHARLEY AND JOE!


IT WAS *NASH*... NASH THE *DOUBLE CROSSER!* HE PULLED *ALL* THE JOBS, H-HE... GASP... AN' MILLER!
CONTACT THE F.B.I.! TELL THEM *NASH* IS THE MAN THEY'RE AFTER!

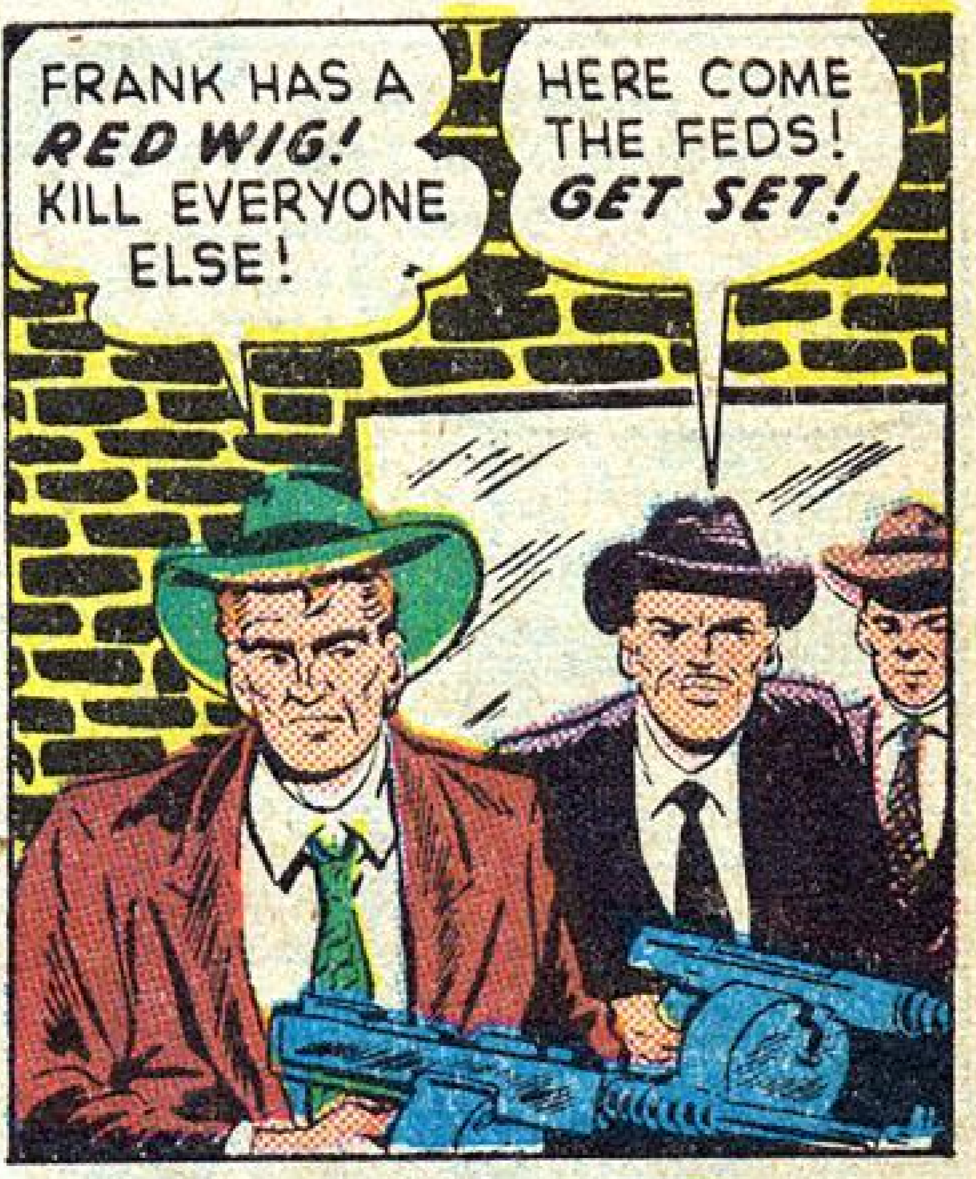
ONE DAY WHEN THE F.B.I. "HEAT" GOT ALMOST FIERY IN ITS INTENSITY...

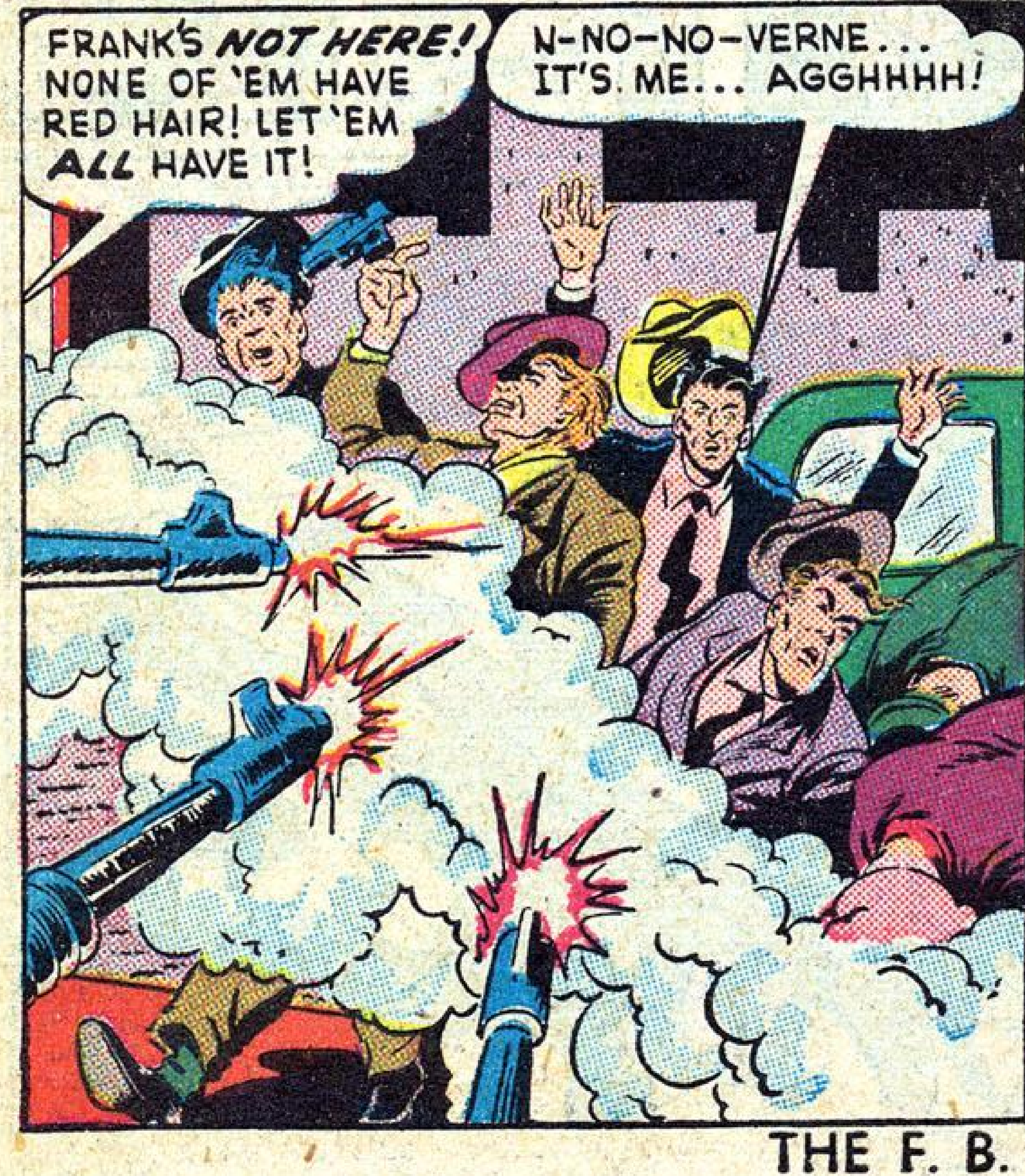

WE'VE GOT TO SPLIT, VERNE! YOU GO ON TO K.C.! I'LL STAY HERE IN HOT SPRINGS! BUT REMEMBER MY PLAN IN CASE EITHER OF US GETS CAUGHT... A *MACHINE GUN RESCUE* OUTSIDE THE TERMINAL!
YOU CAN COUNT ON ME!

VERNE MILLER LEFT HOT SPRINGS NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON...

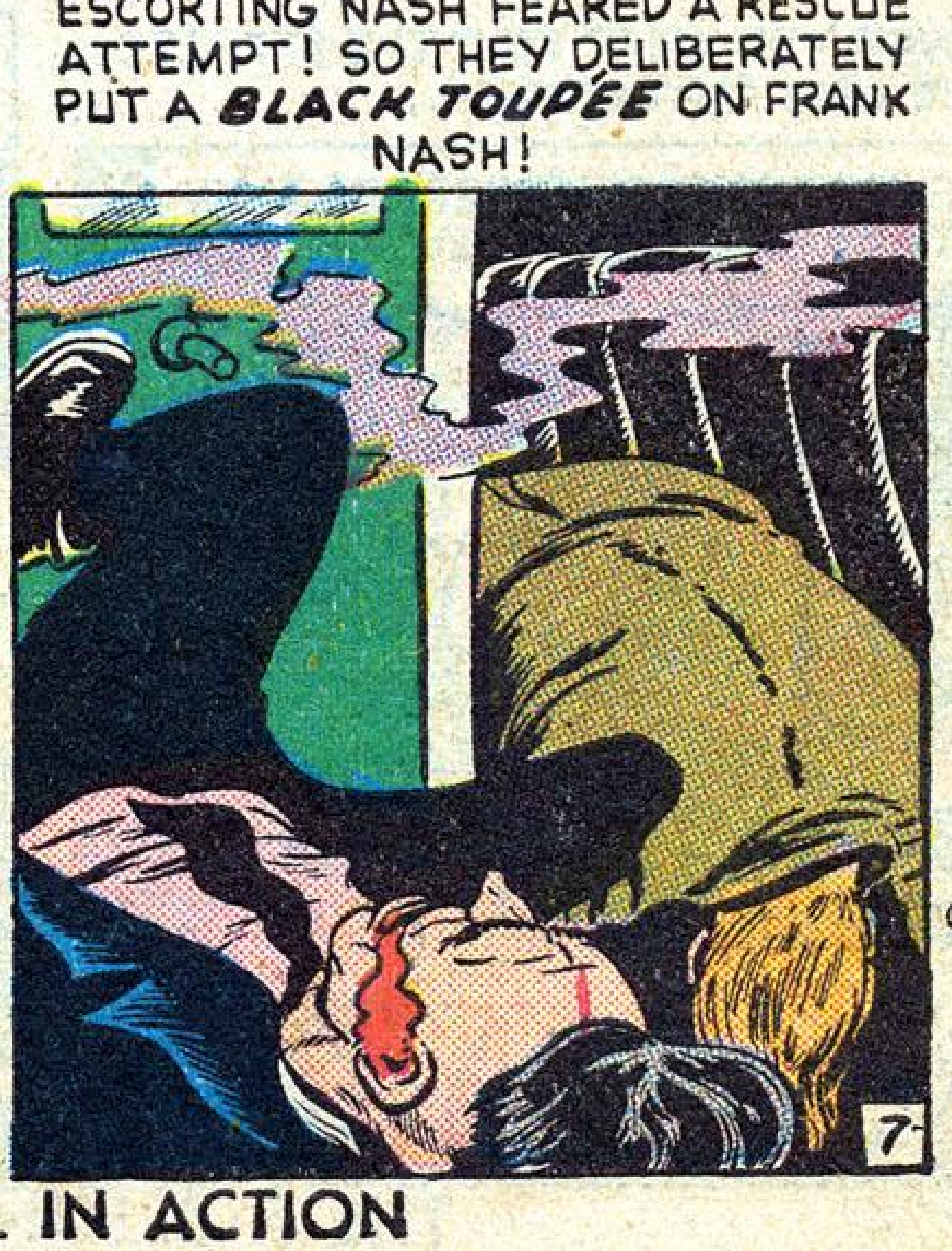

IT'S NASH, IN ALL HIS *BALD* GLORY!
VERY CONVENIENT FOR THE EXECUTIONER, NASH!
TALK BIG, WHEN I'M *IN* THE CHAIR... NOT BEFORE!

VERNE GOT THE NEWS IN KANSAS CITY! HE QUICKLY PREPARED FOR A DARING RESCUE! ON THE MORNING OF JUNE 17, 1931, OUTSIDE UNION TERMINAL...


FRANK HAS A *RED WIG!* KILL EVERYONE ELSE!
HERE COME THE FEDS! *GET SET!*


FRANK'S *NOT HERE!* NONE OF 'EM HAVE RED HAIR! LET 'EM *ALL* HAVE IT!
N-NO-NO-VERNE... IT'S ME... AGGHHHH!

5 G-MEN FELL BEFORE THE MURDEROUS FIRE! BUT WHAT MILLER DIDN'T KNOW TILL LATER... WAS THAT THE G-MEN ESCORTING NASH FEARED A RESCUE ATTEMPT! SO THEY DELIBERATELY PUT A *BLACK TOUPÉE* ON FRANK NASH!



THREE WEEKS LATER, G-MEN CAPTURED THE REST OF MILLER'S GANG! SOON AFTER, RIVAL GANGSTERS RUBBED OUT VERNE MILLER!

THE END

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In 15 Minutes

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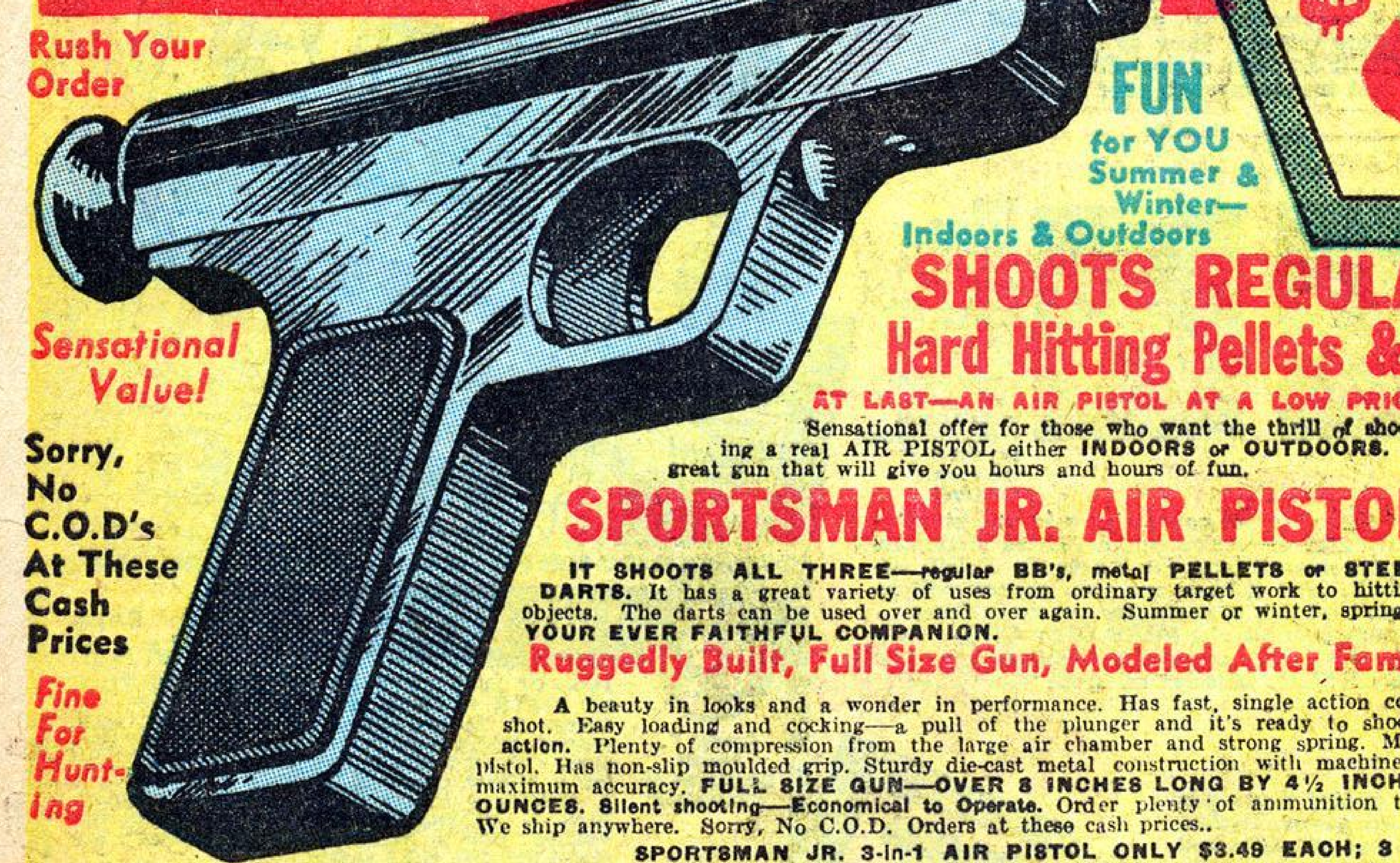

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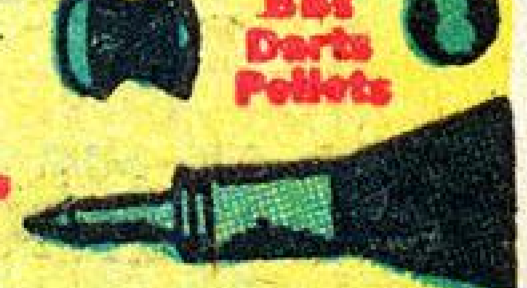

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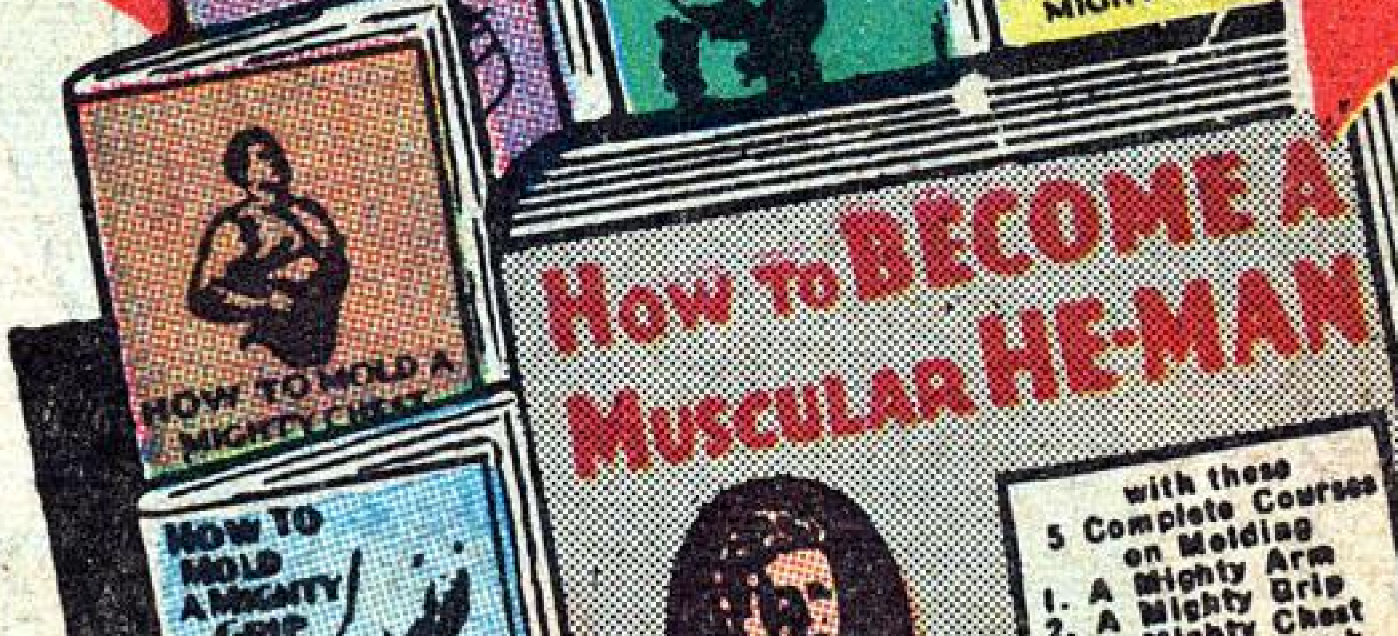

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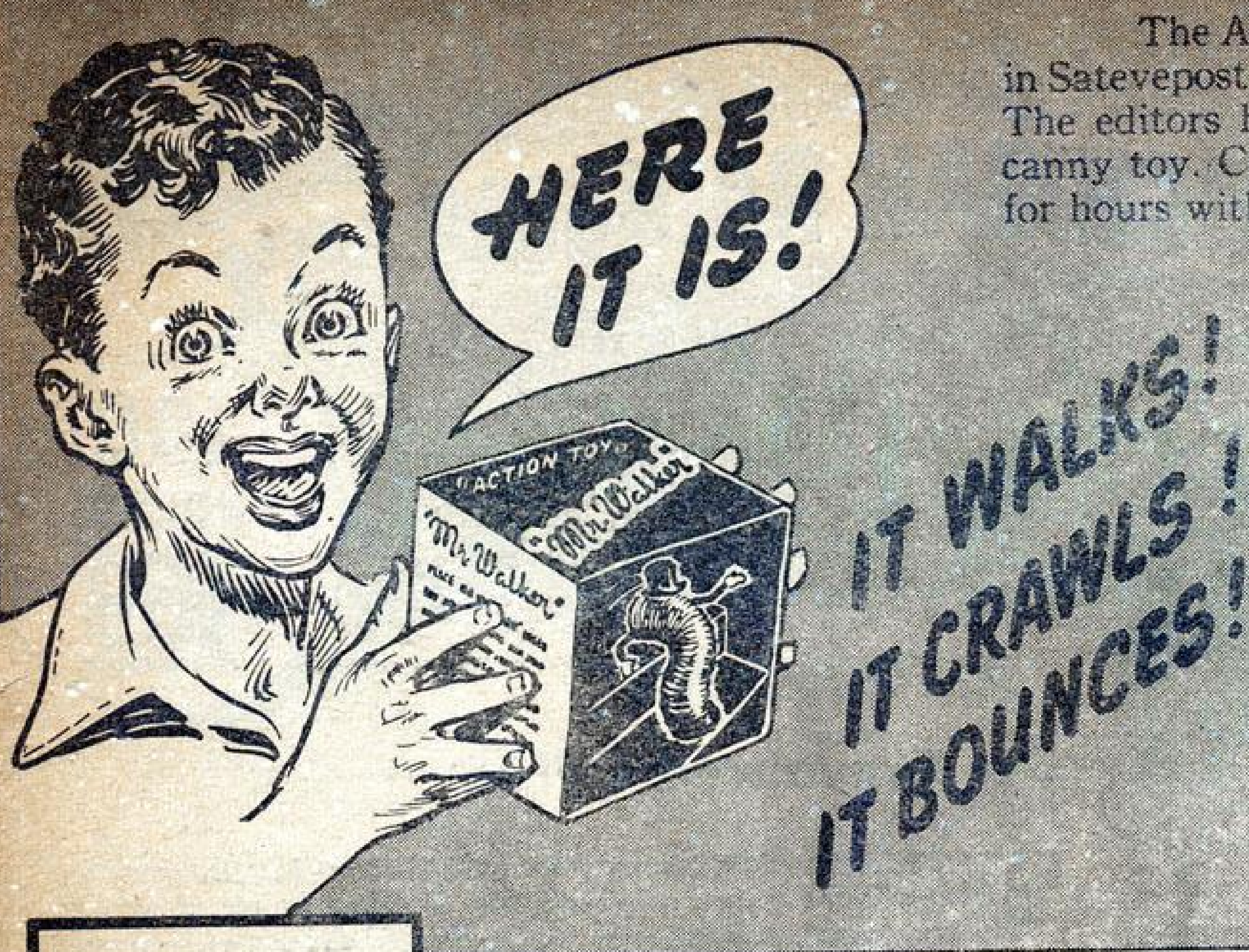
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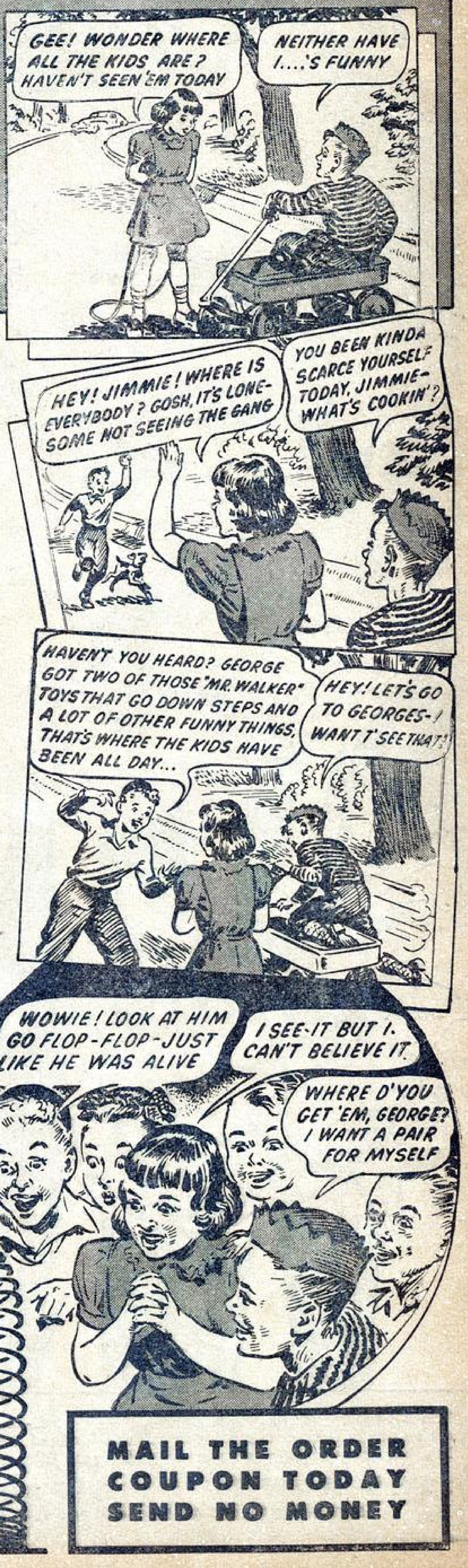
GEE! WONDER WHERE ALL THE KIDS ARE? HAVEN'T SEEN 'EM TODAY
NEITHER HAVE I....'S FUNNY
HEY! JIMMIE! WHERE IS EVERYBODY? GOSH, IT'S LONESOME NOT SEEING THE GANG
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